

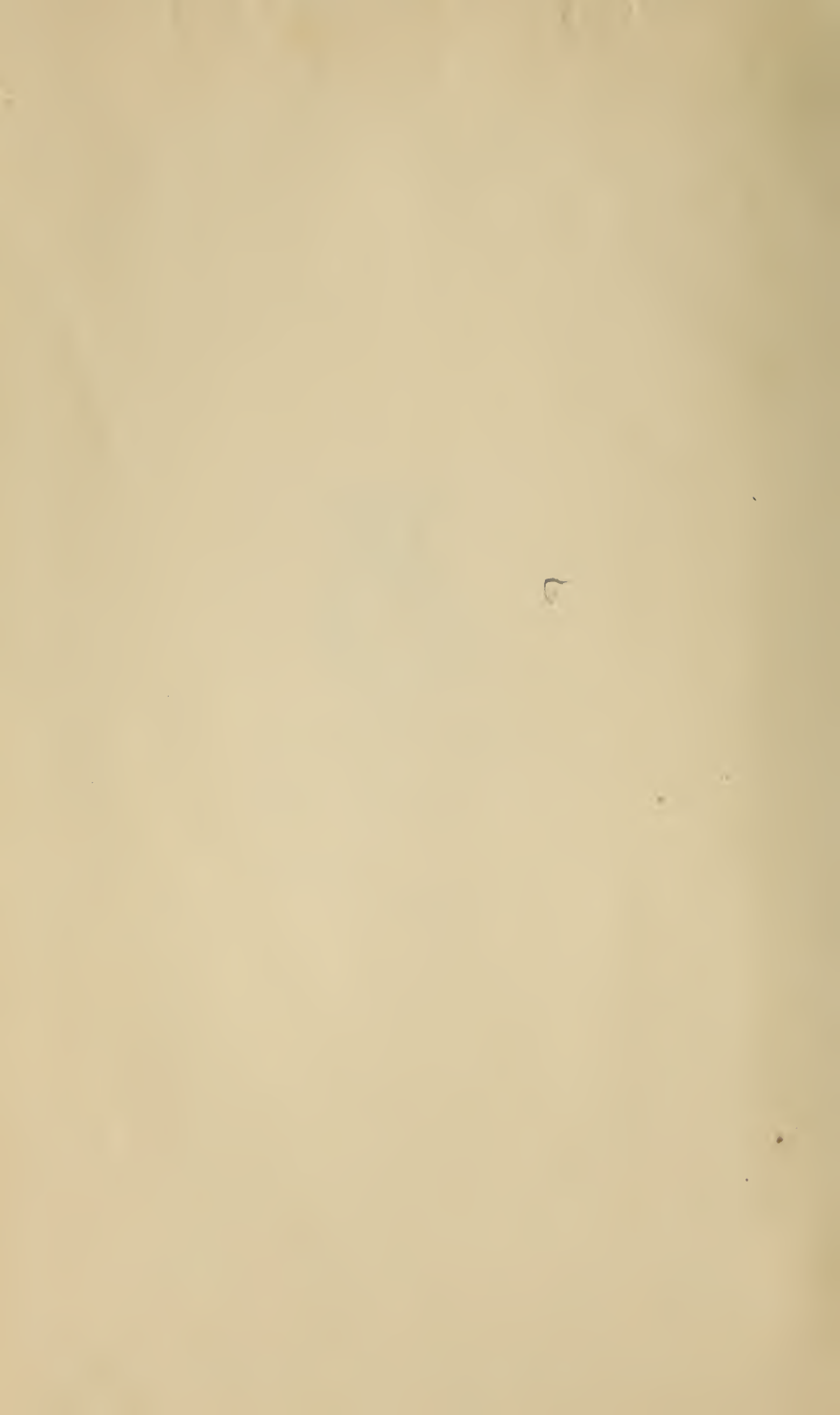


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BEST THOUGHTS OF BEST THINKERS

AMPLIFIED, CLASSIFIED, EXEMPLIFIED AND ARRANGED
AS A KEY TO UNLOCK THE LITERATURE
OF ALL AGES

BY
HIALMER D. GOULD, B. C. S., M. S.
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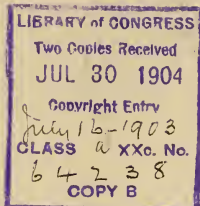
What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties!
In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In
apprehension, how like a god!—*Shakespeare.*

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.—*Channing.*

All great men are in some degree inspired.—*Cicero.*

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INSCRIPTION.

Will those who long for the refining companionship of the world's best specimens of humanity, kindly accept this tribute as a special letter of introduction to the hundreds of authors herein quoted.

Every author desires to be known and appreciated, or he would not be an author. Take his thoughts as an index of his manhood, and be assured that your pleasure in his acquaintance, thus formed, is only equaled by his delight to instruct and interest you.

May your joyous friendship continue forever.

"A great writer is the friend and benefactor of his readers."—*Macaulay*.

"Next to doing things that deserve to be written, nothing gets a man more credit, or gives him more pleasure, than to write things that deserve to be read."—*Chesterfield*.

FOREWORD.

READER, did you ever visit an art gallery and study the people who are studying the pictures? If so, you must have noticed how differently the different observers are affected by the same views, and how indifferent many are to the scenes of beauty around them. But let the most unappreciative spectator be joined by an artist friend who will analyze and explain the principles of art exemplified on the canvas, and immediately the dulllest spectator is all attention, the stupid gaze is replaced by a look of intense interest, and the whole countenance becomes radiant with the expression of enjoyment *received through the understanding.*

From one canvas the artist explains different methods of grouping and effects of position; from another, perhaps, the principles of perspective are most clearly elucidated; a third furnishes finer illustration of color treatment, as complementary tints are introduced by a master hand, and contrast and definition are in proper balance. And so by noting a background here and a foreground there, high lights in one view and mezzotints in another, a few illustrations serve as a key to unlock the treasures of the whole studio, and our supposed spectator becomes thereafter an appreciative attendant at every art exhibition within reach. Verily, there is no entertainment that entertains like instruction that really does instruct.

Now, literature is the art gallery of thought,¹⁶¹ and language is the medium of expressing it. Ideas are the same in art or literature, but in one case they are painted in colors, while in the other case they are portrayed in words. The best thoughts of the best thinkers, as recorded in ancient and modern literature, are open to our inspection in all the libraries of the land. The problem before us is how to make the masses appreciate more fully the mental pictures which con-

stitute the literature they read. Words have so many shades of meaning that all the tones and tints ever transferred to canvas are far less difficult of comprehension than are the powers of expression inherent in a good vocabulary. Not only does word after word require careful scrutiny, and the full sentence demand an effort of the understanding, but as we proceed with our mental digestion of one proposition after another, we find our judgment appealed to in one case, our sensibilities in another; our will is sought to be influenced, sometimes through the understanding, sometimes through the emotions; our intellect assents or dissents, our feelings accept or reject, our conscience approves or disapproves, and thus the whole mind is brought into action in the weighing of evidence and the detection of fallacies, with the result that the heart responds like a harp of a thousand strings, evoking the divinest harmonies or the most terrible discords according to the nature of the thoughts submitted for our consideration.

It is the purpose of the authors of this volume to place upon the following pages for the reader's consideration the best thoughts of the best thinkers on many very different subjects, and by occasional suggestions and comments so gradually to instil the principles of rhetoric, logic, mental philosophy, moral philosophy, etc., without any formal use of the technical terms of any science, as to lead almost insensibly to a full comprehension of the essential elements of high grade literature. The facts and information herein presented are, we trust, worthy of the most careful perusal for their own sake; but taken as exemplary samples, they collectively furnish the key to a better understanding of all literature, both as to thought and the expression of thought.

The best thinkers do not always express themselves in the best language, and therefore the best thoughts of the best thinkers are not always masterpieces of eloquence. Usually a fair degree of ability of expression goes with any marked degree of thought power, but then, there are some splendid rhetorical expressions that contain only a small amount of mental food. Our aim is to reach both, but preferably the ability to apprehend the thought and test the validity of the

argument, rather than to criticise the manner of presenting it; and we aim to reach this result by such insensible gradations as will not require any extra effort on the part of the reader.

While many masterpieces of classic literature have been quoted, it will be noticed that a large percentage of our material has been selected from the public press. The newspaper or magazine is the educator of the masses, and in order to do the most good to the greatest number, we have drawn largely from this source, both recent and remote. Neither do we lose anything of power, eloquence or variety by so doing; and as to reminiscences, there is nothing equal to an old newspaper, or its better elements crystallized into an old scrap book, to touch the heart with fervent glow, or bring to mind with vivid force the days of Auld Lang Syne.



PLAN OF THE WORK.

Our title-page calls for "BEST THOUGHTS OF BEST THINKERS, Amplified, Classified, Exemplified, and Arranged as a Key to unlock the Literature of All Ages." At first thought, it seems like a prodigious task to make one book a key to the better understanding of all others; but modern methods have revolutionized other fields of labor, and why not the field of literature. Surprises greet us from all sides, and the accomplishment of the above educational result is no less a surprise to the reader of our book. Euclid said, "There is no royal road to learning" (*geometry*, in the original), but by the unique method of editing this volume, it is not too much to claim that any person who will read it and make all the references required just as he would read any other book, will, without the drudgery of schoolboy methods, become qualified to appreciate, understand and even criticise all other books (except the most technical), as only a thorough scholar can do.

HOW WE DO IT.

FIRST, we introduce a chapter on the "Philosophy of Expression," which contains the cream of all the elements involved in the communication of thought by language or otherwise, and a lucid illustration of each principle is given therewith. That opens the way.

SECONDLY, we quote from the best thinkers, ancient and modern, the very best thoughts they have given to the world, and we so select these quotations that each is suited to amplify and enlarge upon the views of some other writer on the same or kindred subjects. Thus we make great authors *amplify* each other. We also have secured from many of the leading thinkers now living, original articles written especially for this volume, and in harmony with the authors' plan of amplifying the work left to posterity, and bringing the subject up

to date. These special essays also demonstrate the fact that, with rare exceptions, if any, no greater authors ever lived than live now.

THIRDLY, we *classify* under appropriate heads the most reliable information to be obtained on a very wide range of subjects, and in this way make the book a veritable mine of thought, some part of which will be intensely interesting to any one, and all parts to most people. Thus the matter included is of the highest value for its own sake, without the unique features of literary criticism.

FOURTHLY, we prepare as a supplement, a Symposium of the Principles of Literature, comprising a complete analysis of Rhetoric, Logic, Mental Philosophy, Moral Science, Philology, Anthropology, and other branches pertaining to the expression of thought, and each one of all this accumulation of terms is defined in popular language. They are then numbered seriatim, and made to serve as a key to unlock the literary gems given throughout the volume, by simply sprinkling reference figures all through the text, referring the reader to the Symposium. The Symposium notes and defines the principle involved, and every portion of the text referring thereto *exemplifies* that principle.

Technical terms have been handled in a popular way, and it has been kept steadily in mind that the book is intended for the masses. The divisions of the book are logical and comprehensive, and each is supplied with suitable articles, both in prose and poetry, serious and humorous, in addition to which the whole volume is highly seasoned with laconics, many of which are made illustrative of some principle of literature in its many-phased task of expressing thought.

We ask the reader's careful attention to quotation marks, that credit may be given to us as authors for only that which is original. For the gems of thought so aptly expressed by the hundreds of authors quoted, we have provided only the appropriate setting, and for the flowers of poesy bound in these leaves of literature, we have contributed only their harmonious arrangement according to color of sentiment, and furnished the silken cord to retain them.¹⁷⁶

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXPRESSION.

NOTE.—The following is a lecture delivered by the Joint Author, Professor Hjalmer D. Gould, before various colleges and popular audiences, and it is introduced here as the most fitting method of opening the way for the unique treatment given to the subject matter throughout this volume. The advantage of the references to the Symposium will be greatly enhanced by a careful consideration of the Philosophy of Expression as here set forth, and an occasional re-reference from the Symposium to the examples herein cited may be made with much benefit.

My Friends, you noticed that I hesitated for a moment before speaking. What was your expression, and what mine, at that moment? Simply this: By rising and coming forward, I expressed intention. You, by your silence and look of expectancy, expressed attention. There is tension on the part of both, but mine is positive or active; yours negative or passive. I am to give; you are to receive. Kindly continue this passive but thoughtful *attention* that you may receive all that I *intend* to give.

Let us now, in fancy, take a short excursion down the street, to note the various expressions that may come under our observation. That aged man, though walking erectly, bows his head slightly forward. That head is not empty — that heart is not vain. His tread is firm, his carriage dignified, expressing the fact that he has not wasted his strength in riotous living. His clear complexion shows temperance, his open countenance shows honesty, and his clean cut features express refinement. He crosses the street and his glance toward the approaching car means caution. We might follow this one man for hours, and find some new expression shot forth from his being as each new incident arrests his attention. But let us study the incidents ourselves.

A brutal driver belabors his stubborn mule, and each is fast making the other worse. A spectator shouts a warning note and the cudgel is dropped. A kill-sheep dog sneaks by. He knows that he has done wrong, and he sneaks by, head and

tail hanging low. All the other dogs give chase. Even dogs understand that expression. A flock of children come pouring from the schoolhouse. Some show fight, some show fear. How do they show it? One little girl dries her own tears and struggles bravely to console her smaller sister — sympathy, fortitude; the stuff that heroes are made of. The confidence man buncoes the farmer and then “divvies up” with his pal — honor among thieves. The Mayor tells the police captain not to know too much about a certain dive — ignorance in high places. You see yonder couple, and you say they are lovers. You feel sure you have sized them up correctly. But how do you know they are lovers? You say they act spooney. But what is it to act spooney? Alas, nearly all expressions are more easily recognized than described. We can read the character denoted by the actions, but we can’t always spell out the elements that constitute the acts.

Even language plays us false; the same word being sometimes literal, sometimes figurative, sometimes technical, sometimes common parlance, sometimes downright slang. Sometimes the skater skates, and the drunkard staggers; but the next moment you may be confronted by some *poor* skater who is making a stagger at it, and an otherwise *poor* drunkard who has got a skate on him.

The lightning *struck* a tree; the ship *struck* her colors; the soldiers *struck* their tents; the laborers *struck* for higher wages; the robbers *struck* for tall timber; an idea *struck* a philosopher; the miner *struck* pay dirt; the show *struck* the town; my erstwhile acquaintance *struck* me for a dollar; the actress is stage *struck*, and the dandy is *struck* on himself.

Besides the expressions of language and expressions of countenance and of actions, we must consider expressions of inanimate objects. Thus the oak tree expresses sturdy strength, while the vine entwined around it expresses dependence. The rocky bluff expresses boldness and durability; the mountains, grandeur. And so the list might be extended indefinitely, for everything expresses something.

In this rambling way, we might go on for hours, noting expressions and their meaning; but unless we seek for some

principle of classification, and arrange our knowledge according to some method or system, we shall be wholly unable to appreciate and use properly the knowledge we have gained. All our inquiries merely result in an accumulation of facts and fancies — a mass of expression, but no philosophy.

Now the basic principle of classification for every subject that will admit of its use is the principle of cause and effect. We ask why this, and why that, and why the other, until by continued interrogations we have discovered similar causes for various effects. All the sciences have been built up in that way. Science is simply classified knowledge.⁴⁵⁹ Every philosopher who has thoroughly investigated any branch of human knowledge has grown into a human interrogation-point. A scientist is personified quiz.

Following this lead, we now seek to discover the philosophy of expression. We have already noted that every person and every thing expresses something, and we are not long in observing that some objects express many things; and finally we note, what is very important in this connection, that objects do not express the same thing to all persons. Two persons witness the same occurrence, and one of them may receive an entirely different impression from that received by the other. This leads us to inquire into the matter subjectively, as well as objectively. If the object is the same and the impression is different in two different persons who are brought under the influence of that object, it is manifest that there must be a difference in the subjects. We then take another step backward in the chain of causation, and ask ourselves why an object does make any impression at all. Also, why does a person, as a subject, receive any impression at all. The basis of all human knowledge is, therefore, the starting point from which to discover the philosophy of expression. There could be no such thing as *expression* without the existence of beings capable of receiving *impressions*. This presents both the objective and the subjective view of the question.

Since all expression, to be intelligible, must be reducible to some form of human thought, it is evident that the science which deals with the formal laws of human thought is our

basis. Logic⁴³³ is that science. Furthermore, logic shows, as other mental sciences also show, that human knowledge consists of comparisons. We begin by comparing some two ideas and we have a subject and a predicate — the simplest expression possible and the simplest form of stating it. Without going into tedious details, let me add that all human knowledge, however complicated, however profound, is but an aggregation of *comparisons*. This being true, it is evidently the criterion by which we are to judge any system of philosophy that purports to explain the infinite variety of forms in which thought is expressed.

We now proceed to test this principle. We shall cite a great variety of expressions — literal expressions, figurative expressions; weak expressions, forcible expressions; elegant expressions, and some that are not so elegant; expressions with style and expressions without style; humorous expressions, witty expressions, slang expressions; expressions of thought, and expressions of feeling, or sentiment, or emotion; expressions of art, expressions of nature; expression in prose, expression in poetry; and every sample adduced shall be squared up by this all-pervading principle, COMPARISON, and if all varieties or methods of expression will stand plumb on that foundation, we shall be warranted in the conclusion that we have discovered the true philosophy of expression?

It will not be necessary to dwell long on literal expressions. Two ideas are mentioned together and if they are found to harmonize, we assert one of the other. But how do we know they harmonize? Manifestly by comparing them. If our comparison discloses that they do not harmonize, we assert that one is not the other. In other words, when the subject and the predicate are congruous we have an affirmative proposition; but when the subject and predicate are incongruous, we have a negative proposition. But how can we decide the question of congruity? Only by comparing one concept with the other.

For example: Man is mortal; Iron is heavy; Snow is white; Man is not omnipotent; Iron is not transparent; Snow is not liquid.

In the negative propositions the subject and predicate are declared incongruous or *unlike*. When we compare two things and find a marked dissimilarity, we sometimes say there is no comparison, and we call the result a *contrast*. The greater the difference along the same line of thought, the sharper the contrast. But how are we to know there is any contrast, until we try for comparison. This view of the matter brings out the fact that contrast is the result of comparison, but that result is a negative quantity. In the equation of thought, Subject = Predicate, contrast is comparison with a minus sign before it.

Logically, every sentence consists of two elements, and only two — the logical subject and the logical predicate. However long the sentence, every word in it belongs to one or the other of these essential elements. Therefore all language, considered as a mode of expression, is subject to this law of consecutive thought; viz., comparison.

But there are many forms of expression by language, wherein the words used are not to be taken in their plain or literal sense. The use of words in any other than their strictly literal sense is called a figure of speech. It is also called a trope — that is, a *turning* away from the usual signification to some other meaning suggested by the connection in which it is used. There are many of these figures of speech, but we shall consider only the principal ones.

First, *SIMILE*. This, as its name implies, is the expression of similarity between two objects of thought, with a view of explaining or embellishing the one by its association with the other. This figure is familiar to all and is used even by the untutored savage. Children delight in it as soon as they are capable of taking distinct notice of objects, and yet, the most accomplished composer never reaches such heights of eloquence or flights of fancy that he cannot use the simile to advantage.

To illustrate: I may say of a certain person, "His memory is both quick and retentive." That is literal. But how

much clearer, more forcible, and more agreeable is the expression if I say, "His memory is like wax to *receive* impressions, and like marble to *retain* them."

Now since Simile consists wholly in the making of a formal comparison, it is evident that we can use it in connection with any given idea in such a way as to exalt or debase that idea. We may make our subject appear splendid, or graceful, or clumsy, or refined, or coarse, or humble, or proud, or dignified, or grand, according as we compare that subject with things that possess one or another of these qualities. Shakespeare says of a certain strain of music:

It came o'er my ear *like* the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

The image of soft music is thus by comparison, associated with something which gives it additional embellishment and charm.

You have noticed that in all these examples we have used the word "like," to effect a formal comparison. "Like," or its equivalent, is necessary, or it would not be a simile.¹⁵³ The word "as," or "so," or "so as," is sometimes substituted for "like," but the idea is the same.

Now take a case of degrading instead of ennobling. Butler burlesques Hudibras thus:

'Tis known that he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
And Latin was no more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

He also burlesques the morning, thus:—

The Sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap;
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

There are many rules for the use of the Simile in order to govern it in the wide range of thought to which it is adapted. We shall not dwell on these details or variations, but it is desirable that we get a clear conception of the general principle involved, because so many other figures of speech are modifications or outgrowths of this one.

Thus METAPHOR is a simile without the formal use of the word "like" or its equivalent. Instead of saying one thing is *like* another we say one *is* the other.

Thus, "He upholds the state *like* a pillar which upholds an edifice," is a simile. "He is a pillar of state," is a metaphor. Another, — "*As* in passing through a prism, beams of white light are decomposed into the colors of the rainbow; so, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colorless rays of truth are transformed into bright-tinted Poetry." That is simile. The same ideas expressed in metaphor would be — "The white light of truth, in traversing the many-sided transparent soul of the poet, is refracted into iris-hued poetry."—(*Herbert Spencer.*)

Of course, we must be careful in using metaphor not to draw our comparisons from different sources in the same sentence. That would be mixing metaphors. Religious people are apt to use scripture similes and metaphors in that careless way. Thus a man once prayed that "The word which had been preached might be like a nail driven in a sure place, sending its roots downward, its branches upward, spreading itself like a green bay-tree, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

Metaphors should not be multiplied to excess, but sometimes the subject is such that one leading similarity can be carried out into a multitude of details and a whole story or book is constructed on the line of that one thought. Such a work is called an Allegory. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a good example of Allegory. The 80th Psalm is an allegory wherein Israel is represented as a vine that God brought out of Egypt and planted in Palestine. The comparison is extended to numerous details, and yet Israel is not once mentioned; the story of the vine is so aptly told that the reader easily understands it to be Israel. Another extended Allegory is *The Faery Queen*.

Shorter compositions of this nature are called Fables, except that when they occur in the scriptures, they are called Parables. Many of these are familiar to you all. Thus, in the 9th chapter of Judges, Jotham tells the story of the

trees choosing for themselves a King. This is a parable, but if the same story were told in the famous works of Æsop, it would be termed a Fable. There are so many beautiful specimens which might be quoted, that it is hard to refrain from indulging ourselves in that way; but if our time be devoted too much to specimens, we shall not get the philosophy. One simile that shows even more force than beauty is this: "A bigot's mind is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour into it, the more it contracts."

In the next figure, *ANTITHESIS*, we shall employ that phase of comparison known as contrast. The effect of contrast in ideas is like putting two unlike things in juxtaposition. Black never appears so black, nor white so white as when they are placed alongside each other. When viewed together, each heightens the effect of the other. The more alike in form, size and all other respects, except some one, the more striking the difference in that one respect. Therefore, contrasted ideas should have a similar verbal construction. For example, "If you regulate your desires according to the standard of nature, you will never be poor; if according to the standard of opinion, you will never be rich."

Many of the most effective examples of Antithesis are short. Thus:—"Flattery brings friends; truth brings foes;" "Enemies in war, in peace, friends;" "Forewarned, forearmed."

EPIGRAM is another figure containing contrariety. Thus:—"Conspicuous for its absence." "Beauty unadorned, adorned the most." "So many things are striking that nothing strikes." "Language is the art of concealing thought."

Even this terse form of expressing many thoughts in a nutshell and at the same time adding force by contrast may be extended into a series, forming an abridged, epigrammatic allegory, thus:—

War and love are strange compeers.
 War sheds blood, and love sheds tears;
 War has swords, and love has darts;
 War breaks heads, and love breaks hearts.

We shall not have time to define and illustrate all the figures of speech, and must pass by many with a mere mention. METONYMY and SYNECDOCHE are closely related, as are also INTERROGATION and EXCLAMATION. APOSTROPHE is a powerful figure, if the subject apostrophised has sufficient inherent sublimity to support the poetic forms of expression. PERSONIFICATION attributes life to things inanimate; and these two, Apostrophe and Personification, often go together. I shall give you an original example of this when speaking of poetry. HYPERBOLE is a figure that consists merely of extravagant exaggeration. Thus we speak of "waves mountain high," and while no one expects that to be taken as literally true, it is an effective figure and manifestly depends upon comparison.

The last figure we shall notice is IRONY. It consists in ridiculing an object under pretence of praising it. To accomplish this end effectively, the words should be spoken with a sneer. Job says, (12:2), "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." A modern Job would say "Huh! You must think you're the only pebble on the beach!" Irony is too familiar to need further illustration.

Now every expression of thought in language requires words and sentences, and may or may not use figures; but the manner in which the expression is clothed is termed Style. Some have a labored style, some a florid style, some a forceful style. Some compositions are elegant, some stiff and clumsy. Some expressions are easy and graceful, some stately and dignified, some bold and defiant, some witty or humorous. Some clothe their thoughts in the silken robes of beauty; some in the homespun garments of utility; some in the humility of sackcloth and ashes.^{95 151}

Perhaps the highest style of composition is the sublime. Sublimity is one of the highest emotions,⁴⁰⁵ and the style of expression necessary to awaken that emotion in the hearer is correspondingly superior. There are many circumstances that conspire to awaken sublimity. Vastness, is one thing that induces a feeling of the sublime. Power is another. Also

awfulness, and sometimes obscurity tend to that result. Then there is a style of expression called *beauty*. Beauty tends toward the sublime but does not quite reach that altitude. Next to sublimity, beauty affords the highest pleasure to the taste; but it is also a calmer feeling, more gentle and soothing. Beauty is expressed in many ways. We have beautiful trees and flowers, beautiful forms and faces, a beautiful character, a beautiful theorem. There is beauty of color, and beauty of figure, and beauty of motion; beauty of countenance, and, last but not least, moral beauty.⁴⁵⁶

To be pronounced beautiful, however, the object under consideration must not awaken sublimity. A rose may be beautiful but who ever heard of a sublime rose. On the other hand, Niagara Falls is beautiful but it is more than beautiful — it is sublime. Its beauty is swallowed up in its sublimity. The higher emotion monopolizes the feelings, unless the attention is confined to some little details; as a beautiful crest, a beautiful spray, a beautiful tint in the water, the beautiful rainbow in the mist. Now the style of expression that will adequately describe beauty or awaken sublimity is peculiarly fitted for its task, and we shall refer to it again, after we have disposed of the next branch of our subject, namely, Wit and Humor.

This brings us to a consideration of the philosophy of wit. How funny! It sounds almost like a contradiction of terms. As if mirth and fun and jollity could be reduced to rule and law! As if a man who is capable of seeing the point of a joke, could ignore the tickling effect thereof long enough to seriously consider why it has a point! Sensible nonsense! Show me a good sidesplitter, and by the time I get through laughing I shall not care a straw for scientific investigation of the cause. Of course there *is* a cause. There isn't any doubt but what the atmospheric molecules forced by your diaphragm between the tense membranes connecting your pharynx with your larynx will cause vibrations of ether, which vibrations will be further modified by latitudinal deflections of your palatal protuberance, and the genuflexions of the base of your lingual organic fibers of muscularity, and still further modified

by dentitional conditions, and both inferior and superior labial action, and will traverse radially thenceforward by undulatory methods of propagation with sufficient force to penetrate the external orifice of my auricular appendages, and thence be conducted obliquely downward anteriorly through the tubular passages against the tympanum, which tympanum will readily communicate the force of these molecular vibrations directly through the cochlea and transversely across the posterior orifice of the eustachian tube, whereat the liquid secretions of the labyrinth will delicately undulate against the malleus, to the effect that a sensation of sound will be set up in my sensorium, because of the conductive properties of the aural nerve terminating therein, and its ability to transmit the acoustic effects existing in the interior chambers, and the said sensorium being situated anteriorly to the cerebellum and inferiorly to the cerebrum, will therefore deliver its charge immediately into the multitudinous channels connecting the various organs of cerebration, to the effect that certain concepts will take possession of my consciousness, whereupon my judgment will weigh the sentiments thus awakened in my subjective mentality, and test the same by the criterion of truth, and finding the ideas ludicrously inharmonious, will pass sentence of amusing incongruity, immediately after which my orbicular muscles will become extremely relaxed, causing my face to assume the expression of a broad grin.²⁸³ Now there isn't any doubt of that whatever. And as I further contemplate the degree of ludicrousness contained in the relation of the aforesaid concepts, my diaphragm contracts spasmodically and my extensors relax and flexors contract until the carpal and metacarpal phalanges are brought into proximity with the lumbar regions, and the digitals assume a protective position over the dorsal cavity, whereupon I give vent to a series of explosive exclamations, thus:— Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!!! And then my deltoid muscles operate on my humerus, and my intercostals elevate the sternum, thereby opening the pneumatic chamber, and—away I go again—Ho! ho! ho! ho!—Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! And then I communicate this same bit of intelligence to Aunt Jane and straightway she jumps up (and the cat jumps in her

chair), and she proceeds to Je! he! he! he! he! — He! he! he! (sits down on the cat) — he! he! Quisgchx! quisgchx! he! he! he! quisgchx! quish - wisch - wisch - wisch - ptsv! ptsv! quisgchx —

Well, you all know what a conundrum is, and what a pun is, and repartee and various other kinds of wit are too common to need definition. Sometimes one conundrum is based on another conundrum. Here is a sample: "Why do travellers in the Sahara Desert never go hungry?" "Because of the sand-which-is there." "But how came the sandwiches there?" "Because it was meet that the descendants of Ham bred and mustered there." Now for an up-to-date conundrum — "Why does a cat purr when you look out at the window?" "Because you rubber neck."

Humor differs from wit. Wit is short and sharp — Humor is mild and funny. Wit may be keen and sarcastic, comes in quick flashes and is often directed against our enemies — Humor is kind, may be extended to any length and is often indulged in at the expense of our friends. The leading element of wit is surprise, but nothing higher.

If it contains beauty or sublimity as well as surprise, the surprise will be swallowed up in the higher emotion. Other emotions, if strongly excited, have the same extinguishing effect. Thus if a dandy with a \$10.00 hat on a 10c. head in attempting to show off before a crowd, should slip and fall in the mud, we would laugh at his ridiculous plight; but if a poor old woman carrying a child across a muddy street should fall and hurt herself or the child, our pity would quench the feeling of humor completely. Fear operates in the same way, whenever an otherwise ludicrous accident involves danger.

In puns and various forms of wit, there is a double meaning to be attached to some word or phrase, and the surprise consists in the discovery that the same *expression* can have two such unlike meanings. It must also be so expressed that the hearer must use his mind diligently to discover the unexpected relation, and the surprise is the more agreeable as it reflects the more credit on the person who is smart enough to see the joke. People differ greatly in their perspicacity along this

line. Tell an Irishman a joke and he will instantly fire back a fitting rejoinder. Tell the same joke to an Englishman, and next morning he may sit down on the back doorstep and take a good laugh over it. It is just beginning to dawn upon him that that was a joke.

Slang phrase is a form of humor that should be used with care, if at all. It is too well known to require definition and classification, although it is capable of both; so instead of going into details of philosophy, I will quote a few samples.*

Now, in all kinds of wit and humor the things described must be congruous in the midst of their incongruity, and, of course, both congruity and incongruity can only be determined by comparison.

Besides expression in language, there is a certain amount of expression of ideas conveyed through symbols. Foremost in this form of idealism is Nature, and Nature's most faithful representative, Art. Indeed, so close is the relation between nature and art in all matters of expression that the standard of art is nature. Hence the Latin maxim, "*Artis est celare artem*" — The art is to conceal art.†

You have heard of the two artists who loved the same lady, and she, not being able to decide between them, left the choice to her father, who was himself an art critic on flowers. Each lover was to paint a bouquet, and the one that was truest to nature should win the grand prize.

On the day for competitive examination one lover arrived first and his picture was carefully scrutinized from every viewpoint and under various forms of illumination, and the father found it so perfect that he gave the artist to understand that his prize was as good as won. Finally the other artist arrived and placed his picture by the side of the other one, but with a thin veil thrown over it. The father compared them faithfully

* The reader is here referred to "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral" in Mark Twain's "Roughing It," which is regarded by literateurs as the best hit on slang phrase ever published. For a sample of modern theatrical slang phrase, read "John Henry."

† For exceptions to this view, read "Art For Art's Sake," "How To Understand Pictures" and others by J. C. Van Dyke.

and conscientiously, and found the second picture almost equal to the first, even with the veil over it, and finally decided that if the second picture didn't look coarse when the veil was removed, there would be some show for lover No. 2. So he told him to remove the veil, but the artist replied "There is no veil there. The veil is simply painted on. It is part of the picture!" "Nough said. The bride is yours."

Some years ago I was teaching a select school and a young lady came to me for art criticism and architecture. She had been in my school a year before for logic and mental philosophy, and I knew she could comprehend art expression almost intuitively, if paintings and statuary could be selected so as to present the principles in their logical order. When she had read up on the elements of criticism and I had pointed out to her their application through all the harmonies of color blending, grouping, configuration etc., I took her to a famous art gallery for illustrations. Each time our line of inquiry brought us into the realm of the ideal, I was careful to commence on a new line, before we should approximate too closely to the consideration of nude figures. The following occurrence, however, forced the issue: We were studying a landscape when a strange man and woman entered.

"Well Mi-ran-dy," said the man, "did you ever see the beat!"

The woman tittered. Supposing me to be the proprietor, she caught my sleeve, and pointing to a lovely painting of "Musidora" from Thompson's Seasons, said, —

"Why don't you kiver that up?"

"Is it not beautiful?" I asked.

"Yes, but she hain't got a stitch of clothes on."

"Very true; but how would she look in that sequestered pool with her clothes on?"

"Well, if that hain't a vulgar picture, I'd like to have you show me one that is."

I replied, "There are no vulgar pictures here, Madam, but there are pictures of vulgar people. There, for instance," and I pointed to a group of a dozen men and women engaged in a bacchanalian revelry. "They are all well clothed, but

dissipation is pictured on every face and form. Those people are ready to indulge in any vice upon the slightest excuse, while Musidora here is the personification of virtue. Study these pictures together and you will soon perceive that clothing does not constitute modesty, nor the want of it vulgarity."

"Well, I must say Dora has got a sweet face. Now, what does this marble gal mean?"

"That is Una and the Lion. The sculptor portrays her innocence as her protection, even from a wild beast; and thereby warns man that to rob her of her virtue, he must degrade himself below the level of the brute."

Next came the Lorelei; then some Siren, and the woman kept on until she had called out a brief explanation of everything in sight which she formerly thought vulgar. She left the building with her husband, but on passing down the stairs she was heard to say, "John, we just don't know nothin.' If I understood picters like them people, I'd want to stay in this buildin' a whole hour."

The strangers gone, my lady spoke first: "I have been trying to discover the principle that underlies this delicate subject. Can you give me, in a word, the key to the situation."

"I'll try. There's Venus at the Bath. Suppose the picture represented that same Venus in the street. Do you see the point?"

"I think I do. It is harmony of surroundings, — Consistency."

"Correct, only, here it is called *congruity*. Concerning truth, you learned in your logic that — ?"

"That the criterion of truth is congruity between the subject and the predicate."⁴⁷⁰

"Correct again. Now, practice differs, but principles are eternal. Every artist has some way of making his picture tell some truth, and his success can never be assured until congruity pervades his work. It is just as true of this simple landscape we were studying as of those difficult figures." And I led her back to where we were first interrupted and the following dialogue ensued: —

"Take that word 'congruity' for your key and now unlock the meaning of this. Who are those two persons on that bridge?" She thought a moment and then replied,

— "I should say they are lovers."

"Yes."—(And so I continue to ask and she answers)—

"And why on a bridge?"

— "They are crossing the Stream of Life."

"And not coming but — ?"

— "Going to the other shore."

"The breezes — ?"

— "Whisper lovingly in the leaves."

"The sunshine — ?"

— "Kisses the water."

"And on the shore — ?"

— "The vine clings to the oak."

"And the daisies — ?"

— "Nod 'Yes.'"

"While the branches overhead — ?"

— "Wave their benedictions."

"Then here are poppies — ?"

— "To soothe away the cares of life."

"And what is the attractive feature of this flock?"

— (Blushing) "The lambs."

"You see, now, that with all these things considered together you cannot be mistaken as to who these people are. Much more is still to be found in the background. The church steeple — ?"

— "Solemnizes their vows."

"And the halo in the distance — ?"

— "Is heaven."

"Yes, and the whole picture is in a circle. What does that mean?"

— "The circle is the symbol of eternity, but it is all around — not simply beyond the stream."

"And do you not see how that applies?"

"I confess I do not. Please explain."

"It is a year, Miss Weldon, since you came to me, and I first grounded you firmly on intuitions. ³⁹² ⁴³⁴ Now charge

yourself fully with that idea — the intuition of time — and see what you discover.”

A moment's introspection, and she responded, —

“I see it all; I see it all. The infinite past and the infinite future meet in the present moment, and we live in eternity — NOW!”

“Well said. Then the circle should be all around. You see the waves flowing in ever-widening circles around the point where a pebble dropped from the bridge.”

“I do.”

“That is a fitting illustration of the truth you have just spoken; we live in eternity now. We occupy that point in the center and the same point is center, not only of one circle, but of all those circles. In other words, all the past is ours, because the present is the summation of the past; whilst all the future is ours by reason of immortality.”

And thus I might go on for hours illustrating to you how readily an apt student of nature will discover the principles or philosophy of expression as depicted in art. There is an eternal fitness of things, discoverable only by comparison of things with each other, but which, once discovered, enables us to express harmony, consistency, agreement — in other words, *congruity* between one idea and another; whether formulated into words and sentences, or painted into form and color, or chiseled into enduring marble.

Now we have reserved for our closing thoughts the subject of Poetry. So far as the Philosophy of Expression is concerned, the mechanism of poetry is of equal importance with the fire of genius; and that mechanism or formality of expression is called Versification. The leading elements of versification are rhyme and rhythm. These elements may be related to each other in such ways as to constitute several varieties of verse, but nearly all poetry can be classified under the four principal divisions; viz., Iambic, Trochaic, Anapaestic and Dactylic. Iambic verse has feet of two syllables each, accented on the second, thus —

Praise God | from whom | all bless | ings flow,
Praise Him | all crea|tures here | below.

Trochaic verse has feet of two syllables each, but accented on the first, thus —

Lives of | great men | all re|mind us
 We can | make our | lives sub|lime —
 And de|parting | leave be|hind us
 Footprints | on the | sands of | time.

These two forms of verse, Iambic and Trochaic, are best suited to solemn or serious subjects.

Anapæstic verse has feet of three syllables each, and each foot is accented on the third syllable — thus, “The Indian’s Lament” —

I will go | to my tent | and lie down | in despair;
 I will paint | me with black | and will sev|er my hair;
 I will sit | on the shore | where the hur|ricane blows,
 And reveal | to the God | of the tem|pest my woes —
 I will weep | for a sea|son on bit|terness fed,
 For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead.
 But they died not by hunger or lingering decay,
 The steel of the white man hath swept them away.
 My wife and my children, oh, spare me the tale!
 For who is there left that is kin to Geehale!

Dactylic verse has feet of three syllables each, but accented on the first, thus—“Heber’s Epiphany” —

Brightest and | best of the | sons of the | morning,
 Dawn on our | darkness and | lend us thine | aid.
 Star of the | East the hor|izon a|dorning,
 Guide where our | infant Re|deemer is | laid.

The last two forms — Anapæstic and Dactylic — lend themselves easily to lighter sentiments, thus,

O, the Rose of Grenada was blooming full-blown,
 And she laughed at her suitors who thought her their own,
 Till there came from Morocco the Moor, Ala-Jaerr,
 And he tossed from his spearhead the horse-tails in air, saying—

“List to me, lady;
 For hither I’ve flown,
 O, Rose of Grenada,
 To make thee my own.”

Another,

There was a gay maiden lived down by the mill,
 Ferry me over the ferry—
 Her hair was as bright as the waves of a rill,
 When the sun on the brink of his setting stands still,
 Her lips were as full as a cherry.

Another—"The Song of the Cannon Ball."

I come from the ether cleft hotly aside,
 Through the air of the soft summer morning;
 I come with a song as I dash on my way,
 Both a dirge and a message of warning:
 No sweet idle dreams nor romance of love,
 Nor poet's soft balm-breathing story
 Of armor-clad knight, at tournament gay,
 Where a scarf was the guerdon of glory;—
 Whistling so airily
 Past the ear warily,
 Watching me narrowly,
 Crashing, I come!

Now compare this easy flowing style with the stately and dignified tread of the Iambic, thus —

At midnight in his guarded tent,
 The Turk lay dreaming of the hour,
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams, through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;—etc., etc.

It would be very pleasant to illustrate in this way all the different kinds of meter used with each variety of verse, but time forbids, and we shall, therefore, turn our attention now from the matter of mechanism to the inherent quality that distinguishes poetry from mere jingle.

In testing for poetry a composition must not only be faultless in rhyme and rhythm and other qualities of versification, but the sentiment conveyed must be of such beauty or sublimity or other creditable quality that it is capable of being charged with the poetical essence — the said poetical essence being imagination verbalized. Prose often contains these

qualities and may be styled poetic prose, while verse without it is prosaic poetry, if poetry at all. The samples given in illustration of the mechanism, I have quoted from various other authors. The remaining specimens are all original, and are illustrative of poetic *quality*, or the want of it.

The first requisite of genuine poetry is a poetic subject. The best verses possible on a low or commonplace subject, will, of necessity, contain only commonplace ideas; and, for this reason, if for no other, will lack the truly poetic essence.

To illustrate: An aged gentleman who is a Senator from one of the Eastern States, and is widely known as The Hockesin Philosopher, wrote me several letters on educational subjects, and mentioned the many callings in life which he had pursued more or less successfully, modestly underestimating his past achievements. He also referred to the criticism of certain authors on my published works, as set forth in a certain scientific journal.

In answering this letter, I wrote several lines supposing I was writing prose, when I suddenly discovered that all I had written was in perfect rhyme and rhythm, though written out in full length lines, just as any poem might be written to look like prose. I give it as a sample of poetry with the poetry left out. Following is the letter:

Cleveland, O., May 23d,

DEAR MR. JACKSON:

Allow me one word. I have no sympathy with this one-idea plan,
What the world wants now is an all-round man.
Not one with his heart anchored fast to base greed,
And his head all gone up to one corner to seed.
Most mischievous saying under the sun
Is "Jack of all trades and master of none."
Where one is thus wisely restrained in his zest,
A thousand are hindered from doing their best.
"One thing at a time," may be all very well,
But one thing all the time is like prisoner's cell,
Confining ideas in cast-iron grooves,
Till the Idea Tinker forgets the world moves.
I don't mean to write you this letter in verse,
But the Muse makes it jingle, no matter how terse.
The last man on earth would be I, if I know it,
To be transformed into a "Laureate poet."

The authors say eyes are the surest of sign;
 I aver there's no "fine frenzy rolling" in mine.
 But this fairly well will illustrate the truth,
 That you can't get blood out of a turnip. Forsooth!
 No matter how perfect the meter and rhyme,
 A prosaic subject will only keep time.
 A commonplace thought, though you trim and you prune,
 Like a drum, makes good music,—*excepting the tune.*
 The marble block *may* hide an angel within,
 And the sculptor release it; but sorry the kin
 Set free by the veriest Angelo's skill,
 If only a sandstone be fashioned at will.
 But ere I shall close, I must make you this point:
 My critics, you notice, are all out of joint.
 Their essays appearing in last College Journal
 Are wise and some otherwise; some are—supernal.
 I pretty near said something else that would rhyme.
 You need not begrudge them their jolly good time.
 They may think they have silenced me, fair means or foul;
 But then, I am like the Irishman's owl
 That he bought for a parrot; and while it sat winking,
 Pat said, "Fa' th, he kapes up a d'ale of a thinkin!"
 But 'tis only lent. They'll all get their dues,
 Without the assistance of this jolly muse.
 In sober good earnest I'll see that they're schooled;
 And till then, I remain,

Most respectfully,

GOULD.

Now, you have doubtless observed that *that* is a good sample of rhyme and rhythm, but there is no poetry in it.

There is one line, however, that comes dangerously near the limit. It is where we said "The marble block may hide an angel within, And the sculptor release it." *There* is a beautiful thought, and if you want to write jingle you must carefully exclude beauty and sublimity. It may be forcible and logical, but that doesn't make it poetic. The sample just quoted is forcible and logical, and for the most part sensible and serious, but it could be all these if written in prose. Versification adds nothing to its force or its sense, and as there is no pretension to beauty, there can be no claim to poetry.

Senator Jackson appreciated this letter very highly, and in his reply gave evidence that he should be ranked with that class of grand old men who are loved by all who know them.

His beauty of character inspired me to answer in language that I shall now submit as a specimen of poetic prose, because it contains the beautiful thoughts necessary to poetry, but is not versified till near the last where it passes almost insensibly into verse. I shall also alter the pronouns so as to make it read as a message to you, thus:—

The heart may bloom perennially, though the head be whitened with the frosts of age. Accustom yourself, while young, to think cheerfully and without melancholy, upon the great problem of existence. Anticipate the solemnities of advanced life; meet the questions at issue manfully and rationally; fortify yourself, while young, against the depressing influences of superstitious fear, and you may retain youth always.

The bright and peaceful countenance will still reflect the purity of the life within, and youthful associates will still prefer the sunshine of your company.

Reciprocally, you may now, in your youth, find great profit in cultivating the acquaintance of the aged. Honor them with filial devotion; cheer them with kindly consideration, and you will speedily find a singular charm in their society. Neither is it all on account of their greater experience in life, but rather in anticipation of the greater experience they are soon to enter upon. From within the very gates of heaven they are smiling back upon us their peaceful benediction.

We should look upon them as having served out their time under more trying circumstances than now obtain, and with less of comfort and naught of luxury, they nevertheless stood such tests as few are now required to bear. They are at present simply waiting on the threshold, and only

A beckoning hand, a nod or a smile
From the guardian angel that watches the while,
Is needed to set their souls aflight,
On pinions of love to the realms of light.
Like flowers full blown they have given us cheer,
And sweetened our lives from year to year.
A slightly chilled zephyr alone may suffice
To droop their loved forms, and they're gone in a trice.

Let us cherish them tenderly, watching with care,
 The ebb of affection's fragrance rare.
 Though withered and fading, they ever impart
 A soothing balm to the bleeding heart.

The bud and the flower in beauty are tossed,
 But anon, the dead leaves hide the roots from the frost.
 Though fair in our youth and strong in our prime,
 It was last year's leaves gave us strength to climb;
 And the blush on the bud as on cheek of love
 Is penciled by artists that smile from above.

Now that is a sample of poetry depending wholly upon the element of beauty. Beautiful thoughts about beautiful things expressed in beautiful language and involving even beauty of character. There is no sublimity about it,— not even grandeur — no attempt to rise above that which is merely beautiful.

This satisfies the aesthetic sense; -but, now, there are higher emotions to be ministered unto; viz., the moral or spiritual. To be poetic in support of these faculties, we must be not only logical, though imaginative, but we must embody either grandeur or sublimity in sufficient measure to awaken like sentiments or emotions in the minds of those whose sensibilities are sufficiently developed to exercise or enjoy such a high grade of feeling.

As a sample of this form of expression I beg to offer you, in conclusion, an original epic, founded on the long meter doxology.

Try to rise with me to the full appreciation of this lofty sentiment, as I expand the familiar theme and clothe it with the grandeur and sublimity of God's own handiwork in nature.

Now learn we a lesson from Nature,
 God manifest unto the flesh;
 But first as becometh the Creature,
 His praises we utter afresh.

And we call upon Nature to praise Him;
 The highest, the lowliest thing;
 All goodness conspires to raise Him,
 And crown Him of all kings, The King.

PRAISE.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly throng;
Praise God with Nature's ever glorious, all-
victorious song.

Praise God, ye living rocks of earth,
In adamant ye voice His worth;
With crystal tongue ye speak His praise,
His glory shines in Vulcan's blaze.

Thy molten lavas spake His praise,
Ere forests decked thy sloping ways;
Thy chemic unions symbolize,
Infinite Love in earth and skies.

Praise God ye strata, layers deep,
His holy records thou dost keep;
Thy fossils voice the All-wise Plan,
Thy testimony precedes Man.

Next let the note of praise be sung,
Where earth's primeval forests sprung;
Luxurious growth of giant fern,
Thy carbons now in praises burn.

Praise God ye depths of ocean bed,
Where conscious life first reared its head;
Thy protoplasmic cells contain
The germ of nerve for Reason's brain.

Praise Him, ye molluscs, mammals, all—
Ye birds that fly, ye worms that crawl;
In evolution's chant ye sing
Eternal progress toward your King.

Praise God, O Man, thou crown of life,
Thou victor-born of Nature's strife.
Praise God that thou survivest all—
Thou God-Man, type of All-in-all.

Praise Him in thought and word and deed;
Praise Him and reap eternal meed;
Praise Him in spirit and in truth;
Praise Him that gives eternal youth.

O Man, thou conscience-being, praise!
O Earth-born, knowing Heaven's ways;
O Soul-begotten, God-endowed,
Praise God who all thy gifts allowed.

Ye stars, ye suns, ye Time's first-born,
That lived ere nebulous earth was torn
From out the bosom of our Sun,
Praise God, while in your course ye run.

Praise God, ye oldest worlds in space;
Thy people long have run life's race;
By evolution high up-raised,
Awake thy voice, let God be praised.

Let praises ring from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the Universe spreads its floods of light,
Praise God in whom ye move aright.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly throng,
Praise God, with Nature's All-Triumphant song.

The lecture on the Philosophy of Expression closed with the above sample of epic poetry. For a further example of the inspirational forms of expression, we submit another of Professor Gould's poems which constitutes the closing lines of his lecture on "Geology and its connection with Astronomy." His treatment of the awe-inspiring processes of cosmogenesis, or world-building, is such as to prepare the hearer's mind most effectually for the appreciation of both the sublime²⁴⁴ ²⁵⁹ and the beautiful, ²⁶⁰ as expressed in this poetic lesson from nature.

Rhetorically speaking, the poem is cast in the dual form of Apostrophe ²⁰¹ and Appeal, the stanzas set toward the left margin being an Apostrophe to Nature, while the stanzas set to the right are an Appeal to Man. The verse is Iambic Pentameter. Parts of paragraphs preceding the poem are also inserted here, as introductory.

* * * * * The highest faculties of the human mind are called into action, when we contemplate the handiwork of Omnipotence, as wrought out by the forces of nature

and everywhere exhibited to our wondering gaze. Not only is beauty unfolded in leaf and blossom, in gem and crystal, in sea and sky; but to the thinking mind that comprehends the processes involved and penetrates to hidden causes, all these phenomena are more than beautiful — they are sublime! The more striking exhibitions of grandeur, as in aurora, or cataract, or volcano, or eclipse, call forth universal expressions of emotion; but the thoughtful student, the thorough scholar, waits not for these unusual occurrences, for he sees in the commonest things, the results of prehistoric exhibitions, on a grander scale than human eye has ever witnessed. Beauty, and even grandeur are swallowed up in sublimity, as man grasps the full meaning of Nature's propositions. We comprehend the data, we test each and all the premises, as we pass by logical steps through the entire chain of cause and effect; and as each succeeding conclusion is necessitated, and we reach the final statement, a feeling of awe comes over us, born of the certain knowledge that we are thinking the very thoughts of the Almighty! Infinite Wisdom thought out the principles and wrought out the facts of Nature; and we, poor worms of the dust, are nevertheless endowed with so much of Godhood, that we are able to think His thoughts after Him, according to the eternal principles of reason. No wonder we feel our souls too full for utterance, when the sublimity of our thoughts forces upon us the full realization of the fact that we are created in the image of God.

* * * "Imagine the time when the earth first became cool enough not to shine by its own light. Then, and not till then, was night, and the evening and the morning were the first day. Imagine how long it must have rained to rain the ocean full; and before there was any ocean bed, the waters covered the entire surface of the earth. Finally, the molten interior cooled and contracted so that the crust became wrinkled in adjusting itself to the smaller volume, and thus a few mountain ranges were formed and thrust their rocky peaks above the surface of the ocean. Thousands of volcanoes belched forth their fiery charges, and streams of molten lava ran hissing into the sea. Convulsion after con-

vulsion raised new mountain chains and submerged the older ones. The ocean's floor was frequently ruptured, and the waters had no rest. All was change, violent change!

* * * * * "Next imagine this vegetable stratum submerged until another thousand feet of rock accumulates above it, and the imprisoned trees become metamorphosed into coal. On and on this rising and falling of the vast continental areas has been continued; and although to us the time between these pulsations seems almost inconceivable, it is but the trifling period of a breath, measured off by the heaving breast of Mother Earth! In extent, also, these momentous changes are but slight in comparison. The highest mountain is not equal in altitude to a grain of sand on a 24-inch globe, and North America but the size of a man's hand. To raise or lower that amount of surface only a hair's breadth in comparison is to Mother Earth but a gentle sigh; and as to time, Eternity's clock ticks centuries!

* * * * * "We have already referred to the sublimity of this subject. The essential elements of its consideration from a standpoint of Mental Philosophy are such as to call forth the highest and best thought of each thinker. If there is any subject, the contemplation of which will inspire reverence for the Giver of all Good, it is this one. The great Sir Isaac Newton said, "Surely, the undevout astronomer is mad." You should not consider it a weakness and strive to throw off the influence, but rather encourage it, and let the lessons of Nature sink deep into your soul. Be glad you are created with qualities of mind high enough to recognize sublimity; and when you feel the strength of your emotion, as if choking you up, too full for utterance, you may take that as a compliment to yourself, because it is an evidence of the high grade at which you stand in the scale of existence.

"We have touched here upon three fields of thought — Natural Philosophy, Mental Philosophy, and Moral Philosophy; but the philosopher hath not this realm to himself. Sublimity is one of the essential elements in poetry. Having this element in common, you will understand why it is that

some of the best philosophers have been poets, and some of the best poets, philosophers.

"Now, having through the contemplation of this exalting theme, raised your minds to this higher plane of thought, it would be almost criminal in me not to bring home to your moral sense the virtues of character shadowed forth in rock and crystal, sea and plain. For reasons already assigned you will also indulge me for expressing these elevating sentiments in the inspirational form of rhyme and rhythm. Therefore I proceed with an Apostrophe to Nature, and Appeal to Man.

APOSTROPHE - - APPEAL.

- 68 Roll on, thou restless, endless ocean, roll!
 Thy boundless depths but symbolize man's soul;
 Heaving thy troubled breast with tidal wave,
 As man's is from the cradle to the grave.
- 69 Thy tides to sun and lunar orb respond;
 Thy streams to tropic heat, and flow beyond
 Where Winter's realm, begirt with ice-bound shores,
 Receives with gladness all thy thermal stores.
- 70 So Man, by heavenly forces tempest tried,
 Developed, finds his nature purified,
 And overflowed with sympathy and love,
 Seeks out the erring ones and points above.
- 71 The winds may dash thy waters 'gainst the rocks,
 Thy billows surge and roar with earthquake shocks;
 Yet, Hurricane but singeth Nature's psalm,—
 That "Action purifies thee for thy calm."
- 72 Oh Soul, take courage; ' labor is thy life;
 Thy purity is also born of strife;
 Like all things else, self-action makes thee pure,
 Thy ceaseless efforts make thy victory sure.
- 73 Though foaming passion splashes through thy breast,
 'Tis highest billows bear the silver crest.
 The maddest floods that o'er thee dash in rage,
 But mark the forces that create thee sage.
- 74 Then meet the rolling waters of despair,
 With firmness born of trials, toil and care.
 Thus fortified thou sailest o'er life's Main,
 With nought to fear from Maelstrom's whirling train.

- 75 Oh, Rock-bound cliffs that gird an island shore,
Charmed by the music of old ocean's roar,
Learn we a lesson from thy steadfast stand:
Deep art thou anchored 'neath the shifting sand.
- 76 Storms shake thee not. Thy brow the lightning's bolt
Defies, while all the elements revolt.
Yet when the sunlights thee in glory lave,
Thou smilest back from 'neath the placid wave.
- 77 Oh thou, my Soul, stand cliff-bound for the right;
Not all the powers of darkness thee affright.
When passion's waves do storm thee blow on blow,
Let Reason's cliff say, "Thus far shalt thou go."
- 78 And when with love-light's joy thine eye shall beam,
And all thy form with happy halos gleam,
The sea of passion stilled beneath thy feet,
Shall mirror up thy loveliness complete.
- 79 Now to the mountain's dizzy height we look,
To read what there is penned in Nature's book,—
Sublimity and grandeur here control,
And find response in elevated soul.
- 80 Thy snow-crowned summits raise their hoary heads
Above the clouds that bathe thy water-sheds.
The very folds that weave thy frosty shrouds,
Are crystallized from rare air, not from clouds.
- 81 Thy torrents leap from crag to crag adown;
The foaming cataract hides the bluff's dark frown;
But melted frosts that feed thy purest streams,
Flow down from where perpetual sunshine gleams.
- 82 Oh Soul! canst thou not rise above thy care,
And breathe the calmness of that purer air?
Hold up thy head above the storms of life,
To fairer, rarer heights where comes no strife.
- 83 Then shall thy streams of gladness ever flow
To bless thy boon companions here below;
Not sorrow's waters these pure heights alloy,
Thy fountains gush and flow with tears of joy.
- 84 Thou rocky slopes that midway to the plain,
Lie wrapped in stormy clouds and driving rain,
Art slowly crumbling 'neath such wintry wear,
And deep ravines appear like wrinkled scar.

- 85 But Nature smites thee in thy solitude,
That teeming plains may bring forth fruit and food.
Thy rocks dissolved recuperate the soil,
And only thus reward the hand of toil.
- 86 Oh, Spirit of Advance! what lesson here,
To give thee courage or dispel thy fear?
'Tis this: Above the paths thy fathers trod,
Thou standest in the presence of thy God.
- 87 Searching for higher, grander truths to know,
To feed the poverty of mind below,
Thou workest all unhonored and alone,—
God melts thy heart as Nature melts the stone.
- 88 'Mid storms of desolation, mists of doubt,
Thy spirit struggles and thy soul cries out,
"O, for a living ground of certitude,
And inspiration from Infinitude!"
- 89 Born of thy suffering, daring Reason's strain,
Conditions rise that sensitize the brain;
Thenceforth thy mind is open to receive
The thoughts that hoary sage or poet give.
- 90 Pour out thy heavenly treasures to the world;
The flag of moral progress be unfurled!
Beneath this banner thou shalt win the prize,—
Establish rapport between earth and skies.
- 91 The teeming walks of life thy succor need,
To stimulate pure thoughts, and lessen greed;
A reason-tested faith their soul uplifts,
Nor longer floats with superstition's drifts.
- 92 'Mid pleasant valleys flow earth's noble streams,
With curving, winding grace of beauty's dreams;
The rippling rills, the singing brooks, forth leap
To cause the river's grand majestic sweep.
- 93 Oh, Mighty River, run thy shining course,
Thou beauteous emblem of life's hidden force!
Bear on thy noble fleets of industry,
And scatter joy from mountain base to sea.
- 94 Around each swelling curve thy waters glide
Silent and deep along the outer side;
But next the inner shore on shingly beach,
The laughing wavelets to the daisies reach.

- 95 Around the flowery fields or fragrant grove.
Thine arm encircles with caress of love;
Thy sparkling waters cast affection's glance,
While birds and flowers join in rapture's trance.
- 96 So Man, thine outward course with purpose deep,
In dignity and firmness onward keep,
But round domestic circle let thine heart
Relax thy brow, and wonted smile impart.
- 97 In public duty, firm though gentle be,
In social circles—strictest purity;—
But bravest men are tenderest and true,
The loving are the daring ones to do.
- 98 But not all rivers run through pleasant dales,
Admired by orchard hills and flowery vales.
Some under cover of the forest's shade,
Drag out their tropic course through marsh and glade.
- 99 Some 'mid the mountain's rocky fastness run,
Through deep-walled cañon, shutting out the sun;
And others interrupted in their way,
Must leap the precipice, though dashed to spray.
- 100 Oh, Soul! when duty leads thee o'er that brink,
Plunge to the bottom, nor a moment shrink!
Thy prompt discharge of duty gives thee class,
Not all Niagara's grandeur can surpass!
- 101 Thy mighty sacrifice of peace and bliss,
To dwell in boiling prison-gorge abyss,
Lends to thy character a stamp sublime,—
A fitting monument outlasting time!
- 102 The mists that thee enshroud shall mirror down,
In bright prismatic beauty, Nature's crown;
And all the turmoil of the whirlpool's rage,
Shall seal thine urgent claim on history's page.

LACONICS.

To present the best thoughts of the best thinkers in a single volume, it is manifest that some method of condensing must be adopted, the result of which will make our book a *multum in parvo*.

On all the leading lines of thought, the best thinkers have exhausted themselves to such an extent that a whole volume, or many volumes, would be required to present one man's thoughts on one subject; and yet, by scanning closely the voluminous writings of any one author, it will be found that most of his efforts hinge upon some one central idea, and that in some happy moment of inspiration, he has voiced a concise, yet comprehensive expression of that leading thought, around which all his ideas have been crystallized. To discover this nucleus of truth, is the task we have set ourselves to perform, and the task would not be so formidable, if we were to express that leading truth in our own language. But to express the best thoughts of the best thinkers in *their* language, it is incumbent upon us not only to discover the governing idea, but to continue the search until we discover the statement of it in their own words.

We have spared ourselves no effort in this direction, and the result is that thousands of central truths are herein presented, including hundreds of authors on hundreds of subjects, all of them in the language of that author when he was in a mood for giving us his best thoughts in a nut-shell. These intellectual crystals are classified, and interspersed among the various essays, original or quoted; under the uniform caption of "LACONICS."

Definition. Webster defines this word and its derivatives thus: Laconics, n. 1. A concise, sententious method of speaking; laconism.

2. A concise phrase or expression; something expressed in a brief, sententious manner.

"Laconism" and "Laconicism" are other forms of the same word, and the definition of all these forms is founded on the habit of the Lacedæmonians or Lacones, of expressing much in a few words. We often hear of "Spartan simplicity," "Spartan sternness," "Spartan severity," and the like. Sparta was the capital of Lacedæmonia, in ancient Greece. Its citizens were slaves, but in their bondage, they were none the less philosophers. Spartacus led them in their fight for freedom, (B. C. 73-71), proclaimed the abolition of slavery, and with an army of 70,000 men, he defeated Claudius Pulcher, and compelled the Roman Knights to fight in the arena for his amusement, as he himself had been condemned to do by the Romans in Capua. It was the habit of the Lacones, or Spartans, to make brief, sententious replies.

The word "laconic," as originally used in English, also included the idea of severity and sternness, and it was distinguished from the word "concise" by the implication of these unpleasant elements. Latterly, the word "laconic" has not been thus restricted, and it is used in this volume only in the sense of conciseness, but it makes a better plural class noun than can be derived from *concisus* or *concidere*. With this explanation, we take pleasure in submitting our first installment of —

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT WORDS.

Words are the counters of wise men and the money of fools.¹⁶¹
—Hobbes.

Words should be employed as the means, not as the end; language is the instrument, conviction is the work.—Sir J. Reynolds.

Volatility in words is carelessness in actions; words are the wings of actions.—Lavater.

The knowledge of words is the gate of scholarship.—Wilson.

Words are both better and worse than thoughts; they express them, and add to them; they give them power for good or evil; they start them on an endless flight, for instruction and comfort and blessing, or for injury and sorrow and ruin.—Tryon Edwards.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words, once spoken, can never be recalled.—*Roscommon*.

No man has a prosperity so high or firm, but that two or three words can dishearten it; and there is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress.—*Emerson*.

Not in books only, nor yet in oral discourse, but often also in words there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination laid up, from which lessons of infinite worth may be derived.—*Whately*.

Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him.—*Solomon*.

I would rather speak the truth to ten men than blandishments and lying to a million.—Try it, ye who think there is nothing in it; try what it is to speak with God behind you — to speak so as to be¹⁶¹ only the arrow in the bow which the Almighty draws.—*H. W. Beecher*.

Words are like¹⁵³ leaves, and where they most abound, Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.—*Pope*.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—*Tillotson*.

You may tame the wild beast; the conflagration of the forest will cease when all the timber and the dry wood are consumed; but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered carelessly yesterday or this morning.—*F. W. Robertson*.

When words are scarce they're seldom spent in vain.—*Shakespeare*.

Bad words are as influential as the plague and the pestilence. They have wrought more evil than battle, murder, and sudden death. They creep through the ear into the heart, call up all its bad passions, and tempt it to break God's commandments.—*G. Mogridge*.

"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines; and husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle to get possession of a lighted bomb-shell.—*Douglas Jerrold*.

Words are but the signs and counters of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the capital which they represent.
—*Colton*.

There are words which sever hearts more than swords; there are words which sting the heart through the course of a whole life.

—*Frederika Bremer*.

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a genius or a hero.—*Lavater*.

Some so speak in exaggerations and superlatives that we need to make a large discount from their statements before we can come at their real meaning.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds be as thy affections; and such thy life as thy deeds.—*Socrates*.

Words are but pictures of our thoughts.—*Dryden*.

It makes a great difference in the force of a sentence, whether a man be behind it or no.—*Emerson*.

It is with a word as with an arrow — once let it loose and it does not return.—*Abd-el-Kader*.

It is a kind of good deed to say well, and yet words are no deeds.
—*Shakespeare*.

If you do not wish a man to do a thing, you had better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else.—*Carlyle*.

Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.—*Byron*.

A word unspoken is a sword in the scabbard; a word uttered is a sword in another's hand.—*Quarles*.

Words are not essential to the existence of thought — only to its expression.—*Dugald Stewart*.

Syllables govern the world.—*Coke*.

Immodest words admit of no defense,

For want of decency is want of sense.—*Roscommon*.

He that uses many words for explaining any subject, doth, like¹⁵³ the cuttle-fish, hide himself in his own ink.—*Ray*.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT LANGUAGE.

Language is the dress of thought.—*Johnson*.

Language is not only the vehicle of thought, it is a great and efficient instrument⁴⁵⁵ in thinking.—*Sir Humphrey Davy*.

Language is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past and the weapons of its future conquests.

—*Coleridge*.

What would the science of language be without missions.

—*Max Muller*.

Language as well as the faculty of speech, was the immediate gift of God.—*Noah Webster*. (Recent authorities contradict this statement emphatically⁴⁵⁴).

Language¹⁶¹ is the amber in which a thousand precious thoughts have been safely imbedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been as bright, but would also have been as quickly passing and perishing as the lightning. Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and laden with this, their precious freight, they¹⁷⁶ sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion.—*Trench*.

Language most shows a man; speak that I may see thee; it springs out of the most retired and inmost part of us.—*Ben Jonson*.

The common people do not accurately adapt their thoughts to objects; nor, secondly, do they accurately adapt their words to their thoughts;³¹ they do not mean to lie; but, taking no pains to be exact, they give you very false accounts. A great part of their language is proverbial; if anything rocks at all, they say it rocks like a cradle, and so they go on.²⁰⁹—*Johnson*.

The Creator has gifted the whole universe with language, but few are the hearts that can interpret it. Happy, those to whom it is no foreign tongue, acquired imperfectly with care and pain, but rather a native language, learned unconsciously from the lips of the great mother.—*Bukwer*.

¹⁵³As a hawk flieth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellence with one tongue.—*Roger Ascham*.

To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years; to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life.—*Spurgeon*.

A countryman is as warm in fustian as a king in velvet, and the truth is as comfortable in homely language as in fine speech. As to the way of dishing up the meat, hungry men leave that to the cook, only let the meat be sweet and substantial.—*Spurgeon*.

The language denotes the man; a coarse or refined character finds its expression naturally in a coarse or refined phraseology.—*Bovee*.

Felicity, not fluency of language, is a merit.—*E. P. Whipple*.

Thinking cannot be clear till it has had expression.—We must write or speak, or act our thoughts, or they will remain in a half-torpid form. Our feelings must have expression or they will be as clouds, which, till they descend in rain, will never bring up fruit or flower.—So it is with all the inward feelings; expression gives them development.—Thought is the blossom; language the opening bud; action the fruit behind it.—*Beecher*.

Language is a solemn thing. It grows out of life — out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. — Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak is enshrined.

—*O. W. Holmes*.

There is no tracing of ancient nations but by language; therefore I am always sorry when any language is lost, for languages are the pedigree of nations.—*Johnson*.

There was speech in their dumbness; language in their very gesture.—*Shakespeare*.

Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas.—*Johnson*.

Language was given us that we might say pleasant things to each other.—*Bovee*.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and stand in need of recruits to supply these words which are continually falling into disuse.—*Felton*.

Words are¹⁶¹ the leaves of the tree of language of which, if some fall away, a new succession takes their place.—*French*.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT POETRY.

You will find poetry nowhere, unless you bring some with you.

—*Joubert.*

Poetry is music in words; and music is poetry in sound; both excellent sauce, but those have lived and died poor who made them their meat.—*Fuller.*

The office of poetry is not to make us think accurately, but to feel truly.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Poetry is the music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language.—*Chatfield.*

Words become luminous when the poet's finger has passed over them its phosphorescence.—*Joubert.*

A poet must needs be before his own age, to be even with posterity.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Poetry is not made out of the understanding. The question of common sense is always, "What is it good for?" a question which would abolish the rose and be triumphantly answered by the cabbage.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven; and, as imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.—*Shakespeare.*

Of all kinds of ambition, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.—*Goldsmith.*

Poetry is the sister of sorrow; every man that suffers and weeps, is a poet; every tear is a verse; and every heart a poem.—*Andre.*

Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—*Coleridge.*

Poetry and consumption are the most flattering of diseases.

—*Shenstone.*

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.—*Gray.*

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and softest feelings, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.—*Channing.*

A poet ought not to pick nature's pocket. Let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing, examine nature accurately, but write from recollection, and trust more to the imagination than the memory.—*Coleridge.*

Poets are never young in one sense. Their delicate ear hears the far-off whispers of eternity, which coarser souls must travel towards for scores of years before their dull sense is touched by them.—*Holmes.*

Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand.—*Plato*.

An artist that works in marble or colors has them all to himself and his tribe, but the man who moulds his thoughts in verse has to employ the materials vulgarized by everybody's use, and glorify them by his handling.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

Poetry is the utterance of deep and heartfelt truth.—The true poet is very near the oracle.—*E. H. Chapin*.

For poesy is love's chosen apostle, and the very almoner of God. She is the home of the outcast and the wealth of the needy.—*Lowell*.

You arrive at truth through poetry; I arrive at poetry through truth.—*Joubert*.

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves; it is Homer and Virgil we reverence, not Achilles or Æneas.—*Swift*.

Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.—*Plato*.

Poetry is itself a thing of God. He made his prophets poets; and the more we feel of poesy do we become like God in love and power.
—*Bailey*.

Poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another it will evaporate.—*Denham*.

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest minds.—*Shelley*.

Poetry is the art of substituting shadows, and of lending existence to nothing.—*Burke*.

The world is full of poetry. The air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness.—*Percival*.

Poetry is most just to its divine origin when it administers the comforts and breathes the thoughts of religion.—*Wordsworth*.

Poets are all who love and feel great truths and tell them.—*Bailey*.

Poetry is something to make us better and wiser by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls.—*J. R. Lowell*.

Poetry, with all its obscurity, has a more general as well as a more powerful dominion over the passions than the art of painting.—*Burke*.

All that is best in the great poets of all countries, is not what is national in them, but what is universal.—*Longfellow*.

Poetry begotten of passion is ever debasing; poetry born of real heartfulness, always ennobles and uplifts.—*A. A. Hopkins*.

One merit of poetry few will deny; it says more, and in fewer words, than prose.—*Voltaire*.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child.—*Macaulay*.

They learn in suffering what they teach in song.—*Shelley*.

EDUCATION.



CLASSICS, PRO AND CON.

"A man who is ignorant of foreign languages is ignorant of his own."—*Goethe*.

"As a hawk flieth not high with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellence with one tongue."—*Roger Ascham*.

"There was speech in their dumbness; language in their very gesture."—*Shakespeare*.

Many persons who have not time or opportunity to master several languages excuse their inefficiency in their own language by referring to such quotations as are given above. Others who would otherwise persevere, become discouraged by this class of ideas, usually held out by classical scholars. Even yet, the classical colleges persist in holding the degree of Master of Arts as superior in rank to any degree obtained for completing an elective course, or any regular technical course that does not involve the dead languages; even though such elective or technical course requires as much or more time for its completion. The principal force of their argument is that English is largely derived from the Latin and Greek, and to understand a word properly, one should understand its remote derivation.

It is true that about thirty per cent. of English words are derived from Latin, either directly, or through the French, Spanish or Italian, while about four per cent. are from the Greek; but it is also true that more than half the Latin and nearly all the Greek words are restricted to scientific or technical uses, leaving but a small percentage of conversational English that is of other than Anglo-Saxon origin.

In presenting the best thoughts of best thinkers along this line, we quote from Wm. Mathews, LL. D., in "Words; Their Use and Abuse," a part of a chapter on "The Secret of Apt Words." One special reason for making this selec-

tion is that this author describes the style of so many other writers in illustration of his own thoughts, and thus the reader gets a broad and comprehensive view of the question of English for those who speak English only. Dr. Mathews says:

“‘We have had to notice over and over again,’ says Mr. Whitney, in his late work on “The Life and Growth of Language,” ‘the readiness on the part of language users to forget origins, to cast aside as cumbrous rubbish the etymological suggestiveness of a term, and concentrate force upon the new and more adventitious tie. This is one of the most fundamental and valuable tendencies in name-making; it constitutes an essential part of the practical availability of language.’

“If a knowledge of Greek and Latin are necessary to him who would command all the resources of our tongue, how comes it that the most consummate mastery of the English language is exhibited by Shakespeare? Will it be said that his writings prove him to have been a classical scholar; that they abound in facts and allusions which imply an intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature? We answer that this is a palpable begging of the question. By the same reasoning we can prove that scores of English authors, who, we know positively, never read a page of Latin or Greek, were, nevertheless, classical scholars. By similar logic we can prove that Shakespeare followed every calling in life. Lawyers vouch for his acquaintance with law; physicians for his skill in medicine; mad-doctors for his knowledge of the phenomena of mental disease; naturalists assert positively, from the internal evidence of his works, that he was a botanist and entomologist; bishops, that he was a theologian; and claims have been put forth for his dexterity in cutting up sheep and bullocks. Ben Jonson tells us that he had “small Latin and less Greek;” another contemporary, that he had “little Latin and no Greek.” “Small Latin,” indeed, it must have been, which a youth could have acquired in his position, who married and entered upon the duties of active life at eighteen. The fact that transla-

tions were abundant in the poet's time, and that all the literature of that day was steeped in classicism, will fully account for Shakespeare's knowledge of Greek and Roman history, as well as for the classical turns of expression which we find in his plays.

"But it may be said that Shakespeare, the oceanic, the many-souled, was phenomenal, and that no rules can be based on the miracles of a cometary genius who has had no peer in the ages. What shall we say, then, to Isaak Walton? Can purer, more idiomatic, or more attractive English be found within the covers of any book than that of "The Complete Angler?" Among all the controversialists of England, is there one whose words hit harder,—are more like cannon-balls,—than those of Cobbett? By universal concession he was master of the whole vocabulary of invective, ²²⁰ and in narration his pen is pregnant with the freshness of green fields and woods; yet neither he nor "honest Isaak" ever dug up a Greek root, or unearthed a Latin derivation. Again, what shall we say of Keats, who could not read a line of Greek, yet who was the most thoroughly classical of all English authors,—whose soul was so saturated with the Greek spirit that Byron said "he was a Greek himself." Or what will the Classicists do with Lord Erskine, confessedly the greatest forensic orator since Demosthenes? He learned but the elements of Latin, and in Greek went scarcely beyond the alphabet; but he devoted himself in youth with intense ardor to the study of Milton and Shakespeare, committing whole pages of the former to memory, and so familiarizing himself with the latter that he could almost, like Porson, have held conversation on all subjects for days together in the phrases of the great English dramatist. It was here that he acquired that fine choice of words, that richness of thought, and gorgeousness of expression, that beautiful rhythmus of his sentences, which charmed all who heard him.

"If one must learn English through the Greek and Latin, how shall we account for the admirable,—we had almost said, inimitable,—style of Franklin? Before he knew anything of foreign languages, he had formed his style, and

gained a wide command of words by the study of the best English models. Is the essayist, Edwin P. Whipple, a master of the English language? He was not, we believe, classically educated, yet it would be hard to name an American author who has a greater command of all the resources of expression. His style varies in excellence,—sometimes, perhaps, lacks simplicity; but, as a rule, it is singularly copious, nervous, and suggestive, and clear as a pebbled rill. What is the secret of this command of our tongue? It is his familiarity with our English literature. His sleepless intellect has fed and fattened on the whole race of English authors, from Chaucer to Curren Bell. The profound, sagacious wisdom of Bacon, and the nimble, brilliant wit of Sidney Smith; the sublime mysticism of Sir Thomas Browne, and the rich, mellow, tranquil beauty of Taylor; Johnson's learned sock and Heywood's ease; the gorgeous, organ-toned eloquence of Milton, and the close, bayonet-like logic of Chillingworth; the sweet-blooded wit of Fuller, and Butler's rattling fire of fun; Spencer's voluptuous beauty, and the lofty rhetoric, scorching wit, and crushing argument of South; Pope's neatness, brilliancy, and epigrammatic point, and Dryden's energy and "full-resounding line;" Byron's sublime unrest and bursts of misanthropy, and Wordsworth's deep sentiment and sweet humanities; Shelley's wild, imaginative melody, and Scott's picturesque imagery and antiquarian lore; the polished witticism of Sheridan, and the gorgeous periods of Burke,—with all these writers and every other of greater or less note, even those in the hidden nooks and crannies of our literature, he has held converse, and drawn from them expressions for every exigency of his thought.

"To all these examples we may add one, if possible, still more convincing, that of the late Hugh Miller, who, as Professor Marsh justly remarks, had few contemporaneous superiors as a clear, forcible, accurate and eloquent writer, and who *uses the most cumbrous Greek compounds* as freely as monosyllabic English particles. His style is literally the despair of all other English scientific writers; yet it is positively certain that he was wholly ignorant of all languages

but that in which he wrote, and its northern provincial dialects.

“As to the oft-quoted saying of Goethe, to which the objector is so fond of referring, we may say with Professor Marsh, that, “if by knowledge of a language is meant the power of expressing or conceiving the laws of a language in formal rules, the opinion may be well-founded; but, if it refers to the capacity of understanding, and skill in properly using our own tongue, all observation shows it to be very wide of the truth.” Goethe himself, the same authority declares, was an indifferent linguist; he apparently knew little of the remoter etymological sources of his own tongue, or the special philologies of the cognate languages; and “it is difficult to trace any of the excellencies of his marvellously felicitous style to the direct imitation, or even the unconscious influence of foreign models.” But he was a profound student of the great German writers of the sixteenth century; and hence his works are a test example in refutation of the theory that ascribes so exaggerated a value to classical studies.

“It is a remarkable fact which throws a flood of light upon this subject, that the greatest masters of style in all the ages were the Greeks, who yet knew no word of any language but their own. In the most flourishing period of their literature, they had no grammatical system, nor did they ever make any but the most trivial researches in etymology. The wise and learned nations among the ancients, says Locke, “made it a part of education to cultivate their own, not foreign languages. The Greeks counted all other nations barbarous, and had a contempt for their languages. And though the Greek learning grew in credit amongst the Romans, * * * yet it was the Roman tongue that was made the study of their youth; their own language they were to make use of, and therefore it was their own language they were instructed and exercised in.” Demosthenes, the greatest master of the Greek language, and one of the mightiest masters of expression the world has seen, knew no other tongue than his own. He modelled his style after that of Thucydides, whose wonderful compactness, terseness, and strength

of diction were derived from no study of old Pelasgic, Phœnician, Persian, or other primitive etymologies of the Attic speech,—of which he knew nothing,—but the product of his own marvellous genius wreaking itself upon expression.

“No riches are without inconvenience. The men of many tongues almost inevitably lose their peculiar raciness of home-bred utterance, and their style, like their words, has a certain polyglot character. It has been observed by an acute Oxford professor, that the Romans, in exact proportion to their study of Greek, paralyzed some of the finest powers of their own language. Schiller tells us that he was in the habit of reading as little as possible in foreign languages, because it was his business to write *German*, and he thought that by reading other languages, he should lose his nicer perceptions of what belonged to his own. Dryden attributed most of Cowley’s defects to his continental associations, and said that his losses at home overbalanced his gains from abroad. Thomas More, who was a fine classical scholar, tells us that the perfect purity with which the Greeks wrote their own language, was justly attributed to their abstinence from every other. It is a saying as old as Cicerō, that women, being accustomed solely to their native tongue, usually speak and write with a grace and purity surpassing those of men. “A man who thinks the knowledge of Latin essential to the purity of English diction,” says Macaulay, “either has never conversed with an accomplished woman, or does not deserve to have conversed with her. We are sure that all persons who are in the habit of hearing public speaking must have observed that the orators who are fond of quoting Latin are by no means the most scrupulous about marring their native tongue. We could mention several members of Parliament, who never fail to usher in their scraps of Horace and Juvenal with half a dozen false concords.”

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“Mr. Buckle, in his “History of Civilization in England,” does not hesitate to express the opinion that “our great English scholars have corrupted the English language by jargon so uncouth that a plain man can hardly discern the

real lack of ideas which their barbarous and mottled dialect strives to hide." He then adds that the principal reason why well-educated women write and converse in a purer style than well-educated men, is "because they have not formed their tastes according to those ancient classical standards, which, admirable as they are in themselves, should never be introduced into the state of society unfitted for them." To nearly the same effect is the declaration of the most acute judge of style, Thomas De Quincey, who says that if you would read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque form, idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition, you must steal the mail-bags, and break open the women's letters. On the other hand, who has forgotten what havoc Bentley made when he laid his classic hand on "*Paradise Lost*?" What prose style, always excepting that of the *Areopagitica*, is worse for imitation than that of Milton, with its long, involved, half-rhythmical periods, "dragging, like a wounded snake, their slow length along?" Yet Bentley and Milton, whose minds were imbued, saturated with Greek literature through and through, were probably the profoundest classical scholars that England could boast."

The foregoing argument so cogently stated by Mathews, and so ably supported by the authorities cited, ought to give encouragement to the masses who must depend upon general reading for all their education beyond what is afforded in the public schools.

Another reason why a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek is not so beneficial to the English scholar as might naturally be expected, is the fact that but few such English words have retained the full significance indicated by their etymology. A few have been exalted; many have been degraded, and nearly all have been modified or restricted until the etymology of a word throws but little light on its present usage in a general way, and none on the shades of meaning which all writers must recognize in order to give their style precision.^{31 32}

To illustrate, we quote further from Dr. Mathews on "Curiosities of Language" :

"Language, as it daguerreotypes human thought, shares, as we have seen, all the vicissitudes of man. It mirrors all the changes in the character, tastes, customs, and opinions of a people, and shows with unerring faithfulness whether and in what degree they advance or recede in culture or morality. As new ideas germinate in the mind of a nation, it will demand new forms of expression; on the other hand, a petrified and mechanical national mind will as surely betray itself in a petrified and mechanical language. It is by no accident or caprice that —

".....words, whilom flourishing,
Pass now no more, but banished from the court,
Dwell with disgrace among the vulgar sort;
And those, which eld's strict doom did disallow
And damn for bullion, go for current now."

Often with the lapse of time the meaning of a word changes imperceptibly, until after some centuries it becomes the very opposite of what it once was. To disinter these old meanings out of the¹⁷⁷ alluvium and drift of ages, affords as much pleasure to the linguist as to disinter a fossil does to the geologist.

An exact knowledge of the changes of signification which words have undergone is not merely a source of pleasure; it is absolutely indispensable to the full understanding of old authors. Thus for example, Milton and Thompson use "horrent" and "horrid" for *bristling*, e. g.

"With dangling ice all horrid."

Milton speaks of a "savage" (meaning woody, *silva*) hill, and of "amiable" (meaning *lovely*) fruit. Again, in the well-known lines of the "Allegro" where Milton says, amongst the cheerful sights of rural morn,

"And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the vale,"—

the words "telling his tale" do not mean that he is romancing or making love to the milkmaid, but that he is *counting his sheep* as they pass the hawthorn, — a natural and familiar occupation of shepherds on a summer's morning. The primary meaning of "tale" is to count or number, as in the German "zählen." It is thus used in the Book of Exodus, which states that the Israelites were compelled to deliver their *tale of brick*. In the English *tale* and in the French *conte* the secondary meaning has supplanted the first, though we still speak of "keeping tally" of "untold gold," and say, "here is the sum twice-told." (Note also the word "teller," a bank clerk.)

"It has been said that one of the arts of a great poet or prose writer who wishes to add emphasis to his style, — to bring out all the latent forces of his native tongue, — will often consist in reconnecting a word with its original derivation, in not suffering it to forget itself and its father's house, though it would. This Milton does with signal effect, and so frequently that we must often interpret his words rather by their classical meanings than by their English use. Thus in "Paradise Lost," when Satan speaks of his having been pursued by "Heaven's *afflicting* thunder," the poet uses the word "afflicting" in its original and primary sense of striking down bodily. * * * *Mystery* is derived from "mu," the imitation of closing of the lips. *Courage* is "good heart." *Anecdote*, — from the Greek (not), (out), and (given), — meant once a fact not given out or published; now it means a short, amusing story. * * * The instant an anecdote is published, it belies its title; it is no longer an anecdote. *Allowance* was formerly used to denote praise or approval; as when Shakespeare says, in "Troilus and Cressida,"

"A stirring dwarf we do *allowance* give
Before a sleeping giant."

To prevent, which now means to hinder or obstruct, signified in its Latin etymology. to anticipate, to get the start of, to go before, and is thus used in the Old Testament. ("I prevented the dawning of the morning." — *Ps.* 119.) *Girl*

once designated a young person of either sex. *Widow* was applied to men as well as women. *Astonished* literally means thunderstruck, as its derivation from "attonare" shows. Holland, in his translation of Livy, speaks of a knave who threw some heavy stones upon a certain king, whereof the one smote the king upon the head, the other astonished his shoulder." *Sagacious* once meant quick-smelling, as in the line

"The hound sagacious of the tainted prey."

Rascal according to Verstegan, primarily meant an "ill-favored, lean, and worthless deer." Thus Shakespeare:—

"Horns! the noblest deer hath them as large as the rascal."

Afterwards it denoted the common people, the *plebs*, as distinguished from the *populus*. A *naturalist* was once a person who rejected revealed truth, and believed only in natural religion. He is now an investigator of nature and her laws, and often a believer in Christianity. *Blackguards* were formerly the scullions, turnspits, and other meaner retainers in a great household, who, when a change was made from one residence to another accompanied and took care of the pots, pans, and other kitchen utensils, by which they were smutted. Webster, in his play of "The White Devil," speaks of a "lousy knave that within these twenty years rode with the *black guard* in the Duke's carriage, among spits and dripping pans." * * *

Bombast, now swelling talk, inflated diction without substance, was originally cotton padding. It is derived from the Low Latin, *bombax*, cotton. *Chemist* once meant the same as alchemist. *Polite* originally meant polished. Cudworth speaks of "polite bodies, as looking-glasses." *Tidy*, which now means neat, well arranged, is derived from the old English word "tide," meaning time, as in eventide. *Tidy* (German *zeitig*) is timely, seasonable. As things in right time are apt to be in the right place, the transition in the meaning of the word is a natural one. * * * *Thing* primarily meant dis-

course, then solemn discussion, council, court of justice, etc. the *husting* was originally the house-thing, or domestic court.

"*Coquets* were once male as well as female. *Usury* which now means excessive interest, once meant the taking of *any* interest. A *tobacconist* was formerly a smoker, not a seller, of tobacco. *Corpse*, now a body from which the breath of life has departed, once denoted the living body also; as in Surrey.

"A valiant Corpse, where force and beauty met."

Incomprehensible has undergone a striking change of meaning within the last three centuries. In the Athanasian creed the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are spoken of as *immense*. In translating the creed from the Latin in which it was first penned, the word *immensus* was rendered "incomprehensible" a word which at that time was not limited to its present sense, that is, inconceivable, or beyond or above our understanding, but meant "not comprehended within any limits," and answered to the original expression and notion of immensity.

"The word *Coincide* was primarily a mathematical term, as the coincidence of points and lines in geometry. The word was soon applied figuratively to identity of opinion, but, according to Prof. Marsh, was not fully popularized, at least in America, till 1826. On the Fourth of July of that year, the semi-centennial jubilee of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson, the author of that manifesto, and John Adams, its principal champion on the floor of Congress, both also ex-Presidents, died; and this fact was noticed all over the world, and especially in the United States, as a remarkable *coincidence*. The death of ex-President Monroe, also on the Fourth of July, five years after, gave increased currency to the word.

"Another striking characteristic of words is their tendency to contract in form and degenerate in meaning; sometimes they are ennobled and purified in signification; but more frequently they deteriorate, and from an honorable fall into a dishonorable meaning. *Humility*, with the Greeks, meant

meanness of spirit; *Paradise*, in the oriental tongues, meant only a royal park; *regeneration* was spoken by the Greeks only of the earth in spring time, and of the recollection of forgotten knowledge; *sacrament* and *mystery* are words "fetched from the very dregs of paganism" to set forth the great truths of our redemption. On the other hand, *thief*, (Anglo-Saxon, *theow*) formerly signified only one of the servile classes; and *villain*, or *villein*, meant peasant, — the serf who under the feudal system was *adscriptus glebae*. * * * A *menial* was one of many; *insolent* meant unusual; *silly*, blessed, — the infant Jesus being termed by an old poet "that harmless silly babe;" *officious* signified ready to do kindly offices. *Demure* was once used in a good sense. *Facetious*, which now has the sense of buffoonish, originally meant urbane. *Idiot*, from the Greek, originally signified only a private man, as distinguished from an office holder. *Homely* formerly meant secret and familiar; and *brat*, now a vulgar and contemptuous word, had anciently a very different signification, as in the following lines from an old hymn by Gascoigné:

"O Israel, O household of the Lord,
O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed,
O chosen sheep that loved the Lord indeed."

"*Imp* once meant graft; Bacon speaks of "those most virtuous and goodly young imps, the Duke of Sussex and his brother." A *boor* was once only a farmer; a *scamp* a camp-deserter. *Speculation* first meant the sense of sight; as in Shakespeare,

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes."

Next it was metaphorically transferred to mental vision, and finally denoted without a metaphor, the reflections and theories of philosophers. From the domain of philosophy it has traveled downwards to the offices of stock-jobbers, share-brokers, and all men who get their living by their wits, instead of by the sweat of their brows. * * * *Cunning* once conveyed no idea of sinister or crooked wisdom. "The three Persons of the Trinity," says a reverent writer of the

fifteenth century, "are of equal cunning." Bacon, a century later, used the word in its present sense of a fox-like wisdom; and Locke calls it the "ape of wisdom." * * *

"*Paramour* meant originally a lover; a *minion* was a favorite; and *knave*, the lowest and most contemptuous term we can use when insulting another, signified originally, as *knabe* still does in German, a "boy." Subsequently it meant servant; thus Paul, in Wickliffe's version of the New Testament, reverently terms himself "a knave of Jesus Christ." A similar parallel to this is the word *varlet* which is the same as *valet*. *Retaliate*, from the Latin "re" (back) and "talis" (such), naturally means to pay back in kind, or such as we have received. But as, according to Sir Thomas More, men write their injuries in marble, the kindnesses done them in sand, the word "retaliate" is applied only to offenses or indignities, and never to favors. The word *resent*, to feel in return, has undergone a similar deterioration. * * *

Gossip (God-akin) once meant a sponsor in baptism.

"There are some words which, though not used in an absolutely unfavorable sense, yet require a qualifying adjective, to be understood favorably. Thus, if a man is said to be noted for his *curiosity*, a prying impertinent, not a legitimate, curiosity is supposed to be meant. So *critic* and *criticise* are commonly associated with a carping and fault-finding disposition. *Parson*, (*persona ecclesiae*), had originally no undertone of contempt. In the eighteenth century it had become a nickname of scorn; and it was at a party of a dozen parsons that the Earl of Sandwich won his wager, that no one among them had brought his prayer-book, or forgotten his cork-screw. * * *

"'By a *fast* man I presume you mean a *loose* one,' said Sir Robert Inglis to one who was describing a rake. Of all the words which have degenerated from their original meaning, the most remarkable is the term *dunce*, of the history of which Archbishop Trench has given a striking account in his work on "The Study of Words." In the middle ages, certain theologians, educated in the cathedral and cloister schools founded by Charlemagne and his successors, were called schoolmen. Though they were men of great acuteness and subtlety

of intellect, their works, at the revival of learning, ceased to be popular, and it was considered a mark of intellectual progress and advance to have thrown off their yoke. Some persons, however, still clung to these schoolmen, especially to Duns Scotus, the great teacher of the Franciscan order; and many times an adherent of the old learning would seek to strengthen his position by an appeal to its great doctor, familiarly called Duns; while his opponents would contemptuously rejoine, "Oh, you are a *Duns-man*," or more briefly, "You are a Duns." As the new learning was enlisting more and more of the scholarship of the age on its side, the title became more and more a term of scorn, and thus from the long extinct conflict between the old and the new learning, the mediæval and the modern theology, we inherit the word "dunce" and "duncery." The lot of poor Duns, as the Archbishop observes, was certainly a hard one. That the name of the "Subtle Doctor," as he was called, one of the keenest and most subtle-witted of men, — according to Hooker, "the wittiest of the school divines," — should become a mere synonym for stupidity, was a fate of which even his bitterest enemies would never have dreamed.

"*Saunterers* were once pilgrims to the Holy Land (la Sainte Terre) who, it was found, took their own time to go there. *Bit* is that which has been bit off, and exactly corresponds to the word "morsel," used in the same sense, and from the Latin, *mordere*, to bite. *Bankrupt* means literally broken bench. It was the custom in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries for the Lombard merchants to expose their wares for sale in the market-place on benches. When one of the number failed, all the other merchants set upon him, drove him from the market and *broke* his *bench* to pieces. *Banco rotto*, the Italian for bench-broken, becomes *banqueroute* in French, and in English, *bankrupt*. *Alligator* is from the Spanish *el lagarto*, "the lizard," being the largest of the lizard species. *Stipulation* is from *stipulum*, a straw, which the Romans broke when they made a mutual engagement. *Dexterity* is simply right-handedness. *Mountebank* means a quack-medicine vender, — from the Italian, *montare*, to mount, and *banco*, a

bench. Literally, one who mounts a bench to boast of his infallible skill in curing disease. *Quandary* is a corruption of the French *qu'en dirai (je)?* "what shall I say of it?" and expresses that feeling of uncertainty which would naturally prompt such a question. *Faint* is from the French *se feindre*, to pretend; so that originally faintness was a pretended weakness or inability. We have an example of the thing originally indicated by the word, in the French theaters, where professional fainters are employed, whose business it is to be overcome and sink to the floor under the powerful acting of the tragedians.

"*Topsy-turvy* is said to be a contraction of "top-side t'other-way," just as helter-skelter is from *hilariter et celeriter*, "gaily and quickly," * * * The tendency to regard money as the source of true happiness is strikingly illustrated in the source of the word *wealth*, which is connected with *weal*, just as the Latin *beatus* meant both blessed and rich, and the same is true of the Greek. * * * The term *blue-stocking*, applied to literary ladies, has a curious origin. Originally, in England, in 1760, it was conferred on a society of literary persons of both sexes. The society derived its name from the blue worsted stockings always worn by Benjamin Stillingfleet, a distinguished writer who was one of the most active promoters of the association. This term was subsequently conferred on literary bodies, from the fact that the accomplished and fascinating Mrs. Jerningham wore blue stockings at the social and literary entertainments given by Lady Montague. *Woman* is the *wif* or *web*-man, who stays at home to spin, as distinguished from the *weap*-man, who goes abroad to use the weapons of war. [Note also the word *wife*, from this source.] The term "man" is, of course, generic, including both male and female. *Lady* primarily signifies bread-keeper. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *hlafdie*, i. e. *hlafweardige*, bread-keeper, from *hlaf*, bread, loaf, and *weardian*, to keep, look after. *Waist* is the same as waste; that part of the figure which wastes, — that is, diminishes.

"*Canard* has a very curious origin. M. Quetelet, a French writer, attributes the first application of this term to Norbert Cornellisen, who, to give a sly hit at the ridiculous pieces of intelligence in the public journals, stated that an interesting experiment had just been made calculated to prove the voracity of ducks. Twenty were placed together; and one of them having been killed and cut up into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all, was thrown to the other nineteen, and most gluttonously gobbled up. Another was then taken from the nineteen, and being chopped small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other; and so on to the last, who thus was placed in the position of having eaten his nineteen companions. This story, most pleasantly narrated, ran the rounds of all the journals of Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it went back from America with amplifications; but the word remained in its novel signification.

* * * *Poltroon* is *pollice truncus*, that is, with the thumb cut off, — *pollex*, Latin, meaning thumb, and *truncus*, maimed or mutilated. When the Roman empire was about falling to pieces, the valor of the citizens had so degenerated, that, to escape fighting, many cut off their right thumbs, thus disabling themselves from using the pike."

And thus we might go on for hundreds of pages citing peculiar meanings, curious derivations, strange mutations, and queer associations of words with ideas more or less congruous or compatible; but enough has been given to illustrate the fact that even though the study of the etymology of words is intensely interesting for its own sake, it is not necessary, or even particularly advantageous, to an English writer, because so many words have now a changed meaning, while others have become restricted to a small fraction of their original import.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

To be a philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts; but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates.—*Thoreau*.

Philosophy is the art and law of life, and it teaches us what to do in all cases, and, like good marksmen, to hit the white at any distance.—*Seneca*.

The modern sceptical philosophy consists in believing everything but the truth, and exactly in proportion to the want of evidence; in making windows that shut out the light; and passages that lead to nothing.—*Nisbet*.

True philosophy invents nothing; it merely establishes and describes what is.—*Cousin*.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—*Voltaire*.

Philosophy is the art of living.—*Plutarch*.

It is not a head merely, but a heart and resolution, which complete the real philosophy.—*Shaftesbury*.

Philosophy has been called the knowledge of our knowledge; it might more truly be called the knowledge of our ignorance, or in the language of Kant, the knowledge of the limits of our knowledge.

—*Max Muller*.

Philosophy is the science which considers truth.—*Aristotle*.

It is the bounty of nature that we live, but of philosophy that we live well; which is, in truth, a greater benefit than life itself.—*Seneca*.

The first business of a philosopher is to part with self-conceit.

—*Epictetus*.

Philosophy, when superficially studied, excites doubt; when thoroughly explored, it expels it.—*Bacon*.

Be a philosopher, but amid all your philosophy, be still a man.

—*Hume*.

Philosophy, if rightly, defined, is nothing but the love of wisdom.

—*Cicero*.

It is easy for men to write and talk like philosophers, but to act with wisdom — there's the rub.—*Rivarol*.

Admiration is the foundation of all philosophy; investigation the progress; and ignorance the end.—*Montaigne*.

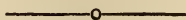
He who seeks philosophy in divinity, seeks the dead among the living; and he that seeks divinity in philosophy, seeks the living among the dead.—*Venning*.

To study philosophy is nothing but to prepare one's self to die.

—*Cicero*.

Philosophy alone makes the mind invincible, and places us out of the reach of fortune, so that all her arrows fall short of us.—*Seneca*.

Divine Philosophy! by whose pure light,
We first distinguish, then pursue the right;
Thy power the breast from every error frees,
And weeds out all its vices by degrees.—*Gifford*.



LABOR.

Labor is life! The still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory! The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.
—*Osgood*.

ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

As the best thoughts of the best thinkers are only available through the medium of language, a concise resumé of the origin and growth of the language we speak cannot fail to be of interest to all who realize their indebtedness to language for the blessings of civilization. As shown in our Symposium, No. 453, "Language is the product, the instrument, and the embodiment of thought." A three-fold relation is thus seen to exist between thought and language, and since thought is the very essence of our lives, and is dependent in so many ways upon language, it is not to be wondered at that every thinker reads with eagerness any reliable information concerning the "Mother-tongue."

Reverting, then, to the origin of English, it will be seen by reference to the Symposium, No. 590, that the earliest form of English was a combination of Angle and Saxon, both of which were Dutch dialects of the Low German branch of the Germanic branch of the Teutonic, the Teutonic being one of the seven original branches of the Indo-European and a brother of the Sanscrit, which was the language spoken in India until within three or four centuries before the Christian era. The Goths, (or Teutons), occupied the lower course of the Weichsel (Vistula) in modern Poland and Prussia, between Warsaw and Dantzic. Here they remained as late as 150 A. D., but in the second century, on account of trouble with their Finno-Hunnish neighbors, they went to the northern side of the lower Danube, and the northwestern shore of the Black Sea.

Their descendants spread to the west over the district between the Elbe and the Rhine, and here we find them as Saxons, Angles and Jutes, (though the last named were not

then known by that name). The Angles live in a district still called Angeln, in the south of Schleswig, and the Jutes were a small tribe in the north of Schleswig. Without following up their further advances over Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland and Greenland, resulting in the establishment of the Scandinavian family of languages, it is pertinent for us to note the movements of the Angles, Saxons and Jutes, occupying the above described territory in the fifth century.

Now, a word about Britain, — and bear in mind that up to this time, there was no such country as England, for the Angles had not yet occupied Britain. About the year 55 B. C., Cæsar disclosed Britain to the Romans. At that time Britain was occupied by Celts, who also inhabited Gaul (France), a part of Spain, Northern Italy, and part of Central Europe. The languages spoken by the Celts in Britain were Erse (Irish), Welsh, Armorican, Scotch, and Manx. The Romans under Agricola conquered the Celts, but did not drive them away, — simply established Roman rule, exacted tribute taxed land, collected customs and exported corn. In other words, the Roman occupation of Britain was only a military occupation, maintained by fortified posts, — Eboricum (York), the central one — and in the year 420 A. D., the Roman soldiery was called back to Rome to defend the Imperial City against the northern hordes.

Now, it will be seen that the connection of the Romans with the Celts was not such as to affect the language of Britain, for although the Roman soldiers spoke Latin in Britain, there was no intermingling of the races, nor building up of homes; and therefore when the Roman army was recalled, all the Latin that had ever been in Britain went out of it, and the Celts were left to their original possession for about thirty years, until attacked by the Angles, Saxons and Jutes from across the North Sea.

We have explained the situation concerning Britain during these preceding centuries to show that, although the English language is now greatly enriched by words from many of the Latin languages, the Roman conquest was not the cause of introducing Latin words into English.

In the northeast corner of Britain, where the land juts out into the sea, is Jutland. A certain small tribe of warlike men came over the North Sea from Schleswig, and took forcible possession of that point, and the Celts called them Jutes, — those that lived on the jut. The Jutes were soon followed by much larger numbers from Angeln and Saxony, who drove the Celts back to Ireland, Scotland and Wales. This invasion of Britain by the Germanic tribes took place in the fifth century, and the blending of the two languages, the Angle and the Saxon, constituted Anglo-Saxon. The Anglo-Saxon language endured in this form from its formation about A. D. 450 until about 1150, when certain changes took place that brought it into the form which we now call Early English. It is a singular fact that although the Angles bestowed their name upon English, the language itself was almost wholly Saxon. Indeed, Anglo-Saxon was Saxon slightly modified by the dialect of the Angles. Early English held its form for two hundred years, passing into Middle English, which, after another two hundred years, developed into Modern English, dating from 1550 to the present time, — and still growing.

Having thus broadly sketched the conditions of time and place antecedent to the origin of English, we now note some of the earliest individual efforts on record, both as to who labored in the cause of literature, and what he accomplished. It must also be noted at this point that spoken language does not constitute literature, and, therefore, a considerable time is likely to elapse between the formation of a new speech and any enduring record of the same. We are able to go back, however, to about the year 670, and we present herewith the oldest sample extant, an Anglo-Saxon poem entitled "Beowulf," in which is described the dwelling place of the Grendel, a man-fiend that devoured men, and whom Beowulf overcomes in battle.

Hie Dygel lond
 Warigeadh, Wulf-hleodhu,
 Windige næssas,
 Frêne Fen-gelâd,
 thær Fyrgen-streám,
 under Næssa ge-Nipu,
 Nidher gewitedh,
 Flód under Foldan.
 Nis thæt Feor heonon,
 Míl-ge-Mearces,
 thæt se Mere standeth,
 ofer thæm Hongiadh
 Hrimge bearwas,
 Wudu Wyrtrum fæst,
 Wæter oferhelmadh.

They *that* Dark land
 Ward, *the* Wolf-dens,
 Windy crags,
the Fearful Fen-path
 where *the* mountain-Flood
 beneath *the* Crag's Coverts
 downward Crashes,
a Flood under *the* Field.
 That is not Far hence,
a Mile's Marking,
 that the Mere standeth,
 over which Rise
 Rime-covered forests,
 Woods *with* roots fast
the Water overhang.

Lines 1358-1365.

Fedha eal ge-Sæt;
 ge-sâwon thâ æfter Wætere
 Wyrn-cynnes fela,
 Sellice Sæ-dracon
 Sund cunnian;
 swylce on Næs-hleodhum
 Nicras licgean,
 thâ on Undern-mæl
 Oft bewitigadh
 Sorh-fulne Sidh
 on Segl-råde,
 Wyrmes and Wil-deór.

The Band all sat,
 saw they along *the* Water
 of *the* Worm-kind many,
 Strange Sea-dragons
 trying *the* Sound;
 also in Mountain clefts
 Monsters lying,
 which in Early-morning
 Often keep
their Sorrowful Stretch
 on *the* Sail-road,
 Worms and Wild beasts.

Lines 1425-1431.

Cædmon's paraphrase of the Bible is a religious poem of about the same date, but we omit further examples of this very early period, as they cannot be read without translation; and give, instead, a brief account of the writers, as described by Stopford Brooke and others. In quoting such paragraphs throughout the remainder of this article, we wish to be understood as giving the best thoughts of the best thinkers about thinkers.

"The story of Cædmon, as told by Bæda, proves that the making of songs was common at that time. Cædmon was a servant to the monastery of Hild, an abbess of royal blood, at Whitby in Yorkshire. He was somewhat aged

when the gift of song came to him, and he knew nothing of the art of verse, so that at the feasts, when for the sake of mirth all sang, in turn, he left the table. One night, having done so and gone to the stables, for he had care of the cattle, he fell asleep, and One came to him in a vision and said, 'Cædmon, sing me some song.' And he answered, 'I cannot sing; for this cause I left the feast and came hither.' Then said the other, 'However, you shall sing.' 'What shall I sing?' the replied. 'Sing the beginning of created things,' answered the other. Whereupon he began to sing verses to the praise of God, and, awaking, remembered what he had sung, and added more in verse worthy of God. In the morning he came to the steward, and told him of the gift he had received, and, being brought to Hild, was ordered to tell his dream before learned men that they might give judgment whence his verses came. And when they had heard, they all said that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord."

"Cædmon's poem, written about 670, is for us the beginning of English poetry, and the story of its origin ought to be loved by us. Nor should we fail to reverence the place where it began. Above the small and land-locked harbor of Whitby rises and juts out toward the sea the dark cliff where Hild's monastery stood, looking out over the German ocean. It is a wild, wind-swept upland, and the sea beats furiously beneath, and standing there one feels that it is a fitting birth-place for the poetry of the sea-ruling nation. Nor is the verse of the first poet without the stormy note of the scenery among which it was written. In it, also, the old, fierce, war element is felt when Cædmon comes to sing the wrath of the rebel angels with God, and the overthrow of Pharaoh's host, and the lines repeating, as was the old English way, the thought a second time, fall like stroke on stroke in battle. But the poem is religious throughout—Christianity speaks in it simply, sternly, with fire, and brings with it a new world of spiritual romance and feeling. The subjects of the poem were taken from the bible; in fact, Cædmon paraphrased the Old and New Testament. He sang the creation of the world,

the history of Israel, the book of Daniel, the whole story of the life of Christ, future judgment, purgatory, hell, and heaven. All who heard it, thought it divinely given. 'Others after him,' says Bæda, 'tried to make religious poems, but none could vie with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, nor of men, but from God.' It was thus that English song began in religion. The most famous passage of the poem not only illustrates the dark sadness, the fierce love of freedom, and the power of painting distinct characters which has always marked English poetry, but it is also famous for a parallel passage in Milton. It is when Cædmon described the proud and angry cry of Satan against God from his bed of chains in hell. The two great English poets may be brought together over a space of a thousand years in another way, for both died in such peace that those who watched beside them knew not when they died."

"Of the lesser Old English poems that came after Cædmon's, we have few remains. But we have many things said which show us that his poem, like all great works, gave birth to a number of similar ones. The increase of monasteries, where men of letters lived, naturally made the written poetry religious. But an immense quantity of secular poetry was sung about the country. Aldhelm, a young man when Cædmon died, and afterwards Abbot of Malmesbury, united the song maker to the religious poet. He was a skilled musician, and it was said that he had not his equal in the making or singing of English verse. His songs were popular in King Ælfred's time, and a pretty story tells that, when the traders came into the town on Sunday, he, in the character of a gleeman, stood on the bridge and sang them songs, with which he mixed up scripture text and teaching.

"Of all this wide-spread poetry, we have now only the few poems brought together in a book preserved at Exeter, in another found at Vercelli, and in a few leaflets of manuscript. The poems in the *Vercelli book* are all religious — legends of saints and addresses to the soul; those in the *Exeter book* are hymns and sacred poems. The famous *Traveler's song* and the *Lament of Deor* inserted in it are of the

older pagan time. In both, there are poems by Cynewulf, whose work is remarkably fine. They are all Christian in tone. The few touches of nature in them dwell on gentle, not on savage, scenery. They are sorrowful when they speak of the life of men, tender when they touch on the love of home, as tender as this little bit which still lives for us out of that old world:

“Dear is the welcome guest to the Frisian wife when the vessel strands; his ship is come, and her husband to his house, her own provider. And she welcomes him in, washes his weedy garments, and clothes him anew. It is pleasant on shore to him whom his love awaits.”

“Of the scattered pieces the finest are two fragments, one long, on the story of *Judith*, and another short, in which Death speaks to Man, and describes ‘the low and hateful and doorless house,’ of which he keeps the key. But stern as the fragment is, with its English manner of looking dreadful things in the face, and with its English pathos, the religious poetry of this time always went with faith beyond the grave. Thus we are told that King Eadgar, in the ode on his death in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* ‘chose for himself another light, beautiful and pleasant, and left this feeble life.’”

“The war poetry of England at this time was probably as plentiful as the religious. But it was not likely to be written down by the writers who lived in religious houses. It was sung from feast to feast and in the halls of kings, and it naturally decayed when the English were trodden down by the Normans. But we have two examples of what kind it was and how fine it was, in the *Battle Song of Brunanburh*, 937, and in the *Song of the Fight of Maldon*, 991. A still earlier fragment exists in a short account of the *Battle of Finnesburg*, probably of the same time and belonging to as long a story as the story of Beowulf. Two short odes on the victories of King Eadmund and on the coronation of King Eadgar, inserted in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, complete the list of war poems. The songs of Brunanburh and Maldon are fine war odes, the fitting sources, both in their short and rapid lines and in their almost Homeric simplicity and

force, of such war songs as the *Battle of the Baltic*, and the *Charge of the Light Brigade*. The first described the fight of King Æthelstan with Anlaf the Dane. From morn till night they fought till they were 'weary of red battle' in the 'hard hand play,' till five young kings and seven earls of Anlaf's host lay in that fighting place 'quieted by swords,' and the Northmen fled, and only the 'screamers of war were left behind, the black raven and the eagle to feast on the white flesh and the greedy battle-hawk, and the grey beast, the wolf in the wood.' The second is the story of Brihtnoth, an ealdorman of Northumbria, in battle against the Danes. It contains 690 lines. In the speeches of heralds and warriors before the fight, in the speeches and single combats of the chiefs, in the loud laugh and mock which follow a good death stroke, in the rapid rush of the verse when the battle is joined, the poem, though broken, as Homer's verse is not, is Homeric. In the rude chivalry which disdains to take vantage ground of the Danes, in the way in which the friends and churls of Brihtnoth die, one by one, avenging their lord, keeping faithful to the tie of kinship and clanship, in the cry not to yield a foot's breadth of earth, in the loving sadness with which home is spoken of, the poem is English to the core. And in the midst of it all, like a song from another land, but a song heard often in English fights from then till now, is the last prayer of the great earl, when, dying, he commends his soul with thankfulness to God."

So much for Old English poetry. Bæda, born about 673, is counted by some as the earliest writer of English prose. Like Cædmon, he was a Northumbrian, and forty-five works prove his industry, while their fame over the whole of learned Europe during his time proves their value. His learning was various as it was great. All that the world then knew of science, music, medicine, rhetoric, arithmetic, astronomy and physics was brought together by him; and his life was as gentle and himself as loved as his work was great. His books were in Latin, and with these we are not now concerned, but his was the first effort to make English prose a literary language. His last work was a translation

of the Gospel of St. John. It is in the greatness and variety of Bæda's Latin works, however, that English literature strikes its key-note. Six hundred scholars gathered around Bæda ere he died; but toward the end of his life this northern literature began to decay, and after 866 it was, we may say, blotted out by the Danes. The long battle with these invaders was lost in Northumbria, but it was gained for a time by Ælfred the Great in Wessex; and with Ælfred's literary work learning changed its seat from the north to the south, and he made it by his writings, an English, not a Latin literature. In his translation, he, since Bæda's work is lost, is the true father of English prose. J. R. Green says of him:

"With the peace of Wedmore in 878 began a work even more noble than this deliverance of Wessex from the Danes. 'So long as I have lived,' wrote Ælfred in latter days, 'I have striven to live worthily.' He longed, when death overtook him, 'to leave to the men that come after a remembrance of me in good works.' The aim has been more than fulfilled. The memory of the life and doings of the noblest of English rulers has come down to us living and distinct through the mists of exaggeration and legend that gathered around it. He really lived for the good of his people. He is the first instance, in the history of Christendom, of the Christian King, of a ruler who put aside every personal aim or ambition to devote himself to the welfare of those whom he ruled."

Submitting the foregoing examples of the beginning of English literature as evidenced by the earliest writers of Anglo-Saxon, we now leap over a space of nearly 700 years, during which time literature very much declined on account of the Norman Conquest. The historical events of this period we shall present in a separate article devoted to the salient points of history, without special reference to literature.

Mandeville, Wicklif, and Chaucer are the leading lights of a constellation that rose above the literary horizon about the year 1300. By this time the language had developed from the Anglo-Saxon form into what we now call the Early Eng-

lish; and while the reader peruses the quotations we give and notes the advances made both in thought and expression, he should bear in mind that all this progress, both in quantity and quality, was made more than a hundred years before printing was invented.

Sir John Mandeville was a renowned traveller, and all writers agree that he was a most remarkable man, since he accomplished so much at a time when no reasonably fair facilities existed. To show how he stood in his own country, we quote from John Bale, who wrote of him about two hundred years later:

“John Mandevil Knight, borne in the towne of S. Albans, was so well given to the study of learning from his childhood, that he seemed to plant a good part of his felicitie in the same; for he supposed that the honour of his Birth would nothing availe him, except he could render the same more honourable, by his knowledge in good letters. Having therefore well grounded himself in Religion, by reading the Scriptures, he applied his studies to the Art of Physicke, a profession worthy a noble Wit: but amongst other things, he was ravished with a mightie desire to see the greater parts of the world, as Asia and Africa. Having therefore provided all things necessary for his journey, he departed from his Countrey in the yeere of Christ 1322; and as another Ulysses, returned home, after the space of thirty-four yeeres, and was then knowen to a very fewe. In the time of his Travaile he was in Scythia, the greater and lesse Armenia, Egypt, both Libyas, Arabia, Syria, Media, Mesopotamia, Persia, Chaldaea, Greece, Illyrium, Tartarie, and divers other Kingdomes of the World: and having gotten by this meanes the knowledge of the Languages, least so many and great varieties, and things miraculous, whereof himself had bene an eie witnes, should perish in oblivion, he committed his whole Travell of thirty-four yeeres to writing, in three divers tongues, English, French and Latine. Being arrived again in England and having seene the wickedness of that age, he gave out this Speech: ‘In our time, (said he)

it may be spoken more truly then of olde, that Vertue is gone, the Church is under foote, the Clergie is in errour, the Devil raigneth, and Simonie beareth sway.' ”

Passing by much that many others have written of John Mandeville, we now quote some of his own writings, illustrative of the spelling and general construction of words in the Early English.

First, from the Prologue: “ And for als moche (forasmuch) as it is longe tyme passed, that ther was no generale Passage ne Vyage over the See; and many Men desiren for to here speke of the Holy Lond, and han (have) thereof gret solace and Comfort; I John Maundeville, Knyght, alle be it I be not worthi, that was born in Englund, in the Town of Seynt Albones, passed the See, in the Zeer of our Lord Jesu Crist MCCCXXII, in the Day of Seynt Michelle; and hidre to (hitherto) have been longe tyme over the See, and have seyn and gon thorghe manye dyverse Londes, and many Provynces and Kingdomes and Iles, and have passed thorghe Tartarye, Percye, Ermonye (Armenia) the litylle and the grete; thorghe Lybye, Caldee, and a gret partie of Ethiope; thorghe Amazoyne, Inde, the lasse and the more, a gret partie; and thorghe out (throughout) many othere Iles, that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many dyverse Folkes, and of dyverse Maneres and Lawes, and of dyverse Schappes (shapes) of men. Of whiche Londes and Iles, I schalle speke more pleynly hereaftre. And I schalle devise zou sum partie of thinges that there ben, whan time schalle ben, aftre it may best come to my mynde; and specyally for hem, that wylle and are in purpos for to visite the Holy Citee of Jerusalem, and the holy Places that are thereabout. And I schalle telle the Weye, that thei schulle holden thidre. For I have often tymes passed and ryden (ridden) the way, with gode Companye of many Lordes: God be thonked.

And Zee schulle understonde, that I have put this Boke out of Latyn into Frensche, and translated it azen out of Frensche into Englyssche, that every man of my Nacioun

may undirstonde it. But Lordes and Knyghtes and other noble and worthi Men, that conne (know) Latyn but litylle, and han (have) ben bezonde (beyond) the See, knowen and undirstonden, zif I erre in devisynge, for forzetynge, (forgetting) or elles: that mowe (may) redress it and amende it. For thinges passed out of longe tyme from a Mannes mynde or from his syght, turnen sone in forzetynge: Because that Mynde of Man ne may not ben comprehended ne withholden, for the Freelte of Mankynde."

For a sample of John Mandeville's description of the countries through which he travelled, we submit next an extract from

"THE CHINESE."

"The gret Kyng hath every day, 50 fair Damyseles, alle Maydenes, that serven him evermore at his Mete. And whan he is at the Table, thei bryngen hys Mete at every tyme, 5 and 5 to gedre. And in bryngynge hire (their) Servyse, thei Syngen a Song. And aftre that, thei kutten his Mete, and putten it in his Mouthe: for he touchethe no thing ne handlethe nought, but holdethe evermore his Hondes before him, upon the Table. For he hathe so longe Nayles, that he may take no thing, ne handle no thing. For the Noblesse of that Contree is to have longe Nayles, and to make hem growen alle ways to ben as longe as men may. And there ben manye in that Contree, that han hire (have their) Nayles so longe, that thei envyyronne (environ) alle the Hond: and that is a gret Noblesse. And the Noblesse of the Women, is for to haven smale Feet and litille: and therefore anon as thei ben born, they leet bynde hire Feet so streyte, that thei may not growen half as Nature wolde: And alle weys theise Damyseles, that I spak of befor, syngen alli the tyme that this riche man etethe: and when that he etethe no more of his firste Cours, thanne other 5 and 5 of faire Damyseles bryngen him his seconde Cours, alle weys syngnge, as thei dide befor. And so thei don contynuelly every day, to the ende of his Mete. And in this

manere he ledethe his Lif. And so dide thei before him, withouten doynge of ony Dedes of Armes: but lyven evere more thus in ese, as a Swyn, that is fedde in Sty, for to ben made fatte."

The reader will note next that John Mandeville lived more than a hundred years before Christopher Columbus; and to show that he out-Columbused Columbus, in the discovery of the rotundity of the earth, we quote from his observations of the stars while navigating southern waters:

"THE SPHERICAL FORM OF THE EARTH."

"In that Londe, (Africa), ne in many othere bezonde that, no man may see the Sterre transmontane, (the pole star), that is clept the Sterre of the See, that is unmevable, and that is toward the Northe that we clepen the Lode Sterre. But man seen another Sterre, the contrarie to him, that is toward the Southe, that is clept Antartyk. And right as the ship men taken here Avys here (their advise here), and govern hem be the Lode Sterre, right so don schip men bezonde the parties, be the Sterre of the Southe, the which Sterre apperethe not to us. And this Sterre, that is toward the Northe, that we clepen the Lode Sterre, ne apperethe not to hem. For which cause, men may well perceyve, that the Londe and the See ben of rownde schapp and forme. For the partie of the Firmament schewethe in o (one) countree, that schewethe not in another Contree. And men may well preven be experience and sotyle (subtle) compassment of Wytt, that zif a man fond passages be Schippes, that wolde go to serchen the World, men mighte go be Schippe alle aboute the World, and aboven and benethen. And zif I hadde had Companye and Schippyng for to go more bezonde, I trowe (think) well in certeyn, that wee scholde have seen alle the roundnesse of the Firmament alle aboute.

But how it semethe to symple men unlearned, that men ne mowe not (may not) go undre the Erthe, and also that men scholde falle toward the Hevene, from undre! But that may not be, upon lesse, (unless) than we mowe falle toward

Hevene, fro the Erthe, where we ben. For fro what partie of the Erthe, that men duelle (dwell), outhur aboven or benethen, it semethe alweys to hem that duellen, that thei gon more righte than ony other folk. And righte as it semethe to us, that thei ben undre us, right so it semethe hem that wee ben undre hem. For zif a man mighte falle fro the Erthe unto the Firmament; be grettere resoun, the Erthe and the See, that ben so grete and so hevy, scholde fallen to the Firmament: but that may not be."

JOHN WICLIF.

John Wiclif, "*The Morning Star of the Reformation*," "Honored of God to be the first Preacher of a Reformation to all Europe," was born in the little village of Wiclif, near Richmond, in the northern part of Yorkshire, about the year 1324. Milton, in his "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," thus remarks, "Had it not been for the obstinate perverseness of our Prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wiclif, to suppress him as a schismatic or innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Husse and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had ever been known." Professor Le Bas says, "Allowing, however, if we must, to Luther, the highest niche in this sacred department of the Temple of Renown, I know not who can be chosen to fill the next, if it shall be denied to Wiclif." Charles D. Cleveland says, "In the extent and variety of his knowledge he surpassed all the learned men of his age." The number of his writings still extant, though very many were burnt by order of the Pope, is truly astonishing. Most of these now exist in manuscript, in the public libraries in England and Ireland, and some in the Imperial Library at Vienna. His great work was the translation of the Scriptures, and to him belongs the high honor of having given to the English nation the first translation of the entire Scriptures in their mother tongue, which he made, however, not from the original languages, but from the Latin Vulgate. The following are his reasons for his great undertaking:

WICLIF'S APOLOGY.

"Oh Lord God! sithin (since) at the beginning of faith, so many men translated into Latin, and to great profit of Latin men; let one simple creature of God translate into English, for profit of Englishmen, For, if worldly clerks look well their chronicles and books, they shoulde find that Bede translated the Bible, and expounded much in Saxon, that was English, either (or) common language of this land in his time. And not only Bede but King Alfred, that founded Oxenford, translated in his last days, the beginning of the Psalter into Saxon, and would more if he had lived longer. Also, Frenchmen, Bemers (Bohemians) and Britons han the Bible and other books of devotion and exposition translated into their mother language. Why shoulde not Englishmen have the same in their mother language? I cannot wit. No, but for falseness or negligence of clerks, either for (or because) our people is not worthy to have so great grace and gift of God, in pain of their old sins."

For this noble labor which he completed in 1380, he received abuse without measure from the priests. The following is but a mild specimen of Papal rage: "This Master Joh Wiclif translated out of Latin into English, the Gospel which Christ had intrusted with the clergy and doctors of the church, that *they* might minister it to the laity and weaker sort, according to the exigency of times and their several occasions. So that by this means the Gospel is made vulgar, and laid more open to the laity, and even to women who could read, than it used to be to the most learned of the clergy, and those of the best understanding. And so the Gospel jewel, or evangelical pearl, is thrown about and trodden under foot of swine." Even in the third year of Henry V. (1415), it was enacted by a parliament held in Leicester, "that whoever they were that should read the Scriptures in their mother tongue," (which was then called Wiclif's learning), "they should forfeit land, cattle, body, life, and goods, from their heirs forever, and be condemned for heretics to God, enemies to the crown, and most arrant traitors to the land."

So much might be quoted which is appropriate to a consideration of John Wiclif from a literary standpoint that it is difficult to draw the line between his own apologies, defenses, etc., and the attacks, defences and criticisms pro and con, of those who have written about him. His own writings on the All-sufficiency of the Scriptures are able and unique in their way. Not having room for all phases of his treatment at the hands of his contemporaries, we think our readers would prefer a sample of his much (dis)cussed translation. So here is the first appearance in English, of the Sermon on the Mount.

MATTHEW, CHAP. V.

And Jhesus seynge the peple, went up into an hil; and whanne he was sett, his disciplis camen to him. And he openyde his mouthe, and taughte hem; and seide, Blessid be pore men in spirit; for the kyngdom of hevenes is herun. Blessid ben mylde men; for thei schulen weelde the erthe. Blessid ben thei that mournen; for thei schal be coumfortid. Blessid ben thei that hungren and thirsten rightwisnesse: for thei schal be fulfilled. Blessid ben merciful men: for thei schul gete mercy. Blessed ben thei that ben of clene herte: for thei schulen se God. Blessid ben pesible men: for thei schulen be clepid goddis children. Blessid ben thei that sufren persecucioun for rightwisness; for the kyngdom of hevenes is hern. Ye schul be blessid whanne men schul curse you, and schul pursue you: and schul seye al yvel agens you liyinge for me. Joie ye and be ye glade: for your meede is plenteous in hevenes: for so thei han pursued also prophetis that weren before you. Ye ben salt of the erthe, that if the salt vanishe away wherynne schal it be salted? to nothing it is worth over, no but it be cast out and be defoulid of men. Ye ben light of the world, a citee set on a hill may not be hid. Ne men teendith not a lanterne and puttith it undir a bushel: but on a candlestik that it give light to alle that ben in the hous. So, schyne your light bfore men that thei see your gode workis, and glorifie your fadir that is in hev-

enes. Nyle ghe deme that I cam to undo the lawe or the prophetis, I cam not to undo the lawe but to fulfille. Forsothe I say to you till hevene and erthe passe, oon lettre, or oon title, schal not passe fro the lawe til alle thingis be don. Therefore he that brekith oon of these leeste maundementis, and techith thus men, schal be clepit the leest in the rewme of hevenes: but he that doth, and techith, schal be clepit greet in the kyngdom of hevenes.

The reader has, of course, paralled every line of the above with the modern version so familiar to all, and noted the striking peculiarities of this most interesting specimen of literary antiquity. But the slightest reflection will also reveal the power of persistence on the part of the sentiment. It seems to matter not whether the sacred truths are clothed in the fashionable garments of modern linguistic weave, or dressed in the musty rags of ancient homespun, the sublime character of the divine teaching shines out with such brilliancy that the heart gets the full force of the message, no matter how the head finds it attired.

Contemporary with John Wiclif in England was John Barbour of Scotland. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and but little is known of his personal history. He wrote a poem entitled "Bruce," which is a metrical history of Robert the First, (1306-1329), and it has been quoted with high praise by the most distinguished Scotch historians and critics. It is an

APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

"A! fredome is a nobill thing!
 Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
 Fredome all solace to man giffis:
 He levys at ese that frely levys!
 A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
 Gyffe fredome failythe: for fre liking
 Is yearnyt our all othir thing.
 Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
 May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,

The angyr, na the wretchyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.
 But gyff he had assayit it,
 Then all perquer he suld it wyt;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse
 Than all the gold in world that is."

Most of this can be understood without translation, but we give below a paraphrase of it, taken from Chambers Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen. The paraphrase differs but slightly from the literal translation,—only refashions its garments.

Ah! freedom is a noble thing,
 And can to life a relish bring;
 Freedom all solace to man gives;
 He lives at ease that freely lives.
 A noble heart may have no ease,
 Nor aught beside that may it please,
 If freedom fail—for 'tis the choice,
 More than the chosen, man enjoys.
 Ah, he that ne'er yet lived in thrall,
 Knows not the weary pains which gall
 The limbs, the soul, of him who plains
 In slavery's foul and festering chains.
 If these he knew, I ween right soon
 He would seek back the precious boon
 Of freedom, which he then would prize
 More than all wealth beneath the skies.

And so, by the merest alteration of the literary a-la-mode, this old Scotch poem of the 14th century is transformed into a model appeal to the spirit of patriotism and humanity evidenced in America's twentieth-century efforts to rid the world of bondage and oppression. All of which goes to show that in striving for the liberation of all classes that suffer thralldom of either soul or body, we are only working out the natural bent of mind inherited from such of our forefathers as suffered oppression, and cried out in their anguish for deliverance. We may be deemed supersensitive in our sympathies with other sufferers, but we came honestly by it.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

..... That renowned poet
 Dan Chaucer, Well of English undefiled,
 On Fame's eternall beadroll worthy to be fyled.

—*Spenser.*

Warton, with great beauty and justice has compared the appearance of Chaucer in our language to "a premature day in an English spring, after which the gloom of winter returns, and the buds and blossoms which have been called forth by a transient sunshine, are nipped by frosts and scattered by storms." Charles D. Cleveland said of him, "Accomplished in manners and intimately acquainted with a splendid court, he was at once the philosopher who had surveyed mankind in their widest sphere, the poet who haunted the solitudes of nature, and the elegant courtier whose opulent tastes are often discovered in the graceful pomp of his descriptions. The vigorous yet finished paintings with which his works abound, are still, notwithstanding the roughness of their clothing, beauties of a highly poetical nature. The ear may not always be satisfied, but the mind of the reader is always filled." Coleridge, in his "Table Talk" says "I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is."

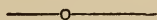
Chaucer's fame rests on his *Canterbury Tales*; and the plan of the work was doubtless taken from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, an Italian writer. We leave the reader to peruse for himself the tales of the twenty-nine "sundry folk," met together at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, on their way to *Canterbury*.

From this time on the English language is sufficiently developed to be read at the present day without the need of a commentary, and the literature that followed the invention of printing (about 1450) is so voluminous and the noted writers are so numerous that we cannot discuss them in this article. We have traced the rise and progress of the "mother

tongue" from its antecedent dialects to comparatively modern times, showing the conditions that were operative upon the tribes which by their joint invasion of Britain laid the foundation for so grand a linguistic superstructure. That it has become the ablest representative of thought, no scholar will deny. In an article on Philology we may present somewhat in detail the architecture of the language, figuratively speaking, while, in some other chapter, the language of architecture will exhibit a literal application of its structural powers upon structural principles. There is hardly any relation of ideas, however complex, involving an idea within an idea, and these developed into a scheme within a scheme, ad libitum, that modern English is not competent to express perspicuously: and, with reasonable perspicacity on the part of the reader, the subtlest shades of meaning indicated by a masterly use of synonyms can be differentiated, and every concept weighed and its relations correctly noted, resulting in the clearest apprehension of all the parts combined into the integral thought intended to be conveyed. In fact, the above sentence may be taken as a fair sample of language about language, involved to a considerable extent, and yet exhibiting its grammatical relations so clearly that it not only can be understood, but it cannot be misunderstood.

In closing, we beg to emphasize the distinction between thought and language. A word is the sign of an idea. The idea, however, is not the word, but it is a mental concept, existing entirely independent of any expression; and when expressed, may be clothed plainly or gorgeously, durably or delicately, just as the speaker elects and within the limits of his vocabulary. To grasp more fully the thought that ideas are independent of words, suppose an Englishman adds a column of figures. He cons over the words which to him represent those numerical ideas, and he reaches a result which to his mind is also represented by certain words. Now, let a Frenchman add the same column, and it is manifest that the same ideas pass through his mind, and the resulting idea is the same as that obtained by the Englishman. Neither one understands a word of the other's language, but their thoughts

are the same, *in essence*, although only cognizable to each in his own dictum. Ideas, then, are a universal Volapük, and the principles of logic applying thereto are, like all other principles, eternal; so that reason, even in the minds of the inhabitants of "other worlds than ours," must be exercised in accordance with our own principles of thought. Thus, again, the conclusion is forced upon us that we are all children of the same Father, and created in His image.



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT THE MIND, ACROSTICALLY ARRANGED.

The wise man is never less alone than when he is alone.—*Swift*.

He who cannot contract the sight of his mind as well as dilate it, wants a great talent in life.—*Bacon*.

Every mind unemployed is a mind unenjoyed.—*Bovee*.

Mind is the brightness of the body.—*J. S. Knowles*.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill, that maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.—*Spenser*.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.
—*Rochevoucauld*.

Don't despair of a student if he has one clear idea.—*Emerson*.

If thou desirest ease, take care of the ease of thy mind.—*Fuller*.

Searching into the human mind reveals strong traces of Him who made it.—*Burke*.

There is nothing so elastic as a human mind.—*Tryon Edwards*.

He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want for the necessities for the body.—*Colton*.

Even the mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.—*Milton*.

My mind to me a kingdom is; such present joys therein I find, that it excels all other bliss that earth affords.—*Chaucer*.

Each mind ought sometimes to be diverted that it may return to better thinking.—*Phoedrus*.

A narrow mind begets obstinacy; we do not easily believe what we cannot see.—*Dryden*.

Strong minds can equally embrace great things and small.—*Jonson*.

Unbend the mind, or it will be either weakened or broken.

—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Richest jewels soonest wear their settings; so minds too vigorous consume the body.—*Goldsmith*.

Experience joined with common sense, to mortal minds a providence.
—*Green*.

Our minds are like our stomachs, whetted by the change of food.—
—*Quintillian*.

Few need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if they will only do their best with them.—*Hobbes*.

The mind grows narrow in proportion as the soul grows corrupt.
—*Rousseau*.

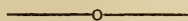
Half the mental difficulties men suffer arise from a morbid state of health.—*Beecher*.

Experience shows that success is due less to mental ability than to zeal.—*Buxton*.

Memory is the treasure house of the mind.—*Fuller*.

A well cultivated mind is made up of all the minds of preceding ages.
—*Fontenelle*.

Neutral minds are the devil's allies.—*Chapin*.



NAMES OF THE STATES.

THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING.

Alabama—Indian origin, means "Here We Rest."

Arkansas—From French "arc" (a bow) and Indian "Kansas" (smoky waters), meaning "A Bow of Smoky Waters."

California—From Spanish, meaning "Hot Furnace," named by Cortez in 1535.

Colorado—Spanish for "red," referring to the reddish tint of the Colorado River.

Connecticut—From Indian, meaning "Long River."

Dakota—Indian for "allies."

Delaware—Named in honor of Thomas West, "Lord De la War," who was the first to enter the bay in 1610.

Florida—From Spanish, meaning "flowery," named by Ponce de Leon.

Georgia—Named in honor of George II. of England.

Illinois—From Indian, meaning "manly."

Indiana—Named from the Indians.

Iowa—Means "The Sleepy One."

Kansas—From Indian words meaning "smoky water."

Kentucky—From Indian, meaning "dark and bloody ground."

Louisiana—Named after Louis XVI. of France.

Maine—Originally called "Mayneland," to distinguish it from settlements on the coast islands.

Maryland—Named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, of England.

Massachusetts—Named from the Massachusettes tribe of Indians, meaning "blue hills."

Michigan—From Indian, meaning "The Lake Country."

Minnesota—Named from Minnesota River, Indian for "sky-tinted water."

Mississippi—From the river, Indian for "Father of Waters."

Missouri—Named from the river, Indian for "muddy water."

Montana—"Mountainous."

Nebraska—From Indian, meaning "water valley."

Nevada—From Spanish, meaning "white as snow."

New Hampshire—So named by George Mason after Hampshire County, England, his home.

New Jersey—Named in honor of Sir George Carteret, who had been Governor of the Island of Jersey in the British Channel.

New York—In honor of the Duke of York, brother of Charles II., to whom the territory was granted in 1664.

North and South Carolina—Named in honor of Charles (Carolus) II.

Ohio—Indian for "beautiful river."

Oregon—From Spanish "oregano," or "wild marjoram."

Pennsylvania—Meaning "Penn's Woods," in honor of Admiral Penn, father of William Penn.

Rhode Island—Some say it was named from Dutch "Roode Islandt" (Red Island), others from Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean; others say it is named "Road Island," because it was near the Roadstead; others claim it was named after a prominent settler in Newport, named Rhodes.

Tennessee—Indian for "the river of the big bend."

Texas—Indian for "North Country."

Vermont—From French "Vert Mont," meaning "green mountain."

Virginia—Named by Raleigh in honor of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England.

Wisconsin—French, from an Indian word, said to mean "wild, rushing river," also, "flowing westward."

Washington—After the first President.

OUR RAILROADS.

He stood in the station; she at his side
 (She is a fair, young, blushing bride),
 On their honeymoon they're starting now;
 It always follows the marriage vow.
 He looks at the flaring railroad maps,
 At the train of cars and his baggage traps.
 And whispers, "Pettie, how shall we go—
 By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

"These railroad maps confuse the eye;
 There's the C. B. Q. and the R. N. Y.,
 And this one says your life's at stake
 On any road but the Sky Blue Lake.
 The N. E. R. L. P. Q. J.
 Have sleepers on the entire way;
 But I've heard these trains are much more slow
 Than the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

She murmured, "Sweetie, I've heard pa say
 What a fine old road is the P. G. K.;
 But mamma seems to disagree
 And prefers the X. S. H. O. P.
 This chart says, baby, the views are fine
 On the Texas-Cowboy Mustang line;
 But still, perhaps, we'd better go
 On the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

A conductor chanced to pass them by,
 And the bridegroom caught his gentle eye;
 He said, "Oh, man, with the cap of blue,
 Inform me quick, inform me true,
 Which road is best for a blushing, pure,
 Young, timid bride on her wedding tour!
 And tell us quickly what you know
 Of the Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The conductor's eye gave a savage gleam,
 These words rolled out in a limpid stream:
 "There's the A. B. J. D. V. R. Z.
 Connects with the Flip Flap Biff Bang B.,
 You can change on the Leg-off-Sueville-Grand,
 And go through on the Pan-cake Ace Full Hand,
 That road you named is blocked by snow.
 (The Kankakee and the Kokomo.)

"The Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh Through,
 Connects with the Oshkosh Kalamazoo,
 With a smoking car all the afternoon,
 Just the thing for a honeymoon:
 And the Central Scalp Booth Blungville-switch
 Goes through a vine-clad country rich,
 Of the road you named I nothing know,
 The Kankakee and the Kokomo."

The bride said: "Baby, 'tis best, by far,
 Like the dollar, we return to pa,
 (That's a pun I heard while on a train
 On the U. R. N. G. Jersey main.")
 The conductor smiled; his eye teeth showed;

He had spoiled the trade of a rival road.
 He knew in his heart there was no snow
 On the Kankakee or the Kokomo.

And the bride and groom returned to pa,
 Who heard it all and then said "Pshaw!
 If you found you couldn't go that way,
 Why didn't you go on the "Cross-eyed Bay?"
 The bridegroom gave a howl of pain;
 The railroad names had turned his brain.
 He raves, insane, forever more;
 In a mad house, chained unto the floor,
 He gibbers, "Tootsie, shall we go
 By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?"

—*Dramatic Times.*

In this connection we submit two articles by Prof. Leon Lonsberg, of the editorial staff of the New York Tribune.

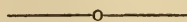
CHINESE NAMES.

History tells us that Emperor Hwang-te (B. C. 2697) was the first to introduce *sing* or surnames. From the earliest times the *sing* were conferred by the Emporor, and no Chinaman has, down to the present day, ever had a right either to adopt a *sing* or to change it without Imperial sanction. These surnames are taken from their native places, countries or cities, or chosen on account of epithets attaching to them, or of their titles, trades or personal characteristics. In addition to the *sing*, every Chinaman possesses one or more personal names. In his infant days the father confers upon him the *ju ming*, or "milk name," and subsequently, on his arriving at maturity, the *shu ming*, or "school name," is given him. The *shu ming* generally consists of two characters, selected with reference to the boy's condition, prospects, studies or some other event connected with him, such names as Ink Grinder, Promising Study, Opening Olive, Entering Virtue and the like. Girls have only their infant and marriage names; the former may be a flower, a gem or such like; the latter are terms like Emulating the Moon, Orchis Flower, Delicate Perfume, etc. At Canton a mere number, as A Yet, A

Sam, A Luk (No. 1, No. 3, No. 6), often designates the boys till they get their "school names."

When a man marries he adopts a third name, called "*tsz*," or "style," by which he is usually known through life. When a girl is married her family name becomes her given name, and the given name is disused, her husband's name becoming her family name. Thus, Wa Salah married to Wei San Wei drops the Salah and is called Wei Wa Shi; i. e., Mrs. Wei (born of the clan) Wa. When a young man is attaining a degree or enters an office he takes a title called *Kwan Ming*, or "official name," by which he is known to Government. Of the members or heads of licensed mercantile companies each has an official name, which is entered in their permit, whence it is called by foreigners their "chop names." Besides these various names, old men of fifty, shopkeepers and others, take a *hao*, or "designation." The names taken by shopkeepers allude to trade or its prospects, such as Mutual Advantage, Extensive Harmony, Rising Goodness, etc. Finally, when a man dies he receives another and last name in the hall of ancestors.

The personal names of the Chinese are written contrariwise to our own, the surname coming first, then the given name and then the complimentary title, as Liang Wantai Siensang, where Liang, or "Millet," is the family name, Wantai, or "Terrace of Letters," the given name, and Siensang, Mr. (i. e., Master) or Teacher.



THE OLDEST LITERATURE.

Which country had the earliest written literature? Does not to India belong this honor?

ANSWER BY LEON LONDSBERG.

In the eighteenth century the unanimous answer to this question was "China." In the first three-quarters of our century, however, the Celestial Empire was stripped of this glory, and India was proclaimed the cradle of literature. Then

came the Egyptologists, who, by real texts and not merely by hypothesis, as did the Sinologues and Indianists, showed that to Egypt belonged the honor of having had the earliest written literature. At the same time contemporary Indianists proved that the oldest Hindoo poems, dramas and novels known to us did not originate before the sixth or seventh century of our era; while the novels offered in many Egyptian papyri are at least thirty centuries old. We possess now, besides a good deal of Egyptian religious literature, twenty novels that have been disinterred within the last ten years, and learned Egyptologists are preparing the publication of some more stories. Most of the twenty novels, already published date from 2000 to 1000 B. C. (twelfth to eighteenth dynasties). The Egyptian novels are written in demotic characters, which, after the Thibetan, are the most difficult to decipher. The great Egyptologist, Maspero, had to work diligently five years to translate an Egyptian text which in any European language would hardly fill twenty pages.

FORCE.

Southey says, "It is with words as with sunbeams,—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn." Taking our cue from this apt comparison, we find that one of the principle elements of force in language consists in the use of short words. While the words derived from Latin, or from French and other Latin languages, are usually the more polite, the Saxon words are the more forcible.

The Latin is an inflected language, and hence it is that our words from that source are usually long and rhythmical. The prefixes and suffixes, each denoting the accretion of ideas thereto, make the resulting word a complex affair, the contemplation of which spreads each mental effort over different lines of thought, and the attention rests on so many different points in the comprehension of that word, that no great impression is made at any point. The Saxon language being largely monosyllabic, each word focusses the whole attention for the moment on that one idea; and the impression made by such words is correspondingly deeper and more vivid; barring, of course, the connectives and other relation words that merely show grammatical dependence. Even when a sentence is composed largely of Greek and Latin derivatives, it is usually dependent upon the Saxon for its bolts, pins and hinges; and so the strength of the joints is yet inherent in the mother tongue.

Early English was a still further condensation of Anglo-Saxon, as may be seen in such words as to love, bake, beat, slide, swim, bind, blow, brew, and others, which were dissyllables until reduced to English. We have continued this process from generation to generation, until now, in the mad rush for gold, the business world is likely to annihilate all trace

of the origin of many words, so mercilessly do we clip their wings and decapitate them. When an engine was made to pick seeds out of cotton we couldn't think of wasting time to call it a cotton-engine, and as engine would not be sufficiently definite, why, instead of adding some letter or syllable characteristic of use, we "take away even that which it seemeth to have," and call it a "gin." So van for carryvan, bus for omnibus, wig for periwig, aid for aid-de-camp, prim for primitive, grog for grogram, tick for (pawnbroker's) ticket, pants for pantaloons, and so on to the end of the chapter.

In other instances we drop a piece out of the middle, or whack a slice off almost anywhere, as in last for latest, lark for laverock, since for sithence, sent for sended, built for builded, chirp for chirrup or cheer up, fag for fatigue, and so on up till you come to consols for consolidated-annuities-of-the-bank-of-England, or concon for the union of two previously consolidated companies.

Now while it is true that most of the polish of a brilliant or flowing style of oratory must be derived from a choice selection of words both adapted and adopted from the Latin, it is also true that to reach the deepest feeling, as in expressing pathos, describing sublimity, portraying passion, or in any phase of address calling for exceeding force of meaning, it is necessary to restrict the language largely to short words of Saxon origin. Witness the passage in Ezekiel, which Coleridge is said to have considered the sublimest in the whole Bible: "And he said unto me, son of man, can these bones live? and I answered, O, Lord God, thou knowest." David's lament over Saul and Jonathan is an instance of pathos not surpassed in the whole range of literature; and yet, nearly all the words are comprised within one or two syllables. When read in the impressive manner which the subject matter demands, the mind is awed, and the heart is thrilled with their force: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places; how are the mighty fallen! They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions * * * how are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle?"

Shakespeare's strongest word-pictures abound in masterly touches effected by short strokes, thus :

"Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs look'd like a breach in Nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance. There the murderers,
Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers
.....breach'd with gore."—*Macbeth*.

To prove that short words are not passionless, read
"Thane of Cawdor."

"That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye winks at the hand. Yet, let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

Milton knew well when to employ words of "learned length and thunderous sound," but was he tame, when in the brief words too oft ignored by lesser artists, he described the journey of the fallen angels, thus :

"Through many a dark and dreary vale
They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,—
A universe of death."

And so when calling upon hell to receive its new possessor :

"One who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be — all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here, at least,
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy; will not drive us hence;
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven."

Even the flowing style of the anapæstic verse is charged with force by the fire of genius, when a Byron portrays the destruction of Sennacherib:

“For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax’d deadly and chill,
And their hearts beat but once, and forever lay still.”

We often hear mention of Johnson’s fondness for bigswelling words, the dictionary-mastodons; and so marked was his influence upon literature that when any writer shows a decided preference for the leviathans of the lexicon, he is called “Johnsonese.” Imagine “Pilgrim’s Progress” written in such a style, and you note at once its lack of force.

Dr. William Mathews, in an excellent work entitled “Words, Their Use and Abuse,” says: “These Liliputians,—these ‘Tom Thumbs’ of the dictionary, play as important a part in our literature as their bigger and more magniloquent brothers. Like the infusoria of our globe, so long unnoticed, which are now known to have raised whole continents from the depths of the ocean, these words, once so despised, are now rising in importance, and are admitted by scholars to form an independent class in the family of words. In some kinds of writing their almost exclusive use is indispensable. What would have been the fate of Bunyan’s immortal book, if he had told the story of the Pilgrim’s journey in the ponderous, elephantine “osities” and “ations” of Johnson, or the gorgeous Latinity of Taylor? It would have been like building a boat out of timbers cut for a ship. It is owing to this grandiose style, as much as to any other cause, that the author of the “Rambler,” in spite of his sturdy strength and grasp of mind, “lies like an Egyptian king, buried and forgotten in the pyramid of his fame.” When we remember that the Saxon language, the soul of the English, is essentially monosyllabic; that our language contains, of monosyllables formed with the vowel *a* alone, more than five hundred,—by the vowel *e*, some four hundred and fifty; by the vowel *i*, about four hundred; by the vowel *o*, over four hundred;

and by the vowel *u*, more than two hundred and fifty; we must admit that these seemingly petty and insignificant words, even the microscopic particles, so far from meriting to be treated as "creepers," are of high importance, and that to know when and how to use them is of no less moment to the speaker or writer than to know when to use the grandiloquent expressions which we have borrowed from the language of Greece and Rome."

To close, we submit a strong presentation of the claims of short words, in the shape of a poem by Dr. Addison Alexander, itself a shining example of the cause for which he pleads:

"Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
 Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak,
 To whom can this be true who once has heard
 The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
 When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
 So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
 Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note
 Sung by some fay or fiend. There is strength
 Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
 Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
 Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
 And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
 Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine,—
 Light, but no heat — a flash, but not a blaze!
 Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts;
 It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
 The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
 The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
 The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
 On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
 For them that far off on their sick-beds lie;
 For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
 For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand;
 To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
 The sweet, plain words we learned at first keep time,
 And, though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
 With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
 In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme."

Force in writing will be treated in subsequent articles as viewed from other stand-points. Thus much as to its dependence upon short words.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS AMPLIFIED.

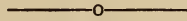
Everything is not always good, but all good things are great.

—*Demosthenes.*

I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; but there are forms of greatness, or at least of excellence, which "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.—*G. A. Sala.*

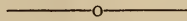
If wrecks and ruins and desolation of kingdoms are marks of greatness, why do we not worship a tempest, and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these.

—*Collier.*



No grief is so acute but time ameliorates it.—*Cicero.*

As a fresh wound shrinks from the hand of the surgeon, then gradually submits and even calls for it; so a mind under the first impression of a misfortune shuns and rejects all comforts, but at length, if touched with tenderness, calmly and willingly resigns itself.—*Pliny the Younger.*



The present moment is a powerful deity.—*Goethe.*

Make use of time, if thou lovest eternity: know, yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured; to-day is only thine, which if thou procrastinate, thou losest, which lost, is lost forever: one to-day is worth two to-morrows.—*Quarles.*

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he learns that every day is Doomsday.—*Emerson.*

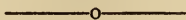
Taxes are the sinews of the state.—*Cicero*.

The taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement.

—*Franklin*.

As the general rule in constitutional states, liberty is a compensation for the heaviness of taxation, and in despotic states the equivalent for liberty is the lightness of taxation.

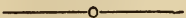
—*Montesquieu*.



Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep.—*Herrick*.

Taxing is an easy business.—Any projector can contrive new impositions; any bungler can add to the old; but is it altogether wise to have no other bounds to your impositions than the patience of those who are to bear them?—*Burke*.

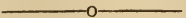
Taxation without representation is injustice and oppression. It brought on the American Revolution, and gave birth to a free and mighty nation.—



Millions for defense; not a cent for tribute.—*C. C. Pinckney*.

The repose of nations cannot be secure without arms, armies cannot be maintained without pay, nor can the pay be produced except by taxes.—*Tacitus*.

What a benefit would the government render to itself and to every city, village, and hamlet in the States, if it would tax whisky and rum almost to the point of prohibition! Was it Bonaparte who said that he found vices very good patriots? "He got five millions from the love of brandy, and he should be glad to know which of the virtues would pay him as much." Tobacco and opium have broad backs, and will cheerfully carry the load of armies, if you choose to make them pay high for such joy as they give, and such harm as they do.—*Emerson*.



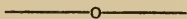
Quackery has no such friend as credulity.—*C. Simmons*.

Nothing more strikingly betrays the credulity of mankind than medicine. Quackery is a thing universal, and universally

successful. In this case it is literally true that no imposition is too great for the credulity of men.—*Thoreau*.

Said a clever quack to an educated physician, "How many of the passing multitude, do you suppose, appreciate the value of science, or understand the impositions of quackery?"—"Not more than one in ten," was the answer.—"Well, said the quack, "you may have the one, and I'll have the nine."

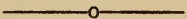
Pettifoggers in law and quacks in medicine have held from time immemorial the fee simple of a vast estate, subject to no alienation, diminution, revolution, nor tax — the folly and ignorance of mankind.—*Colton*.



Man delights not me, nor woman either.—*Shakespeare*.

Out of the ashes of misanthropy benevolence rises again; we find many virtues where we had imagined all was vice, many actions of disinterested friendship where we had fancied all was calculation and fraud, — and so gradually, from the two extremes, we pass to the proper medium; and feeling that no human being is wholly good or wholly base, we learn that true knowledge of mankind which induces us to expect little and forgive much. The world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope.—*Bulwer*.

The misanthrope is the man who avoids society, only to free himself from the trouble of being useful to it; who considers his neighbors only on the side of their defects, not knowing the art of combining their virtues and their vices, and of rendering the imperfections of the other people tolerable by reflecting on his own.—He is more employed in finding out and publishing the guilty, than in devising means to reform them; and because he thinks his talents are not sufficiently valued and employed by his fellow citizens, or rather because they know his foibles and do not choose to be subject to his caprices, he talks of quitting cities, towns, and societies, and living in dens or deserts.—*Saurin*.



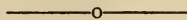
The proper study of mankind is man.—*Pope*.

Omit a few of the most abstruse sciences, and mankind's study of man occupies nearly the whole field of literature. The burden of history is what man has been; of law, what he does; of physiology, what he is; of ethics, what he ought to be; of revelation, what he shall be.—*George Finlayson*.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.—*Channing.*

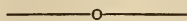
Now the basest thought possible concerning man is, that he has no spiritual nature; and the foolishlest misunderstanding of him possible is, that he has, or should have, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual, — coherently and irrevocably so: neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other.—*Ruskin.*

It is not by books alone, nor chiefly, that one becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully every duty that comes in your way. Stand to your post; silently devour the chagrins of life; love justice; control self; swerve not from truth or right; be a man of rectitude, decision, conscientiousness: one that fears and obeys God, and exercises benevolence to all; and in all this you shall possess true manliness.—*Anon.*



A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

An acorn is not an oak when it is sprouted.—It must go through long summers and fierce winters, and endure all that frost, and snow, and thunder, and storms, and side-striking winds can bring, before it is a full grown oak.—So a man is not a man when he is created; he is only begun.—His manhood must come with years.—He that goes through life prosperous, and comes to his grave without a wrinkle, is not half a man.—Difficulties are God's errands and trainers, and only through them can one come to the fulness of manhood.—*H. W. Beecher.*



Half dust, half deity, alike unfit to sink or soar.—*Byron.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how wonderful, how complicate is man! distinguished link in being's endless chain! midway from nothing to the Deity! dim miniature of greatness absolute! an heir of glory! a frail child of dust! helpless immortal! insect infinite! a worm! a God!—*Young.*

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS.

FROM "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA."

"Following a suggestion which seemed to contain within it much of value, an effort has been made to ascertain the educational advantages enjoyed by the people mentioned in this volume, as far as such statistics could be collated from the various autobiographical statements. In all there are 8602 people embraced in the compilation. The educational inquiry has necessarily been kept down to certain defined limits, and only partial discrimination could be made. Thus it will be found that of the total, 3970 are disclosed as educated in colleges and universities. Some of these have attended several colleges, but each name could only be counted once as to general education, and no account has been kept as to post-graduate degrees or courses. Of the Collegians, about 80 per cent. took baccalaureate degrees. This, of course, includes graduates of the smaller colleges as well as of the great universities.

The figures of those below collegiate grades indicate, in each case, the highest class of institutions attended by the number of persons enumerated.

The graduates in technical and professional schools are in some cases also enumerated in statistics of general education, while in other cases, physicians, clergymen, lawyers, etc., have given the details of their professional preparation, but have omitted all other reference to their educational career,

Those enumerated as having furnished no scholastic details are not covered by any of the other items, the absence of information in these cases including both general and special education. The figures ascertained are as follows:

- 3237 graduates of universities and colleges conferring
baccalaureate degrees in letters, science or
philosophy.
- 733 others attended like institutions, but were not
graduated.
- 693 closed their scholastic career in academies, semi-
naries and other institutions of secondary
grade.
- 79 finished in normal schools.
- 171 have a high-school education.
- 640 have merely common or public school education.
- 185 were privately educated.
- 20 are self-taught.
- 298 were educated in foreign institutions.
- 1307 furnish no educational data.
- 553 graduated in medicine.
- 265 graduated from technical schools as engineers,
architects, chemists, agriculturists, etc.
- 378 are theological graduates.
- 336 graduated from law schools.
- 109 graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy.
- 9 naval officers were not graduated as such.
- 162 graduated from the U. S. Military Academy.
- 35 military officers were not graduated as such.
- 29 artists received their education at the National
Academy of Design.

As to the last item it may be stated that it was found impracticable to designate in a general way the various degrees of artistic preparation either in painting, sculpture, music, the drama, etc., because these arts have in a large measure been learned from individual instructors.

After presenting the figures, their significance must be largely left to individual deduction. Yet some features are especially prominent. Assuming that the names from which these figures are compiled represent a fair selection from the best known men and women of the country, they speak most convincingly of the value of education as a factor in success.

The 1307 who furnished no educational data include a large number of persons whose present occupations or avocations indicate that they, too, must have received the benefits of higher education, and if they had all supplied scholastic statistics the relative number in each grade would probably have undergone no material change. For purposes of comparison these and the 298 educated abroad may be eliminated, and only the first eight items and the naval and military graduates be considered, making a total of 6029 out of a grand total of 8602 in the entire list of names.

Of this 6029, only 205 (20 self-taught and 185 privately educated) did not attend schools; and only 640 of the others stopped with the instruction they received in the public schools. This is no argument against the common schools of the country, however, because nearly all who are in the higher classifications began their education in public schools and from them passed into the academic and collegiate institutions. The strong fact is that so large a proportion of the whole have had the benefit of the higher education.

In regard to professional education it will be seen that there are only 336 graduates from law schools, although there are 860 practising lawyers represented in the book; and of the 847 clergymen in active pastorates and hundreds in other associations, only 374 are graduates of theological seminaries, showing that the special preparation in these professions has been largely carried on under private tuition."

Much more might be derived from a further study of these figures, but we leave it open for each individual thinker to follow out in his own way. A lengthy tabular representation is also given of birth and residence statistics showing in one column how many of these prominent people were born in each state and territory, including also 67 foreign countries, and in another column how many of these people now reside in each state, territory or country. We omit the table, but quote from the author's analysis of birth and residence statistics the following:

"The value of the compilation lies, of course, in the character and classification of the people enumerated, comprising a carefully selected list of those who are best known as representatives of the better and higher interests and activities of the United States. The table is useful as indicating where people of this kind come from, and where their activities center. Summarizing, it appears that of the 8602 people, 7320 are natives, 974 foreign born, and 308 furnish no data as to birth place. As to present location, 8345 are in the United States, 243 abroad, and 14 are not located." (Those abroad do not include army officers.)

"Of the American States and Territories, only Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and Wyoming fail to contribute to the birth list; but all are represented in the column showing present location. Of the 67 foreign countries (including the German Empire as only one), 61 are contributors to the birth column, and 34 to present residence list."

We select from the table the ten most important ones as to birth:

	Birthplace.	Present Location.
New York,	1642	2039
Massachusetts	828	742
Pennsylvania,	738	622
Ohio,	570	321
Maine	278	91
Connecticut,	276	193
Illinois,	264	564
Virginia,	235	102
England,	210	89
Vermont,	200	42

Commenting further the author says: "The gain in New York from the first to second column is unquestionably due to a concentration of leading workers and thinkers in literary, artistic, commercial and other lines, in New York

City. The Illinois figures, which show more than twice as many in the second column as are in the first column, speak very pertinently for the growth of Chicago as a center of attraction for people of "Who's Who" characteristics."

(For a far more elaborate analysis of college statistics, the reader is referred to "Within College Walls" by Chas. F. Thwing, Pres. Western Reserve University.)

THOUGHT POTPOURRI.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.
—C. P. Cranch.

My Country 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,—
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

Samuel F. Smith.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*Phillip J. Bailey.*

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes
 as to fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm, in this youthful
 land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches
 herself among the mountains of Switzerland.

—Lydia Maria Child.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
 Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
 Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
 Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
 But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.—*Frances Anne Kemble.*

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;—
 The conscious stones to beauty grew.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating,
 Funeral marches to the grave.—*Henry W. Longfellow.*
 Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.
 —*Robert Browning.*

That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.—*Alfred Tennyson.*
 Yes, child of suffering, thou mayest well be sure,
 He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!
 —*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—*James Russell Lowell.*

In Winter when the dismal rain
 Came down in slanting lines,
 And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
 His thunder-harp of pines.—*Alexander Smith.*

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long.—*H. F. Croley.*

But whether on the scaffold high
 Or in the battle's van,
 The fittest place where man can die
 Is where he dies for man!—*Michael J. Barry.*

Two souls with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one.—*Maria Lovell.*

I love it — I love it, and who shall dare
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!—*Eliza Cook.*

A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.
 —*Martin F. Tupper.*

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!—*Sarah Flower Adams.*

I am very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But O, they love the better still;
The few our Father sends.—*Lady Dufferin.*

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour 's done:
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won.—*Dinah M. Muloch.*

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.—*Dante Alighieri.*

As when, O lady mine,
With chisell'd touch
The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.—*Michael Angelo.*

Life is short and the art long.—*Hippocrates.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding
small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds
He all.—*Fredrich Von Logau.*

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.—*Staniford.*

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.—*Cowper.*

Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.—*Goldsmith.*

'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.—*Pope.*

There buds the promise of celestial worth.—*Young.*

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.—*Dryden.*

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.—*Butler.*

Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.—*Milton.*

Morality is but the vestibule of religion.—*Chapin.*

The morality of some people is in remnants,—never enough to
make a coat.—*Joubert.*

Soft moonlight and tender love harmonize together wonderfully.
—*Ninon de l'Enclos*.

The cold, chaste moon, the queen of heaven's bright aisles.
—*Shelley*.

If money goes before, all ways do lie open.—*Shakespeare*.

Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul.—*Thoreau*.

Let them obey who know how to rule.—*Shakespeare*.

All men would be master of others, and no man is lord of himself.
—*Goethe*.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.—*Johnson*.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has.—*Colton*.

Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues.—*Confucius*.

Humbleness is always grace, always dignity.—*Lowell*.

Humility is the first of the virtues — for other people.—*Holmes*.

Fidelity is the sister of justice.—*Horace*.

Trust reposed in noble natures obliges them the more.—*Dryden*.

A flatterer is the shadow of a fool.—*Sir Thomas Overbury*.

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant; and of all tame—
a flatterer.—*Ben. Jonson*.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF EXPRESSION.

When a mechanic builds a gate, he puts in a brace extending from the lower corner next the hinge, to the opposite upper corner, and the purpose of that brace is to prevent the gate from sagging downwards. What would you think of a mechanic who put that brace in from the upper hinge to the lower corner opposite, as if to keep the gate from sagging upward? Well, that is the way many people build their sentences. They brace up the subject and predicate with pronouns, adverbial clauses, and all sorts of thought material, thrown into the structure in such a way as to indicate that the proposition was likely to sag in almost any direction, except where the gravitating force of the argument should incline it to rest.

Now, there are well established principles on which to construct our thought-houses, and any violation of these principles betrays the artisan, and brands him as an idea-tinker, or sort of thought-cobbler, incapable of doing creditable work in the temple of the mind.

Many good authors occasionally get a stick of verbal timber in wrong way around, and in quoting some of these as examples, it is not intended to expose that author's ignorance of expressional architecture, but rather his inattention, amounting, at least, to a mild degree of carelessness. The ornamental features of composition admit of more variation, according to taste; still, much that is good might be a little better. A moulding may look well wrong side up, but it looks still better right side up. Mistakes, like sins, are not all equally heinous.

It is our purpose to give, under the above caption, numerous illustrations of the structural principles involved in expressing the best thoughts of the best thinkers, stipulating in advance, that to be classed as best thinkers, they must think clear-

ly, after which, with due regard to these principles, they express themselves clearly to others. To insure that the reader may also be clear-headed in his interpretation of thought, we present, first, the leading causes of ambiguity, the avoidance of which will secure

CLEARNESS.

In general, it may be sufficient to define Clearness, as such an arrangement of words that the meaning cannot be mistaken. By reference to our Symposium, No. 56, it will be seen that there are several classes of words and clauses likely to become disarranged, and thus introduce a want of clearness. Quintillian says, "Care should be taken, not that the hearer *may* understand, but that he *must* understand, whether he will or not."

When we see a landscape through an imperfect window-pane, the view is distorted, and our attention is called more to the glass than to the landscape. If the glass is perfect, we see the landscape so clearly that we do not notice the glass. So, if our words are well chosen and properly built together, we shall see the meaning (the thought) so clearly that we take no notice of the words through which it is discerned. The most eloquent language calls no attention to itself. The sentiment conveyed takes instantaneous possession of the hearer's mind, as if received by instinct. He understands it so thoroughly that he feels as if he had always known it. The highest compliment you can pay a speaker is, that you know exactly what he meant, but you did not notice how he said it. In that case, he must have said it just right.

Of the many ways of securing clearness, we will first call attention to the use of pronouns.⁵⁹ Here is a sentence from Tillotson:—"Men look with an evil eye upon the good that is in others; and think that their reputation obscures them and their commendable qualities stand in their light; and therefore they do what they can to cast a cloud over them, that the bright shining of their virtues may not obscure them."

In the above sentence, the last word "them" may refer to four different nouns for its antecedent. It may mean "men," "other," "qualities" or "virtues." And so the other pronouns, "their" and "they" are rendered ambiguous,⁶¹ by reason of the general jumble of thought-timber. To show its faults more clearly, let us introduce a "?" at each doubtful place, and the sentence looks like this: "Men look with an evil eye upon the good that is in others; and think that *their* (others, or men?) reputation obscures *them* (?), and *their* (?) commendable qualities stand in *their* (?) light; and therefore *they* (?) do what *they* (?) can to cast a cloud over *them* (?) that the bright shining of *their* (?) virtue may not obscure *them* (?)."

Usually, the best way to correct the errors that arise from the wrong use of two or more pronouns is to make one of the nouns they represent singular and the other plural. The singular pronouns will then, of course, all refer to the singular noun, and the plural pronouns to the plural noun. Reconstructing this sentence in that way, we make it perfectly clear, thus:

"Men look with evil eye upon the good that is in *another*; and think that *his* reputation obscures *them*, *his* commendable qualities stand in *their* light; and therefore *they* do what *they* can to cast a cloud over *him*, that the bright shining of *his* virtues may not obscure *them*."

Now, not all cases are so difficult as the above, and we shall cite many short sentences where the reader will see at a glance how the error could have been avoided, and the meaning rendered clear. Next, however, take this story told by Burton, of Billy Williams, a comic actor, relating his experience in riding a horse belonging to Hamblin, the manager:

"So I goes to the stable with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on him."

"On Tom Flynn?"

"No, on the horse. So after talking with Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted him."

"What! mounted Tom Flynn?"

"No! the horse; and then I shook hands with him and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, with Tom Flynn; and then I rode off up the Bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bowery Theater but Tom Hamblin; so I got off and told the boy to hold him by the head."

"What! hold Hamblin by the head?"

"No, the horse; and then we went in and had a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No! me and Hamblin; and after that I mounted him again, and went out of town."

"What! mounted Hamblin again?"

"No, the horse; and when I got to Burnham, who should be there but Tom Flynn,—he'd taken another horse and rode out ahead of me; so I told the hostler to tie him up."

"Tie Tom Flynn up?"

"No, the horse; and we had a drink there."

"What, you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn!"

Finding his auditors by this time in a *horse* laugh, Billy wound up with—

"Now, look here, — every time I say horse, you say Hamblin, and every time I say Hamblin, you say horse. I'll be hanged if I tell you any more about it."

Another mode of correcting the wrong use of pronouns is by *quoting* some part of the sentence. Take this example:

"Mrs. Jones said to her daughter that perhaps she might go to the city for the zephyr she needed to finish the cushion for her sister's Christmas present."

By using a quotation, it is rendered perfectly clear, thus:

Mrs. Jones said to her daughter, "Perhaps I may go to the city for the zephyr you need to finish the cushion for your sister's Christmas present." Or, Mrs. Jones said to her daughter, "Perhaps you may go to the city for the zephyr I need to finish the cushion for my sister's Christmas present." Then, again, it might be, "Perhaps I may go to the city for the zephyr I need to finish the cushion for your sister's Christmas present," and so on till we have exhausted all the changes that can be rung on the pronouns within the quotation; all of those meanings being possible to the sentence as first cited, but each of them perfectly clear as reconstructed.

Take this sentence: The farmer went to his neighbor and told him that his cattle were in his fields. This might mean, Your cattle are in my fields, or my cattle are in your fields, or my cattle are in my fields, or your cattle are in your fields; but by quoting the part that the farmer is supposed to have said to his neighbor, any one of these meanings can be indicated clearly.

Sometimes it is better to repeat the noun itself. For instance:

The captain of the ship swam ashore, and so did the cook. She was insured for fifteen thousand dollars, and was heavily loaded with iron.

The relative pronoun needs special care, as seen by such examples as the following:

A child was run over and injured on the central viaduct by a heavy-loaded wagon wearing copper-toed shoes and a pink sash, *which* never spoke afterwards. Another: He needs no spectacles, that cannot see; nor boots, that cannot walk. To rent, a house containing ten rooms, to small family newly papered and located in a pleasant village, *which* has a fine bay window in front. Mr. Jenkins needs a surgeon, *who* has broken his leg.

Mary asked her mother if she would bring her work-basket along, as she wished to make something for her mother.

"We nowhere meet with a more glorious and pleasing show in nature, than what appears at the rising and setting of the sun, *which* (sun, rising and setting, or show?) is wholly made up of those different stains of light, that show themselves in clouds of different situation."—*Addison*.

To correct this, say, "than that *which* appears at the rising and setting of the sun, *and* which—

"*His* servant being ill, *he* had consented to allow *his* brother, a timid youth from the country, to take *his* place for a short time, and for that short time, *he was* a constant source of annoyance."—*Life of C. J. Matthews*.

"They (those historians) who have talents want industry or virtue; they (those) who have industry want talents."—*Southey*.

"Lisias promised to his father never to abandon *his* friends."—Quoted by *Campbell*.

The war then exciting attention to the American Colonies as one of the chief points in dispute, *they* came out in two volumes octavo."—*Prior*, in *Life of Burke*.

"The correspondence alone which I have to conduct is at once extensive and demanding thoughtful attention, but I never *have*, nor ever will, allow literary work to interfere with pastoral." Upon this quotation Mr. Moon comments as follows: "You *never have allow* that, doctor, the magistrate means, Mr. Editor, and he hopes, too, that you *never will allowed* it, never no more.' Literary work, indeed!"

"Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton."—*Thackeray*.

(Which probably means, "as the first lover is described by Milton as having eyed his mistress with.")

Bain says that "the clearness of composition depends more upon the use of *he*, *she*, *it*, and *they*, than upon any other single matter coming within the scope of grammar."

Cobbett says, "The word *it* is the greatest troubler that I know of in the language. It is so small, and so convenient, that few are careful enough in using it. Whenever they are at a loss for either a nominative or an adjective to their sentence, they, without any ceremony, clap in an *it*."

The same author, in another place says, "When a man gets to his *its*, I tremble for him."

Dean Alford, in his "Plea for the Queen's English," has this sentence: "While treating of the pronunciation of those who minister in public, two other words occur to me which are very commonly mangled by our clergy. One of *these*¹ is covetous, and its substantive covetousness. I hope some who read *these lines* will be induced to leave off pronouncing *them*² covetious and covetousness. I can assure *them*³ that when *they*⁴ do thus call *them*,⁵ one at least of *their*⁶ hearers has his appreciation of *their*⁷ teaching disturbed."

Commenting on the above sentence, Moon says, "I fancy that many a one who reads these lines will have *his* appreciation of *your* teaching disturbed, as far as it relates to the Queen's English. But now for the changes which may be rung on these bells, as I have called them. The first of them (1) may apply either to *words* or to *our clergy*. One of *these* is covetous. I am sorry to say that the general belief is that there are more than *one*; but perhaps you know one in particular. However my remarks interrupt the bell-ringing, and we want to count the changes, so I will say no more, but will at once demonstrate that we can ring 10,240 changes on your peal of bells! In other words, that your paragraph of less than ten lines, is so ambiguously worded that, without any alteration of its grammar or syntax, it may be read in 10,240 different ways! and only one of all that number shall be the right way to express your meaning.

THE PRONOUNS.	NOUNS TO WHICH THEY MAY APPLY.	NO OF NOUNS.	NO. OF DIFFERENT READINGS.
1 these	words, or clergy	2	2
2 them	words, clergy, readers, lines	4	these 4 $\times$ by above 2 = 8
3 them	words, clergy, readers, lines	4	these 4 $\times$ by above 8 = 32
4 they	words, clergy, readers, lines	4	these 4 $\times$ 32 = 128
5 them	words, clergy, readers, lines	4	these 4 $\times$ 128 = 512
6 their	words, clergy, readers, lines	4	these 4 $\times$ 512 = 2048
7 their	words, clergy, readers, lines or hearers	5	these 5 $\times$ 2048 = 10240

The foregoing examples are probably sufficient to convince the reader that carelessness in the use of pronouns is liable to create misunderstanding. There are many other ways in which even celebrated authors sometimes fail to make their meaning clear; and we shall continue these inquiries into the Architecture of Expression, elucidating principles, and citing examples where an author has put some of his thought-timber in wrong way around, or left it out altogether.

QUOT HOMINES TOT SENTENTIAE.

And which is right? Who knows? Do you?

For me, I'm sore perplexed;
The last one proved his doctrine true,
But so too will the next.

THEOLOGIST.

Here one avers — nor doth he speak
As doubting or afraid—
That in six days, in one short week,
This world was "perfect" made.

GEOLOGIST.

Another there with mild rebuke
States that this can scarce have been;
That by "six days" the Pentateuch
Must surely "ages" mean.

PHILOSOPHER.

A third with neither will agree,
And smiling he replies,
"In boundless space there chance may be
Worlds plentiful as flies."

IDEALIST.

Yet saith a fourth, "But think, and you
Will very quickly find
That neither "worlds" nor "flies, 'tis true,
Exist, but only Mind.

SCEPTIC.

"And what is Mind?" a last one cries:
"A perfume, spark, or wind!
A shadow's shadow! Nay, be wise, —
Nay, tell me, what is Mind?"

* * * * *

Pshaw! Is it strange, friend, if we doubt
These voices of the night?
Come, let us cast Hope's anchor out,
And so wait for the light!

— *Tinsley's Magazine.*

LACONICS.

THOUGHT POTPOURRI.¹⁹⁰

Every man's task is his life-preserver.—*Emerson*.
 Experience is the extract of suffering.—*A. Helps*.
 Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.—*George Eliot*.

A wanton eye is the messenger of an unchaste heart.—*Augustine*.
 Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason.—*Fielding*.

A good face is the best letter of recommendation.—*Queen Elizabeth*.
 A beautiful face is a silent commendation.—*Bacon*.
 I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.—*Socrates*.
 All men's faces are true, whatsoever their hands are.—*Shakespeare*.

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.—*Socrates*.
 Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.—*Motherwell*.
 If fame is only to come after death, I am in no hurry for it.—*Martia!*

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—*Lamb*.
 Beware of him who hates the laugh of a child.—*Lavater*.
 The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.—*Goldsmith*.

That learning is most requisite which unlearns evil.—*Antisthenes*.
 To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

The end of labor is to gain leisure.—*Aristotle*.
 What sweet delight a quiet life affords.—*Drummond*.

The office of liberality consists in giving with judgment.—*Cicero*.

Every man's life is a plan of God.—*Horace Bushnell*.
 Man proposes, but God disposes.—*Thomas a Kempis*.
 We live no more of our time here than we live well.—*Carlyle*.
 A useless life is only an early death.—*Goethe*.
 It is an infamy to die and not be missed.—*Carlos Wilcox*.
 Life is the childhood of immortality.—*Goethe*.
 He that lives to live forever, never fears dying.—*Penn*.

Light is the shadow of God.—*Plato*.
 Light is the symbol of truth.—*Lowell*.
 Moral light is the radiation of the diviner glory.—*Dick*.

Men are, at some time, masters of their fates.—*Shakespeare*.
 We are not to lead events, but follow them.—*Epictetus*.

What we learn with pleasure we never forget.—*Alfred Mercier.*

Mercifulness makes us equal to the gods.—*Claudian.*

A God all mercy, were a God unjust.—*Young.*

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.—*George Eliot.*

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.—*Bovee.*

Methods are the masters of masters.—*Talleyrand.*

Don't despair of a student, if he has one clear idea.—*Emmons.*

A wise man is never less alone, than when he is alone.—*Swift.*

The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.—*Hooker.*

Every believer is God's miracle.—*Bailey.*

It is impious in a good man to be sad.—*Young.*

Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.—*Sannazaro.*

He that is down needs fear no fall.—*Bunyan.*

Rats and conquerors must expect no mercy in misfortune.—*Colton.*

Heaven sends us misfortunes as a moral tonic.—*Lady Blessington.*

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—*Tennyson.*

A mob is the scum that rises when a nation boils.—*Dryden.*

License they mean, when they cry liberty.—*Milton.*

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy, never with its reason.—*Alger.*

A false modesty is the meanest species of pride.—*Gibbon.*

Modesty is the conscience of the body.—*Balzac.*

Make money your god, it will plague you like the devil.—*Fielding.*

To despise money is to dethrone a king.—*Chamfort.*

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.—*Franklin.*

Mammon is the largest slave-holder in the world.—*F. Saunders.*

Prejudice is the reason of fools.—*Voltaire.*

All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.—*Pope.*

Ignorance is less remote from the truth than prejudice.—*Diderot.*

Prejudice is the child of ignorance.—*Haslitt.*

Progress is the activity of to-day and the assurance of to-morrow.—*Emerson.*

Intercourse is the soul of progress.—*Buxton.*

Revolutions never go backwards.—*Emerson.*

Progress—the onward stride of God.—*Victor Hugo.*

Every brave man is a man of his word.—*Corneille.*

An acre of performance is worth the whole world of promise.—*Howell.*

I had rather do and not promise, than promise and not do.—*A. Warwick.*

In prosperity, prepare for a change; in adversity, hope for one.—*Burgh.*

All sunshine makes the desert.—*Arab Proverb.*

Everything may be endured, except continual prosperity.—*Goethe.*

Few maxims are true from every point of view.—*Vauvenargues*.

Proverbs may be said to be the abridgment of wisdom.—*Joubert*.

The wisdom of many and the wit of one.—*Lord John Russell*.

Maxims are the condensed good sense of nations.—*Sir J. Mackintosh*.

Proverbs are the cream of a nation's thought.—*Anon*.

The public is wiser than the wisest critic.—*Bancroft*.

Punishment is justice for the unjust.—*Augustine*.

The rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain.—*Longfellow*.

An apt quotation is as good as an original remark.—*Proverb*.

Quotation is the highest compliment you can pay an author.—*Johnson*.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.—
Emerson.

Full of wise saws and modern instances.—*Shakespeare*.

Our best thoughts come from others.—*Emerson*.

With just enough of learning to misquote.—*Byron*.

Fine words! I wonder where you stole them.—*Swift*.

I have only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing
of my own but the thread that ties them together.—*Montaigne*.

THE BUSINESS OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF
WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY.

In the resolutions passed by the corporation of Boston University on the occasion of the observance of its twenty-fifth anniversary, addressed to its first and only president,—Dr. William F. Warren,—the following phrases are used: “to mould the destinies of an institution,” “the wise and liberal counsels of one who has held steadily to the highest and most comprehensive ideals,” “the catholic and progressive spirit.” These phrases are significant of general duties as well as replete with intimations of happy personal relationships and official achievements. A president should be able to “mould the destinies of the institution” of which he is the chief executive. A president should also be able to give “counsels” “wise and liberal,” and he should also be able to hold “steadily,” both in time and in condition “to the highest and most comprehensive ideals”; he should also embody and manifest a “catholic and progressive spirit.”

Ultimate purposes are the one thing; subordinate purposes are quite another. Subordinate purposes frequently become means or methods for securing ultimate ends. Moulding the destinies of an institution is a subordinate aim which becomes a means for securing aims yet higher. Wise and liberal counsels also embody subordinate purposes which easily are transmuted into means for gaining ultimate purposes. A catholic and progressive spirit is a good in itself, but it is also a means and method for attaining even a better good. The characterizations which are applied to the president of Boston University, on the whole, represent secondary purposes or means for securing the most adequate results.

THE PRESIDENT'S MAIN DUTY.

The main duty of a college president is to train students unto the holding of highest ideals and to the embodying of these ideals in public service. The society of a prosperous democracy is beset by the temptation of not holding highest ideals. In point of intellectual condition the so-called higher classes in a prosperous democracy are subject to the temptations of mediocrity and commonplaceness, and the lower classes to the temptation of brutalism. In point of manners and social conditions the higher classes are open to the temptation of arrogance; the middle classes to the temptation of pettiness, and the lower classes to the temptation of bestiality. To each of these classes a university, through its president and other officers, owes a special duty. To the higher it owes the duty of teaching the lesson of spirituality; to the middle it owes the duty of teaching the relative values of personalities and of things; to the lower it owes the duty of teaching gentleness, humility, and purity.

These spiritual ideas of the race are to be realized in service for the people. This service for the people may take on formal or informal relations. It may be given through the constituted government; it may be given through the general relations of the community and of society. If given through the formal government the duty of the university represents the training of worthy officers of and for the commonwealth.

TWO KINDS OF EDUCATION.

This education may be either one of two sorts: The one kind is the clerical and the less arduous administrative type. Such is the training given to the young Englishmen who are to occupy positions of a clerical grade in the colonial governments. This training is valuable, and leads to resulting values in the interest of the government and of humanity. The other kind of training is less direct, and yet it is the more valuable, as it is the less directly immediate in its purpose. It relates to general preparation for the most important administrative and executive places. It is a preparation which is general.

The primary purpose of such a preparation is identical with the primary purpose of education. It seeks to make each man a thinker, a weigher of evidence, and judge of relations. It does not fit one to become President or a legislator or a member of the Supreme Court. It desires simply so to train the intellect, as well as all the other parts of one's nature, that the man, if elected President or legislator or appointed judge, shall do the work belonging to the position with efficiency and satisfaction. It looks upon government in its higher relations as first a means and second an end. Government in its lower relations is first an end and secondarily a means. No nation has had a diplomatic corps of so noble a character or of so great fitness for diplomacy as has had England. She has had no school for this training. She has had schools for the training of men for the clerical and subordinate positions of the various colonial boards, but the men whom she has called into her service and service of humanity for large relationships have been trained as gentlemen, as scholars, and as thinkers at her universities. Through such a training these men have been best fitted to consider and to perform the special business committed to them. In a democracy it would be useless, and to some extent ridiculous, to seek to train men for the higher positions of government. Such training would sacrifice a noble elevation of mind and a fine sense of universal relationship to mere professional narrowness and technical effectiveness. In government, as in certain other of the largest interests of mankind, the specialist and the expert are not the men of the largest wisdom or the most permanent serviceableness, important or necessary as are the services which the expert and the specialist render in most departments of life. For government is not a realm for specialists. The qualities which constitute a good legislator are the simple qualities of sound judgment and interpretation. The qualities which constitute a good secretary of the treasury are the same qualities which constitute a good banker or a good fiduciary trustee. In preparing men for the highest places in and through the government, let the university be content with making the thinker. Once able to think, the special problems

submitted to an administrator for his solution he will solve with ease, and the special duties imposed for his doing he will do with satisfaction to others and with facility for himself.

A second form in which the idealism of the college may manifest itself in public service relates to political parties. In a prosperous democracy public attention is usually fixed on the party in power, and upon this power as an end and as a good in itself. This consideration is of the nature of a transference of the interest which belongs to an end to the means for securing that end. This transference is not unnatural. For one becomes so accustomed to the party as a necessary method or means for carrying on the government that one is soon led to believe that the party is the government itself, and even that in extreme instances the government exists to perpetuate and enrich the party. The university is, therefore, to impress upon the people the truth that parties exist in order to give the most efficient government, and that that party only has special rights to be in power which gives the most efficient government. Therefore the universities have been a silent factor in political affairs. They have been concerned only to maintain a sound and efficient government. They have been, and are, the most eager to remove any political party which has become weak while it has been trying to govern. In the United States the universities have been the most conservative element in preserving the present government as a republic. They would be of all classes the most averse to a monarchy of any sort.

WHAT THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT STANDS FOR.

One method, and the only one to which I can refer, for the maintenance of the highest ideals and for the embodiment of these ideals in the service of the people lies in the college president himself holding these ideals, and finding in himself their incarnation. He is to be himself a great citizen. All that concerns the state or the community concerns him. Its honor is his pride; its dishonor cuts him to the quick. He is to regard himself as a trustee of the highest interests. He is to live a vicarious life, and, it may be, to

die a vicarious death. No sacrifice is to be held too dear, provided only, that by making it the highest and widest interests are conserved. Of course, he is not to be a busybody. He is to keep himself free from fussiness; he is not to be primarily and constitutionally a critic. His mood is not to be pessimistic. In a large and noble way he is to be a shepherd of the people. He may or may not be a technical leader, but, what is more, he is to do what can be done so to train the people that they will naturally go into the best places by the right paths. He may or may not be a speaker, writer, or public man, but in his character, and so far as his abilities allow, he is to represent the highest ideals of and for the public service.

KEATE AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

It is sometimes suggested, and possibly more often by the impression which the college president gives through conduct and manner than through spoken words, that the promotion of good fellowship is his primary duty. Good fellowship is important both as a form of happiness, as a means to happiness, and also as a method for securing results more important than happiness. But great results often accrue in academic administration which are remote from good fellowship. Students of the history of the English Eton remember that Keate was a master, severe, cruel, arbitrary. He was at many times apparently nothing less than a brute, although, let us say, he tried to be a just one. On one occasion he is said to have flogged eighty boys in a single day; and it is told that one of the regrets of the close of his life was that he had not flogged more. But it is of this man of which Mr. Gladstone, describing a banquet commemorative of the fourth centenary of the old school, says that when his name had been announced the scene was indescribable. The roar of cheering had a beginning, but never knew satiety or end. The whole process was such that all seemed to have lost self-possession and to be hardly able to keep their seats. When at length it became possible Keate arose; he struggled to speak, speak he could not. He tried in

vain to mumble a word or two, but wholly failed; recommenced the vain struggle and sat down. Good fellowship! there was no good fellowship at Eton in Keate's time; but Keate helped to train great men into great ideals and for great service in a great state.

Yet there is a sense in which fellowship may be used to promote the realizing of high ideals in public service. The college president should keep himself in close touch with the individual students; he should, indeed, touch them. He should know them by their names, as Lee tried to know the men at what is now Washington and Lee University. He should know their personal relations, tempers, potencies, and ambitions. Through this personal touch the college president may do somewhat toward the creating and maintaining of high ideals in the hearts of the students, and also, let it be hoped, do somewhat toward inspiring them to realize these ideals through noble service among and for the people.

THE FUNCTION OF COLLEGE EDUCATION.

BY HENRY CHURCHILL KING, D. D., PRESIDENT OF
OBERLIN COLLEGE.

President Butler only voices the fear of many when he says: "The American college hardly exists nowadays, and, unless all signs mislead, those who want to get it back in all its useful excellence will have to fight for it vigorously. The milk-and-water substitutes and the fiat universities that have taken the place of the colleges, are a poor return for what we have lost."

The rapid changes that have taken place in college education in the last twenty-five years have carried with them, in many quarters at least, unforeseen and far-reaching consequences. The study of these consequences has brought to some of the most careful students of education, with whatever recognition of gain, a distinct sense of loss, most definitely expressed, perhaps, by Dean Briggs in his "Old-fashioned Doubts concerning New-fashioned Education."

Other changes in other departments of education have greatly complicated the problem of the relation of the different members of our educational system. Revolutionary changes, that seem almost if not quite to involve the elimination of the college, are soberly, even if reluctantly, suggested by distinguished educators. And other changes of relations that appear at first sight less serious, in which the colleges themselves are acquiescing, may in the end make any adequate attainment of the older college ideal equally impossible. The result of the entire situation, therefore, is to press to-day upon American educators as never before these questions: Has the American college a real function, a logical and vital place in a comprehensive system of education?

Or, is it the blunder of a crude time and a crude people, an illogical hybrid between the secondary school and the university, that ought to hand over a part of its work to the secondary school and the rest to the university, and to retire promptly from the scene with such grace as it can muster? Or, at best, is its older function now incapable of realization?

Just because these questions concern the place of college education in a system of education, they can be answered only in the light of a comprehensive survey of the entire problem of education.

The problem of education in its broadest scope may perhaps be said to be the problem of preparation for meeting the needs of the world's life and work. Much of the training belongs necessarily to the home and to the interactions of the inevitable relations of life. Much of it, probably, can never be brought into any organized system. But organized education must do what it can to insure, first, that no men shall lack that elementary training and knowledge without which they are hardly fitted at all for ordinary human intercourse, or for intelligent work of any kind in society, still less for growing and happy lives; second, that there shall be those who can carry on the various occupations demanded by our complex civilization, in the trades, in business, and in the professions; third, that there shall be investigators, scientific specialists, extenders of human knowledge, in all spheres. None of these needs are likely to be denied — not even the last; for our age has had so many demonstrations of the practical value of scientific discoveries, that it is even ready to grant the value of the extension of knowledge for its own sake. That, then, every man should have the education necessary to render him a useful member of society; that the necessary occupations should be provided for; that there should be a class of scientific specialists constantly pushing out the boundaries of human knowledge — we are all agreed. And to this extent at least, the problems, first, of the elementary schools; second, of the trade, technical, and professional schools; and, third, of the university proper, are recognized and justified.

We might argue for college education; that the world needs preeminently the leadership of a few of greater social efficiency than any of the other types of education by their necessary limitations are able to offer. For when all is said that can possibly be said for elementary, secondary, technical, professional, and specialized training, what still does the world's life and work need? All these are necessary, but obviously, for the highest life of society, much more, and much that is greater, is demanded. Here are instruction and discipline, technical skill and professional training, and heights of specialized knowledge. "But where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding?" The elementary school saith, It is not in me; and the secondary school saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for technical skill, nor shall professional success be weighed for the price thereof; it cannot be valued with the gain of the specialist, with his enlarged knowledge or his discovery. Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?

One cannot answer that question by raising small inquiries of immediately appreciable gain. Let us ask, then, the largest questions and note their generally admitted answers. Assuming that the world and life are not wholly irrational, what is the best we can say concerning the meaning of the earthly life? What is the goal of civilization? What is the danger of the American nation? What are the greatest needs of the individual man?

The wisdom of the centuries has not been able to suggest a better meaning for the earthly life, than that it is a preliminary training in living itself. The goal of civilization, our sociologists tell us, is a rational, ethical democracy. Our political students insist that the foremost danger of the nation is the lack of spirit of social service. The greatest needs of the individual man are always character, happiness, and social efficiency. If these are even approximately correct answers to our questions, then the deepest demands to be made upon an educational system are, that, so far as it may, it

should give wisdom in living, that should insure character and happiness to the individual, and that spirit of social service that should make men efficient factors in bringing on the coming rational and ethical democracy.

This requires that somewhere in our educational system we should attack the problem of living itself and of social service in the broadest possible way, and in a way that is broader than is possible to either the elementary or secondary school, though neither of these may legitimately shirk this task. Just this, then, is the function of the college: to teach in the broadest way the fine art of living, to give the best preparation that organized education can give for entering wisely and unselfishly into the complex personal relations of life, and for furthering unselfishly and efficiently social progress. As distinguished from the other forms of education, it has no primary reference to the earning of a living, or to the performance of some specific task; it faces the problem of living in a much broader and more thoroughgoing fashion; it does not specifically aim or expect to reach all, but seeks to train a comparatively small, self-selected number, who shall be the social leaven of the nation.

If the task so set the college seems too large, let us remember not only that the admitted individual and social goals require no less, but also that the outcome of the maturest thinking upon man and his relation to the world, indicates that the best anywhere can be attained only through such breadth of aim.

For if we seek light from *psychology*, we are confronted at once with its insistence upon the complexity of life — the relatedness of all — and upon the unity of man. But these principles deny point-blank the wisdom of an education exclusively intellectual, and require rather, that, for the sake of the intellect itself, the rest of life and the rest of man be not ignored. Positively, they call for an education that shall be broadly inclusive in its interests, and that shall appeal to the entire man.

If we turn to *sociology*, we meet, if possible, an even stronger emphasis upon the complexity of life, and a clear demand that, back of whatever power the individual may have, there should lie the great convictions of the social consciousness, that imply the highest moral training, and set one face to face with the widest social and political questions. No narrow education can meet the sociological test.

And if we ask for the evidence of *philosophy*, we have to note that its most characteristic positions to-day in metaphysics and theory of knowledge — its teleological view of essence, its insistence that the function of knowledge is transitional, and that the key to reality is the whole person — all refute a purely intellectual conception of education and logically require a broader view of education than has anywhere commonly prevailed.

And if as a Christian people, professing to find our highest ideals in the Christian religion, we seek guidance from its goal — that all men should live as obedient sons of the Heavenly Father and as brothers one of another — we are face to face again with that problem of the complex world of personal relations, that cannot be solved except through the training of the entire man.

We have a right to demand from an educational system in large measure these qualities — judgment, adaptability, discernment, interpretive power, the scientific, historical, and philosophical spirit, and the culture adequate to enter into the great spheres of value — æsthetic, personal, moral and religious,—and it is evident that they can be given only indirectly and through the most liberal training. Do they not lie, in the nature of the case, quite beyond the limits of elementary, secondary, professional, or specialistic training, and constitute the great aims of college education? Is there anything else likely to take the place of the college in performing this greatest educational work?

It will hardly be contended by any, I judge, that technical or professional training, for the very reason that it does and must aim primarily at direct preparation for a particular

calling, can give with any adequacy this individual and liberal education.

The university, properly so-called, cannot do the work of the college, first, because its aim is distinctly and entirely intellectual; and, second, because it assumes, with some reason, that it is dealing with fully mature men, in whose case any imposition of conduct and ideals would be out of place, and this assumption accentuates still further its strictly intellectual aim. But, besides this, in the very nature of the case, in its exclusive specialism, the university lacks, necessarily, the breadth of aim required in the fullest training for living, and quite fails to make its appeal to the entire man; and so shuts out both indispensable interests and indispensable training. Even on the purely intellectual side, for the very reason that it looks to specialism in each line, it is likely quite to lack those general courses that even the specialist needs in other lines than his own. These three essential differences, then, — the purely intellectual aim, the assumption of the maturity of its students, and its exclusive specialism, — make the atmosphere of the university distinctly different from that of the college, and make it impossible that it should ever do the work of the older college.

The supreme opportunity that a college education should offer, is opportunity to use one's full powers in a wisely chosen, complex environment, in association with the best; — and all this in an atmosphere, catholic in its interests, objective in spirit and method, and democratic, unselfish, and finely reverent in its personal relations. Such an ideal definitely combines the best of both the older and the newer college. And the colleges that most completely fulfill this ideal have, I judge, a work which is beyond price, and without possible substitute.

I do not believe that the proper demands of both liberal and professional training can be met where it is attempted to cover both courses in six years. Even where the requisite subjects are all covered by brilliant students the value of the outcome may well be doubted. It is not to be forgotten that

it is time, and some real sense of leisure, and opportunity to take in the full significance of one's studies and to knit them up with the rest of one's thinking and living — it is just these things that distinguish cramming from real education.

THE SHORTER COURSE.

Hurry the babe as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate;
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy;
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath
Until he wins — nervous prostration and death.
—*Boston Transcript.*

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHT ALPHABET.¹⁹⁰

- Ability is a poor man's wealth.—*Wren*.
 Beauty is but the sensible image of the Infinite.—*Bancroft*
 Common Sense is the knack of seeing things as they are.—*C. E. Stowe*.
 Duties are ours, events are God's.—*Cecil*.
 Experience is the shroud of illusions.—*Finod*.
 Facts are God's arguments.—*Tryon Edwards*.
 Genius must be born; it can never be taught.—*Dryden*.
 Heaven, the treasury of everlasting joy.—*Shakespeare*.
 Idleness is the burial of a living man.—*Jeremy Taylor*.
 Justice without wisdom is impossible.—*Froude*.
 Knowledge is but folly, unless guided by grace.—*Herbert*.
 Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.—*Sir W. Temple*.
 Modesty once extinguished knows not how to return.—*Seneca*.
 Nobility without virtue is a fine setting without a gem.—*Jane Porter*.
 Opinions are stronger than armies.—*Lord Palmerston*.
 Proverbs are short sentences drawn from long experience.—*Cervantes*.
 Quotation is the highest compliment you can pay an author.—*Johnson*.
 Reason is progressive, instinct is complete.—*Young*.
 Speech is great but silence is greater.—*Carlyle*.
 Truth is the handmaid of justice; freedom is its child.—*Sidney Smith*.
 United we stand, divided we fall.—*John Dickinson*.
 Virtue by calculation is the virtue of vice.—*Joubert*.
 Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—*Wordsworth*.
 Expedients are for an hour, but principles are for ages.—*Beecher*.
 Youth to the soul is everlasting, and eternity is youth.—*Richter*.
 Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark.—*Newton*.

WOMEN AND COLLEGE.

INTERESTING STATISTICS — THE VARIOUS TYPES OF STUDENTS.

Some interesting facts and figures are given in an article on "Women's Colleges and Their Executives," contributed by Jane A. Stewart to "The Booklover's Magazine." "At the time of the Civil War," says the writer, "there was but one educational institution of college grade which had women students. This was Oberlin College, which has been open to women since 1833. Now there are more than four hundred and fifty colleges and universities in the United States which are offering to women opportunities for higher culture and professional training. In the universities and colleges, where a generation ago scarcely any women were enrolled, more than a third of the total number of students are women. In the eleven higher educational institutions for woman only, which fulfill the true college standard in entrance requirements, training of faculty and curriculum, there are now enrolled 5,152 students and a teaching force with university attainments numbering 502. The total number of women college students is estimated at forty thousand.

"The increase of women in professional schools has been particularly marked in the last fifteen years. According to the carefully compiled figures of President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, the gain in numbers of students in medicine from 1890 to 1898 was 51 per cent. of men and 64 per cent. of women; in dentistry, 150 per cent. of men and 205 per cent. of women; in pharmacy, 25 per cent. of men and 190 per cent. of women; in technology and agriculture, 119 per cent. of men and 194 per cent. of women.

"There are three distinct types of institutions for the

higher education of women in the United States. First, there is the independent college for women only, which has developed out of the private school and seminary, where our grandmothers were taught the meagre branches of knowledge which past generations deemed fitting for the sex which was destined to a purely domestic sphere. This type of college predominates in the East, and is based on the conservative traditions of the separateness of women's sphere of work. Nevertheless, the great institutions of this type have swung into the main current of educational progress, and such colleges as Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Smith and Wellesley stand for the broadest and most advanced ideas of curriculum and method.

"Second, there is the compromise type, which is attached to a men's college as an 'annex.' The chief examples of this type, Barnard and Radcliffe, are also in the East. Both are attached to great universities, and naturally both are of the highest grade. Barnard College, one of the youngest institutions of higher learning for women, is most closely affiliated with Columbia University.

"Thirdly, we have the co-educational type, which has now spread throughout the country, but which is best represented by the State universities of the Middle West.

"Of all the types of institutions for the higher education of women, the co-educational is the most interesting at the present moment. Its advocates claim that it is the ultimate type, and that the other two are simply stages in educational evolution. Aside from the educational theory which maintains that women and men are mentally benefitted by association in lecture room and laboratory, co-education is supported by that strongest of arguments, economy. President Jordan of Leland Stanford University sums up the educational theory by claiming that women do more work in a more natural way, with better perspective and with saner incentives, than when isolated from the influence and society of men; and that, other things being equal, through association with women in the classroom, the young men are made more earnest and improve in manners and morals.

"An attempt is sometimes made to distinguish between the ideals of culture of the different colleges. One hears discussion of the Smith type, the Wellesley type, the Vassar type of college girl. The differences, after all, are very slight, and are growing less as the colleges are coming into closer contact. Nevertheless, there is something quite distinctive about the Oberlin ideal. A certain moral enthusiasm and an emphasis on the social service which the college man and woman owes the world have marked this college from its earliest days. Dean Luce is an excellent representative of this splendid spirit.

"The privately endowed institutions exclusively for women are well equipped materially, and the endowments of the principal colleges are growing rapidly. Three of them — Bryn Mawr, Smith and Vassar — are included among the fifty-two colleges of the United States having vested funds of more than \$500,000, and two — Vassar and Bryn Mawr — are listed among the twenty-nine colleges possessing productive funds of \$1,000,000 and over. The total value of the property and endowments, as given for last year, is: Vassar, \$2,611,150; Bryn Mawr, \$2,000,000; Wellesley, \$1,500,000, and Mount Holyoke, \$1,400,000. If numbers were a gauge of worth, Smith would be ranked as the first undergraduate college of the United States, for it has an enrolment of 1,048 students. Wellesley is next, with 889; Vassar, 860; Mount Holyoke, 675, and Bryn Mawr, 426."

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT MEDIOCRITY.

We meet with few utterly dull and stupid souls; the sublime and transcendent are still fewer; the generality of mankind stand between these two extremes; the interval is filled with multitudes of ordinary geniuses, but all very useful, and the ornaments and supports of the commonwealth.—*Bruyere*.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.—*Rochevoucauld*.

Mediocrity is not allowed to poets, either by the gods or men.—*Horace*.

Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal, to the poet; but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rarest exceptions.—*Gladstone*.

There are certain things in which mediocrity is not to be endured, such as poetry, music, painting, public speaking.—*Bruyere*.

Mediocrity is excellent to the eyes of mediocre people.—*Joubert*.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean. Superfluity comes soonest by white hairs, but competency lives longest. —

The art of putting into play mediocre qualities often begets more reputation than is achieved by true merit.—*Rochevoucauld*.

Nothing in the world is more haughty than a man of moderate capacity when once raised to power.—*Wessenburg*.

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable than talented inconstancy.—*J. Hamilton*.

There is a mean in all things; even virtue itself has stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.—*Horace*.

The highest order of mind is accused of folly as well as the lowest. Nothing is thoroughly approved but mediocrity. The majority has established this, and it fixes its fangs on whatever gets beyond it either way.—*Pascal*.

The virtue of the soul does not consist in flying high, but walking orderly; its grandeur does not exercise itself in grandeur, but in mediocrity.—*Montaigne*.

There are circumstances of peculiar difficulty and danger, where a mediocrity of talent is the most fatal quality that a man can possibly possess. Had Charles the First, and Louis the Sixteenth, been more wise or more weak, more firm or more yielding, in either case they had both of them saved their heads.—*Colton*.

OUR FARMER YOUTH AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY PROFESSOR WILLET M. HAYS.

(Of the University of Minnesota.)

The primary graded schools and the high schools of our cities and our State universities have been articulated and unified into a national system. In the newer States, which were settled after high schools and State universities became popular, this system occupies nearly the whole educational field. In the studies offered, in the location of the schools, and in the method of providing revenues this system suits the American people. The recent rapid development of city high schools, and especially the recent large financing of State universities by many States, and the falling off in number of new private and religious academies and small colleges, indicate that the State is more and more to be in charge of our educational institutions. No doubt parochial schools, small denominational colleges, and special schools will continue to have their large influence, because some of their functions the public institutions cannot perform. The largely endowed separate universities, as Chicago and Leland Stanford, will also carry an important part of the work of education.

THE AGE OF SPECIALIZATION.

A century ago, the whole framework of the education from primary to college classes looked to a finished education. The need then seemed to be an educated class. Now, our educated class has grown large, and has followed the law of the division of labor; it is divided into sub-classes of specialists, each demanding and securing special education. A new system is a necessity. The introduction of machinery and

cheapened transportation have carried the division of labor to all classes of people. Special as well as general education is now demanded by the people, because they have discovered the advantages peculiar to each.

The old system of schools said, "Educate the man first and the specialist afterwards." This practically means that special education be confined to higher education. It too nearly means aristocracy of special education, and too nearly ignores the 99 per cent. who cannot take a college course before pursuing a course in a speciality. The old-time apprentice system, instead of keeping pace with the greater needs for special training among the industrial classes, has retrograded. And the result is that our system of education needs readjusting at the bottom and middle, so as to better serve those who drop out during the primary and high school courses, or upon graduation from the high school, and enter at once upon work which usually proves to be a speciality more or less definite in its nature.

THE MOVEMENT CITYWARD AIDED BY OUR SCHOOLS.

In the old system, where the texts, the teachers, and the ideals were all centered in some city profession, and the road to fame was laid out through the complete course of a collegiate education, the boy or girl who was to be a farmer had no special place. The assumption was that what was good preparation for entrance into the freshman class in college was equally good for the boy who was to be a farmer, or the girl who was to manage a farm home. The result has been that next to the more rapid increase in the demand for city workers as compared with the country demand, our schools have been the most potent influence in leading our people from the farm to the city. Our scheme of education has taught of city things rather than of country things, and by ignoring the farm and the farm home, our greatest industry, farming, and our best institution, the farm home, have been discredited.

THE FARM HOME VERSUS THE LANDED ESTATE.

To perpetuate our unrivaled system of medium-sized farms, as compared with very small farms inhabited by mere peasants, or with very large farms owned by the wealthy and worked by hired servants, our government could well afford to continue making vast expenditures. Heretofore, its expenditures for this purpose have been in the form of free lands under the homestead laws. Henceforth they must be in the form of special education for the common farmer. Unforeseen financial changes might turn capital to purchasing "estates," and other economic changes might tend to greatly increase the percentage of Uncle Sam's acres owned by "landlords." Reducing the proportion of that class who manage and "work" lands which they own lowers the average standards of country wages and country living. The principal reason why the common farmers now hold the land is because, by uniting their capital, their labor, and their brains with the making of a permanent family home, they can pay so much for land that the capitalist cannot afford to own it for leasing, or to "run" it at arm's-length without pauper labor. Remuneration in the form of independent homes for families is not secured by the absent landlord and by only a few inhabitants on the large estate conducted by the owners. Whenever other industries lag, capital seeks investment in landed estates, and once estates with expensive central buildings are developed, it is, indeed, very difficult to break them up into smaller holdings. European estates help to hold as peasants a large class of people who do not lack in ability, as shown by the rapidity with which they rise when placed on free soil in America.

Since the farmer and farm home-maker on the medium-sized farm must meet sharp competition, special education for the mass of farmers becomes a matter of grave economic and civic as well as of educational importance, — a broad State and national problem. Our modest farm homes stand as our strongest political bulwark. Homes on farms worked by the owners are the best places to breed vigorous people

alike for the country and city. Our educational scheme is not doing all it might to build up our country life, and the times are ripe for a natural and somewhat radical change. We need to evolve a branch of our educational system which shall be especially helpful in building up our farm homes, our farming and our rural affairs, and country life generally. The movement is well started, and some of the leading forces already operating need only to be correlated to develop a unified scheme.

A SCHOOL SYSTEM ADAPTED TO RURAL CONDITIONS.

Forty years have been necessary for the experimenting with and the development of collegiate courses in agriculture in our State universities and State colleges. During the past fifteen years, experiments have been successfully carried out in establishing large agricultural high schools, and in a third as many years of trial consolidated rural schools, with free transportation, have been successfully inaugurated in numerous localities. Once our educators generally realize the practicability and the far-reaching importance of these three classes of schools, they will, doubtless, lead the people to adopt them and to arrange them into an articulated system. As city primary graded schools, and university and college courses have been articulated into a unified system, so the consolidated rural school, the agricultural high school, and the college of agriculture can be articulated into a parallel system. The one, with its industrial side strengthened, will serve the city life; the other will serve the country life, and without very serious loss of time the student who so desires can transfer from one system to the other. The whole system of American education thus unified will become as useful to country people as to city people.

CONSOLIDATED RURAL SCHOOLS.

In Ohio and other States, and in Canada, consolidated rural schools, formed by consolidating from five to ten former country "districts," are centered in buildings of from

three to five rooms, to which the children are carried in vans from areas four to five miles square, and have proven their general superiority. The writer was changed from a doubter to an advocate by making a thorough inspection of a number of these consolidated rural schools in Ohio, and he has yet to hear of any one who has made a thorough inspection who does not believe that this form of school, in all regions where good soil makes farming profitable and supports a fairly dense rural population, will largely displace the little schoolhouse. These schools are superior to the honored little school in the following ways: 1. The course can be lengthened so as to include the freshman and sophomore years of high-school work. 2. Children remain in school longer, are not so often tardy, truant, or absent, and the school year is lengthened, thus increasing the total number of "days' schooling" secured by the people of the district. 3. These schools, requiring fewer but better teachers, who are better supervised, and have their work better systematized in grades, can give better instruction. 4. Pupils are less exposed to storms and have less wet clothing; the schoolhouses are better heated, lighted, and ventilated, have more appliances, and may be situated on demonstration grounds, where practice lessons in agriculture may be provided for. 5. The future farmer becomes acquainted with the people of the township, instead of a small school district; the whole community is drawn together, the school vans often serving to carry parents and children to lectures, entertainments, and even to church services. 6. The "chores" and other industrial work on the home farm, which gave the education of the little school half its value, are here retained as an exceedingly important educational adjunct to the rural school. 7. Such schools help to retain more of the best people in the country homes, and will articulate with agricultural high schools. 8. While the combined cost of the vans, teachers, and schoolhouse may be a little above that of the old way, the cost is less per day of attendance, and far less per unit of value received by the district. It pays in dollars and cents, pays in better civilization, and the sooner adopted the better.

AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOLS.

The agricultural high school, such as has been established in each Congressional district in Alabama, will serve as the secondary high school for farmers, as the city high school serves the city people. Necessity, "the mother of invention," is largely responsible for the first experiment in the line of an agricultural high school, — the Minnesota School of Agriculture. The home requirements of the boys and girls, as gradually unfolded to the teachers in that school, have largely determined the direction in which the instruction has developed. The course covers three winters of six months each, leaving the student on the home farm during the six crop months, where the industrial, business, and social position is retained unbroken. *Eighty-two per cent. of the graduates remain in agriculture, 70 per cent. actually return to the farm.* This school now has five hundred students, and the State Legislature is equipping it for double its present capacity.

A large, thoroughly equipped agricultural high school, such as can be easily supported by ten counties in coöperation, as is being arranged for in Alabama, will surely succeed, while a small agricultural high school, supported by a township or county, would be at a disadvantage. Neither the equipment nor the force of teachers in the county agricultural high school could be such as to satisfy so well the vigorous farm boy or girl. Since the students must be away from home, boarding in private families, or in dormitories supplied by the State, they can better afford to travel a little farther and have the advantages of the well-equipped school supported by a group of counties, and the expense per county will be less if ten coöperate in supporting the large school. The North Dakota Agricultural College, at Fargo, and the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln, have followed the Minnesota plan, and each now has an agricultural high school, with several hundred students.

While the School of Agriculture holds an annual session of six instead of nine months, nearly all of the students work the other six months in practice work in farming and home-

making, generally at home, and get more of real education per year than does the average city boy or girl who attends the city high school for eight or nine months. The improvement made in the young man or woman by this three years' course of study and training is so rapid as to cause constant comment from observers. A large part of the students who enter this school expect to remain on the farm, and would not be so much attracted to other schools, and probably would not go beyond the rural school. Common experience proves that the city high school, with its nine months' work in general studies, weans country youth from the farm. It emphasizes other things, does not give special preparation for farming, and the business position in the home farm is often disarranged, the result being that the student is educated away from the farm. The agricultural high school, on the other hand, has been found adapted to educate toward the farm and into good farming. Agricultural high schools will provide our rural schools with teachers, trained to carry inspiration for the country life into our rural schools, while teachers trained in city high schools too often have the opposite influence.

A large class of farmers, educated in their speciality under a common system, where each student gains a wide acquaintance with his fellows in primary, secondary, and collegiate schools, will be able to overcome the present difficulties in coöperative effort in rural affairs. That colleges can do much to promote extensive coöperation is shown in Minnesota by the influence the college and station exerted in bringing about a magnificent system of coöperative creameries. The Minnesota and Illinois stations have successfully inaugurated systems of co-operation in the breeding and dissemination of varieties of wheat and corn which yield from 10 to 20 per cent. more value per acre without additional cost of tillage. With the assistance of a large body of ex-students, organized to promote coöperative business, social, and other merged efforts among farmers, the agricultural college, agricultural high schools, and experiment stations

would be profoundly influential in civic as well as in educational affairs. The rural delivery of mails, country telephones, experimental research in agriculture, and coöperative enterprises in dairying, and in fire and hail insurance, are doing so much for the farmer that he is more than formerly ready to have faith that even country roads and education for farmers may be greatly improved. These two last-named difficult problems are worthy of still more discussion and experimentation.

A prominent lecturer on economics truthfully stated to his class that to conduct a farm in a proper manner requires a knowledge of more facts and more principles than to successfully conduct a bank. An educator who was brought up on a farm truly said that the boy who goes from city life to live in the country has much more to learn than the boy from the country has to learn upon entering city life. Our educators are commencing to see that the book of nature, and especially the volumes containing the stories of the industries and of our homes, are gaining a place of great interest in our public education. The body of thought along these lines is being put into pedagogical form, and has already gained a strong place beside the accumulations of general subject matter. Our stores of literature are gaining a wider audience, because our industrial classes are bringing their vocations and their lives up where time and means can be afforded for general culture. Most of the poetry of life has not been transcribed from nature to books. More of the practical and scientific in our education aids us to read nature and to understand the interpretations of nature written by man. Life on the farm is growing sweeter, broader, and truer. The farm home is becoming stronger.

GOT.

Under the head of Propriety of Diction, Hart gives the following, clipped from an English publication:

I *got* on horseback within ten minutes after I *got* your letter. When I *got* to Canterbury, I *got* a chaise for town, but I *got* wet through before I *got* to Canterbury; and I have *got* such a cold as I shall not be able to *get* rid of in a hurry. I *got* to the Treasury about noon, but first of all I *got* shaved and dressed. I soon *got* into the secret of *getting* a memorial before the Board, but I could not *get* an answer then; however, I *got* intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely *get* an answer the next morning. As soon as I *got* back to my inn, I *got* my supper and *got* to bed. It was not long before I *got* to sleep. When I *got* up in the morning, I *got* my breakfast, and then *got* myself dressed, that I might *get* out in time to *get* an answer to my memorial. As soon as I *got* it, I *got* into the chaise, and *got* to Canterbury by three, and about tea-time I *got* home. I have *got* nothing more to say, and so adieu.

The reader who is at all observant will have no trouble in discovering that there is perhaps no one word so variously misused as the word "got." There is no event in history, no fact in science, no hypothesis in philosophy, no theory in art, which may not be expressed by this convenient drudge.

LACONICS.

THOUGHT POTPOURRI.

The ways of the heart, like the ways of Providence, are mysterious.—*Ware*.

The heart has reasons that reason does not understand.—*Bossuet*.

Mind is the partial side of man; the heart is everything.—*Rivarol*.

Heaven has no rage live love to hatred turned.—*Congreve*.

Hate no one; hate their vices, not themselves.—*J. G. C. Brainard*.

There is not a moment without some duty.—*Cicero*.

The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another.—*George Eliot*.

Men do less than they ought, unless they do all that they can.—*Carlyle*.

They can conquer who believe they can.—*Dryden*.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.—*Emerson*.

Fields are won by those who believe in winning.—*T. W. Higginson*.

Compliments are only lies in court clothes.—*Sterling*.

It is wonderful how near conceit is to insanity.—*Jerrold*.

Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinions, fools.—*Socrates*.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.—*Greville*.

If you would civilize a man, begin with his grandmother.—*Victor Hugo*.

If you would know and not be known, live in a city.—*Colton*.

Circumstances! — I make circumstances! — *Napoleon*.

He is not great who is not greatly good.—*Shakespeare*.

He is great enough who is his own master.—*Bishop Hall*.

What millions died that Cæsar might be great!—*Campbell*.

Sorrow's best antidote is employment.—*Young*.

Grief hallows hearts even while it ages heads.—*Bailey*.

Light griefs are plaintive, but great ones are dumb.—*Seneca*.

Genius finds its own road and carries its own lamp.—*Wilmott*.

Genius must be born; it never can be taught.—*Dryden*.

Great geniuses have the shortest biographies.—*Emerson*.

The best throw with the dice is to throw them away.— *C. Simmons*.

LOOSE AND PERIODIC SENTENCES.

The classification of sentences into "Loose"⁴⁵ and "Periodic"⁴⁴ is liable to give the impression that a "loose" sentence is to be regarded as faulty. It is true that a loose sentence requires more care in its construction in order that it may not be faulty, and, for that reason, beginners in composition are advised to make most of their sentences periodic. This will also cause a greater proportion of short sentences and thus add force and brilliancy, which are hard properties to inculcate into long sentences. In a master's hand, the long sentence may be given all the force and snap of a short sentence, plus the solemnity, or grace, or pomp, or dignity, or beauty, that only a long sentence will exemplify.

The following from Milton is an example of the long, loose sentence, but nevertheless, most carefully studied; and with a masterly use of the connectives, and a proper attention to the logical succession of subordinate clauses, it is free from all forms of faulty construction.

"Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may, perhaps, be heard offering, at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies, and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day, when Thou, the eternal and shortly expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honors and rewards to religious and just

commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth; where they, undoubtedly, that by their labors, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of their religion and their country, shall receive above the inferior orders of the blessed the regal addition of principalities, legions and thrones into their glorious titles, and, in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in overmeasure forever."

Contrast with this the following paragraph from Macaulay:

"An acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam-engine. But there are steam-engines and the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which would enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain, may be better than a philosophy that assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies which will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient sages liked the tooth-ache just as little as their neighbors."

And this from Channing:

Beauty⁴²⁵ is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift up their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side."

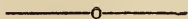
FAITH IN LITERATURE.

All good literature must be written in faith. That is its necessary condition. The writer's appeal is not immediate like an actor's or an orator's or even like a painter's, a sculptor's or a musician's. Its form is invisible, and in modern times usually inaudible, too. It works solely upon the lonely mind, and has no outward aid. Nor can its effect be tested by anything like the demonstrations of a theater. A novelist once saw a young person blush over one of his books. An emperor once saw a dull person laughing over Don Quixote. But such visible expressions of emotion are rare, and in these days of print the author himself can hardly ever hope to witness them. That is why he of all working people needs most faith. He has to cast his bread upon the waters, but it is extremely unlikely that he will find it again after many days. And (without driving a metaphor too far) we may say that the better the bread, the less chance he has of finding it. Instances are almost too obvious, but let us take the highest of all and remember that it was only by a mere fluke that Shakespeare's best plays were even thought worth preserving. Or, to take the case of Blake again, what chance of recognition had the "Songs of Innocence" in 1789? Within some thirty or forty years Charles Lamb and Wordsworth had discovered them. Within another fifty or sixty years after that they became the common property of all who love literature; but by what faith in beauty, and in man's ultimate recognition of beauty, must the poet have been inspired, who at the time when English verse had perhaps touched the lowest point could raise the song of "The Echoing Green," or "The Chimney Sweeper," or "The Divine Image," or that song of "Night" with its meter of subtle and varying beauty. For 150 years nothing to compare with such things had been heard

in England, and the world around Blake was contemptuously deaf to them. He could only write in faith that some day human beings would again be born with minds sufficiently like his own to perceive the beauty of his work. To remove a mountain is a trivial task compared with the confidence in so vast a change; and yet the change came.

It is this faith in the ultimate similarity of great minds which makes great literature possible, for not even genius could produce without the hope that at some time its work would be taken at its value. An evidence for the faith may be seen in the peculiarity of all the work of the highest genius—that it appears capable of growth, no matter how old it has become. There are passages in Homer and Shakespeare which it has been impossible for the world to appreciate or understand till this very moment. They appear to have been growing with the world, so much more can the world discover in them now than at any past time. This is why the works and teachings of the highest genius are rightly called immortal.

—*Academy and Literature.*



BEST THOUGHTS AMPLIFIED.

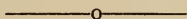
Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—*Beecher.*

“If flowers have souls,” said Undine, “the bees, whose nurses they are, must seem to them darling children at the breast. I once fancied a paradise for the spirits of departed flowers.” “They go,” answered I, “not into paradise, but into a middle state; the souls of lilies enter into maidens’ foreheads, those of hyacinths and forget-me-nots dwell in their eyes, and those of roses in their lips.—*Richter.*”

Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

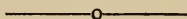
When flatterers meet, the Devil goes to dinner.—*Defoe*.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where although both parties intend deception, neither is deceived since words that cost little are exchanged for hopes that cost less. But we must be careful how we flatter fools too little, or wise men too much; for the flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, and administer the strongest dose only to the weakest patient.—*Colton*.



I chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, for qualities that would wear well.—*Goldsmith*.

She that has a wise husband must entice him to an eternal dearness by the veil of modesty and the grave robes of chastity, the ornaments of meekness and the jewels of faith and charity. She must have no painting but blushings; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship; and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.—*Jeremy Taylor*.



Earthly pride is like the passing flower, that springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.—*H. K. White*.

What a lesson, indeed, is all history, and all life, to the folly and fruitlessness of pride! The Egyptian kings had their embalmed bodies preserved in massive pyramids, to obtain an earthly immortality. In the seventeenth century they were sold as quack medicines, and now they are burnt as fuel! The Egyptian mummies which Cambyes or time has spared, avarice now consumes. Mummy is become merchandise. —*Whipple*.

SOME LITERARY ASPECTS OF TO-DAY.

PROF. ISAAC N. DEMMON, MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

It is a common saying that we are living in a period of literary decadence. On every hand we hear the regret expressed that no great books in pure literature are appearing in our day; that on the contrary we are weltering in a sea of literary mediocrity. This is accounted for by the cheapness of printing, the spread of popular education, and the consequent enormous increase in the number of partially educated readers, and by the haste with which books are written under the stimulus of the popular demand. It is quite the fashion to say these things nowadays; and whether they are altogether true or not, and there seems to be good reason for qualifying them, there is enough truth in them to justify our making them a subject of discussion.

When the total number of new books now issuing annually from the presses of the world is contrasted with the time of reading them at the disposal of any single individual reader, the prospect is certainly appalling. The word *Deluge* is a mild term for it. Carefully collected statistics show that upwards of ten thousand new books were published in the English language last year. At least six times as many more were printed in the languages of Western Europe, languages read by many English-speaking people. A person who should undertake to keep up with the new books in the English, German, French, and Italian languages, would have to read about two hundred books every day in the year! But when we come to analyze our statistical tables, we find that this impossible ratio can be largely reduced, for the individual reader, at a single stroke. The tables cover Theological and Religious books; the whole range of

Juveniles; Educational, Classical, and Philological treatises; Law and Jurisprudence; Medicine and Surgery; Arts, Sciences, and Illustrated Works; Political and Social Economy, Trade, Commerce; Voyages and Travels; History and Biography; Year Books; Belles-Lettres, including Poetry, Drama, Novels, and Tales; and miscellaneous books not classified. It is apparent at once that a large part of these books are technical in character, and not literature in any proper sense of the term. Nor would any individual reader have the qualifications or the desire to read along all these lines. In other words, readers fall into more or less distinct classes with special interests and needs. For the adult reader, the Juveniles may, for the most part, be left out of the account. Technical books naturally distribute themselves under the various professions and trades. We find also a great variety in degrees of cultivation and in natural aptitude and tastes among readers, all of which gives rise to varying demands. A recent writer laments that "thousands have read 'The Heavenly Twins' who are ignorant of 'The Waverley Novels,' and that other thousands are smilingly familiar with 'David Harum,' who know not Landor's name." This simply means, when we look at it closely, that not all readers are fitted either by nature or education to appreciate Scott or Landor. Landor especially appeals to a cult. Fine as he is, he has no message for nine out of ten who find delight in "David Harum." Again, even among highly cultivated readers there are wide differences in intellectual, moral, and spiritual aptitudes. One man cares little or nothing for poetry; another finds in it, as Bryant found in Wordsworth, "The voice of his own soul." One prefers a story; another a discussion or some reasoned dissertation; and so on. It thus appears that there is a wide diversity of literary standards, and that some of these divergences have a permanent foundation in human nature, and will therefore continue to the end.

For instance, the Story,³⁶⁸ either in prose or verse, is the simplest, most elemental, most generally acceptable of all forms of literature. It is capable of the greatest range, from

the fireside tale to the novel or romance in several volumes. It was the first form to be cultivated, and it still holds the first place in popular favor. Everybody has learned to read in our day, and everybody wants stories. And so we have the Flood of Fiction so much complained of.⁴⁹ This is inevitable. The Story holds first place and cannot be dislodged, even if it were desirable to do so, which may be doubted. No doubt there are glaring evils connected with the passion for stories as with every other good thing. The ease with which work in this kind can be produced, coupled with the insatiate demand for it and the cheapness of printing, naturally leads to a great amount of inferior work. The two factors of increased demand and cheapness of production, however, tend to promote inferior work in all kinds of books in our day; but for reasons above given the novel is perhaps the greatest sufferer.

Still, much that is now printed and embalmed in libraries under the name of scholarship, is the merest rubbish. Our own countryman, Mr. John Burroughs, in his latest collection of essays entitled "Literary Values," has a paragraph on this subject which is pertinent.¹³³ "Most of the Dantean, and Homeric, and Shakespearean scholarship," says he, "is the mere dust of time that has accumulated upon these names. In the course of years it will accumulate upon Tennyson, and then we shall have Tennysonian scholars and learned dissertations upon some insignificant detail of his work. Think of the Shakespeareana with which literature is burdened! It is mostly mere shop litter and dust. In certain moods I think one may be pardoned for feeling that Shakespeare is fast becoming a curse to the human race. Of mere talk about him, it seems that there is to be no end. He has been the host of more literary parasites probably than any other name in history. He is edited and re-edited, as if a cubit could be added to his stature by marginal notes and comments. On the contrary, the result is, for the most part, like a mere growth of underbrush that obscures the forest trees. The reader's attention is being constantly diverted from the main matter — he is being whipped in the face by insignificant twigs." "The

great Dantean and Shakesperean scholar is usually the outcome of a mental habit that would make Dante and Shakespere impossible."

We are often urged to buy and read Histories instead of Novels. So-called histories in several volumes, written in as many months by some facile writer, and fully illustrated, are put forward by skillful advertising, and are sold by the thousands, on the plea that here you have something *meaty* instead of frivolous fiction. We add them to our shelves from which the ephemeral novel is excluded; or, if we are not too virtuous, we put the two side by side. But it may be doubted which deserves the shorter life. Put the historical literature of the past ages beside the imaginative, and see which fares best. Which commands readers, and consequent commercial value to-day? It is well known, that with a few notable exceptions, the histories are so much lumber. Aristotle noted that poetry is truer than history, and time bears out his thesis in a most striking manner.

The excessive reading of Fiction is only one form of mental dissipation. There are others, and perhaps more serious ones. One is the fondness for minute and petty scholarship before referred to, which has been greatly fostered in recent years by the Germans in the study of the ancient classics. This method has been widely adopted in English and American schools, not only for the study of the ancient classics, but of the modern classics as well. It affords such a beautiful basis for term examinations and is so easy to work! Men who could not write a page of English that any person could be induced to read, can play the role of editor! And so we have all our English masters *edited*. Most of this work is a huge impertinence, foisted upon the attention of innocent school children and students everywhere. A young English instructor in a western university recently edited George Eliot's "Silas Marner," for schools. In a somewhat elaborate introduction he took up George Eliot's English, pointing out numerous places wherein it was faulty. The natural inference from this introduction was that if George Eliot could only have

had the benefit of this young tutor's instruction, she would have been a much better writer. Professor Corson cites an amusing example of this petty editing in an edition of Cowper's "Task" for schools. The opening words, "I sing the Sofa," might bear a word of explanation as affording a key to the meaning of the whole poem; but what do we find instead? A note on sofa calling attention to its Arabic origin, as though that fact had anything to do with the poem; and to cap the absurdity, the editor adds the question, "What other words in English are from the Arabic?" The wrong to the student in all this is that his mind is stuffed with what it can not retain, and valuable time is lost which might be devoted to a wider and more appreciative reading of English authors.

But probably the greatest menace to true culture in our day is the desire for miscellaneous information of all imaginable sorts, which the popular magazines and Sunday newspapers are now supplying so abundantly, and in such cheap and attractive form. The Deluge that threatens us most comes from that quarter. Let any one study the net result to himself of an hour's tasting in the *olla-podrida* thus served up to him, and he will see what I mean. You may spend an entire evening very entertainingly over a single number of almost any one of our current periodicals, and what have you in the end? A mass of disjointed information, which in a few hours, or days at most, will pass out of mind and be replaced by more of the same kind. To what purpose? To keep up to date, you say, as though it were any man's part in this world to go about as a walking current cyclopaedia. There is no greater delusion than to suppose this a mark of true culture. Knowledge is power, but not this kind of knowledge. And yet I fear that the contrary view has taken strong hold upon the minds of the mass of our people. Teachers frequently foster this craze for miscellaneous and piece-meal reading, instead of directing their pupils to the treasures of pure literature.

I repeat, the literary vice of our time is the general read-

ing of miscellaneous bits. They paralyze the memory; they lead to no continuous thinking,³⁷¹ they give no insight into human character; they stir no lofty emotions. They may serve to pass an idle or a weary hour, and should be classed in the list of diversions and not as means of culture. I may add that the daily and weekly journals, as purveyors of news, and as censors of public opinion and morals, have a great and notable field of usefulness; but as purveyors of literature, except in the lighter veins of satire and humor, they are a positive hindrance.

A somewhat lively and entertaining controversy was started in London about a year ago, by a remark dropped by Sir Edward Clarke in an address before the Working Men's College, to the effect that during the last forty years there had been a "very strange and lamentable decline" in the strength of the nation's literary output. He compared the early and middle years of the nineteenth century with the later years, and discovered no books, with perhaps a single exception, in the later period, worthy to be placed beside numbers of books in the earlier period. If we run over in our minds the names of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Landor, Tennyson, Browning, Jane Austen, the Bronte sisters, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and try to parallel them with names of equal rank and power in our own day, we must admit that there is force in Sir Edward's depreciatory judgment. And yet, the well-known critic and *litterateur*, Mr. Edmund Gosse, who had himself spoken of our age a few years before as "a time of great funerals," took Sir Edward to task for presuming to have an opinion on the subject at all. His contention was that literary judgments of this sort ought to be pronounced only by experts! That a critic of Mr. Gosse's eminence should put forth such a thesis, is only another proof of the very general futility of the critical mind. On this principle no man should approve, or disapprove, of a picture or a book, without the authority of a professional critic, who must himself be an artist or an author. This raises the whole question as to who has a right to judge.

The present state of book-reviewing and book-noticing is at such an ebb that one may seriously doubt whether we should not be better off were the whole thing swept away, and books left to the same fortunes that other commodities are, without the intervention of a public taster. This very question, in varying forms, was submitted by *The Critic* in 1902, to publishers, authors, and reviewers in succession, and their answers were collated and published in the June, August, and November numbers of that journal for that year. Nearly everyone upheld the practice of reviewing, though some of the publishers made rather wry faces over it. The testimony of all was discredited from the first, of course; the publishers', because the system has become an important means of advertising; the authors', because their financial interests are bound up with the publishers' interest; the critics', because from it they derive their livelihood. It might be interesting to have a symposium on the subject from disinterested *readers*.

There have always been more books to be had than any cultivated man could read or cared to read. Even in the centuries of manuscript books, as well as in the early days of printed books, many volumes were produced that had a short life. There were poetasters in Horace's day, as he so frequently takes pains to let us know, who found means to get their work before the public. A glance at Mr. Arber's Transcript of the Records of the Stationers' Company of London, from 1553 to 1640, reveals many illustrious names, but how small a percentage are they of the whole! You sometimes have to turn pages to find a single entry under the names of Spenser, or Shakespeare, or Jonson. The great mass of entries at this distance of three centuries are mere names. The same would be true, no doubt, of any period of literary history where any tolerably full record could be obtained. We are only a little worse off in this respect than our predecessors. Till recently we have suffered somewhat more in our country from crude and ephemeral books than have our English cousins, which is due, no doubt, to our system of popular

education. But since the establishment of the Parliamentary schools thirty years ago, just after the Franco-Prussian war, a great change has occurred in the amount and character of the literary output in the British Isles. The cheap paper and magazine and the crude sensational story have increased enormously in circulation. English critics stand appalled and cry out against the debasement of letters due to this superficial and partial education of the masses. Where everybody reads and comparatively few are trained to think and discriminate, this is the inevitable consequence, the necessary concomitant of a democratic civilization. Nor do I think we should give ourselves undue concern about it. In the long run it will work out good rather than evil. Time cures all things. Milton's great and far-seeing argument for the freedom of unlicensed printing is based on the optimistic assumption that men at heart love the good and the true and hate the evil and the false; and that accordingly freedom is the best atmosphere for the growth of mankind in wisdom and righteousness and love of things beautiful. We can punish the offender, be it book or man, if the good of society is menaced, but liberty should be carefully guarded in both cases.

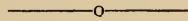
But can anything be done for the betterment of the public taste?⁴²⁵ Have we any personal responsibility in the matter? About the same I fancy as in other lines of conduct — by setting a good example, and exercising the function of persuasion where we find an auditor ready to listen. But we need to avoid here as elsewhere all dogmatism and assumption. Disputation in matters of taste is seldom profitable. So-called professional criticism often goes astray. A century ago, Jeffrey and the other literary autocrats of the day were writing down Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley, covering them with sharp ridicule and scorn. But time has reversed their verdicts, and their brilliant sallies that set the tables of that day in a roar, are long since as silent as the skull of poor Yorick, and have justly been dubbed "Cobwebs of Criticism." The history of criticism would show numerous examples of this kind; I am not sure but they are the rule rather than

the exception. Not very much is to be hoped from professional criticism subsidized or unsubsidized. And for this reason: — "It is extremely difficult to discover what gives life to a book." I am speaking now, of course, of works of the imagination. Scientific and technical books can be judged and are to be judged on another basis — the basis of fact; and criticism there has a much greater excuse for being. But in books of the imagination we are dealing with matters so subtle, so elusive, that there is small basis for certainty outside our own predilections — our loves, our sympathies, our ideals. Hence we find such diverse opinions about the same matters among critics of great fame. Goethe could not be interested in Dante; Landor could not read Spenser; M. Taine laughed at Milton and Wordsworth; Carlyle abominated George Sand. It is a commonplace to say that only time can settle these verdicts. The common heart of man in some mysterious way brings in the final verdict. And it is sometimes surprising to discover how correctly the common people have judged in the first instance. The crowd that filled the Globe theatre knew that Shakespeare's plays were superlatively good; the early editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* were all read to pieces, so that a perfect copy is scarcely known. The folk of Scotland were not long in taking to their heart the author of the *Cotter's Saturday Night* and *Tam O'Shanter*. In our country the most popular of our poets is likely to take the highest rank in the end. May it not be true after all that the best criticism is not in applying learned canons but rather where heart answers unto heart?³⁹⁴ Sympathy,³⁹⁹ love,⁴¹⁰ — these are the keys that unlock the secret of great literature and reveal ourselves unto ourselves.³⁷⁵

And here is a lesson for us in our own attitude as readers and guides to those that read. If worship is the life of the church, the open and receptive heart is the true and necessary avenue to the delights and blessings which good books bring.

I have dwelt on the discouraging aspects of present conditions rather than on the hopeful ones. Much might be said

upon the other side. Personally, I have no fear that the love of good books will perish from the earth any more than that religion will perish. Both are founded in the primary needs of our human nature. And thus the permanence of great literature is assured. We must believe in the future of letters. Matthew Arnold was right when he said: "Good literature never will lose currency with the world, in spite of momentary appearances; it never will lose supremacy. Currency and supremacy are insured to it, not indeed by the world's deliberate and conscious choice, but by something far deeper.— by the instinct of self-preservation in humanity."¹⁴⁶



"FISICAL TORTURE."

IT IS THE CAUSE OF OBJECTION BY POOR PARENTS TO THE
EXISTING METHODS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION.

Physical culture has received its hardest blow.

People have been wondering whether it would ultimately pay—this unheard of interest in the art of developing the human frame.

Physicians have declared pro and con.

This did not change the tide of public interest, however, and young people who formerly slept until noon are now up with the sun, swinging clubs, standing on their heads, and doing all that the "teachers" tell them will have a tendency to make them Apollos and Venuses.

Down in Philadelphia there's a woman who thinks it's time that a halt should be called.

Last week she sent the following letter to the principal in one of the public school buildings in the Sleepy City:

Miss Brown:—You must stop teach my Lizzie fisical torture she needs yet readin and figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumpin I kin make her jump.

Mrs. Canavowski.

This is like the mother who wrote to a teacher not to teach Mary "anything more about her insides, because it makes her sick to her stomach."

It has a merry ring and causes the teachers to laugh, but there is a prosaic side to it all that goes deep.

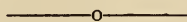
Many hard-working parents send their children to school at a sacrifice.

It's about all they can do to keep them supplied with shoes and school books, but they have suffered from lack of education, and it is their one desire to grant their offsprings the privileges of rudimentary knowledge.

Consequently it is a deep pang to them, when they find that many hours of the week are spent in "fisical torture," clay modeling, basket-weaving, drawing and the like.

What they need is more "figors."

All of us realize when we are through school days that a little more "figoring" and less "torture" would have benefited us and better paved the way for the much heralded road to success.



THE COLLEGE MAN'S LAMBS.

A strapping big fellow, with "rah! rah!" trousers and shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, walked into a farmyard in Western Kansas, and applied for a position.

The applicant explained that he was a graduate of a big Eastern college, had played football, excellent in weight contests, was a record sprinter, and, in short, a man of extraordinary physical capabilities.

The farmer had quite a herd of sheep that was causing him no little trouble to be herded properly, and he called the "college fellow" out into the pen about six o'clock the next morning, and stated that he wanted him to herd the sheep over to a certain place, and then drive them slowly back, so as to have them in the pens by seven o'clock that night. The new herder started out in rather awkward style, but the

farmer, having so many duties to look after, returned to the stable to hitch up.

Supper time came, and not a word had been heard from the sheep. Finally at eight o'clock the farmer began to be alarmed and was getting ready to go out on a hunt, when he heard someone come whistling through the yard, and in walked the new hand, all smiles and apparently not at all tired by his day's work?"

"Kinder late. Hev eny trouble?"

"None at all, hardly, thank you. Got along very nicely. But those three lambs did keep me busy, I will admit."

"Lambs! gol flip it! Ain't got a lamb in the hull bunch."

"Well, I guess you have, all right. They are in the pen now."

The farmer, astounded, grabbed the young fellow by the arm, and they hurried to the pen. There, chasing about among the sheep, the farmer found three jackrabbits.

—*Kansas City Journal*.

COLLEGE MEN AS FATHERS.

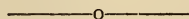
Pertinent at this time, in view of President Roosevelt's recent utterances concerning the tendency of Americans to have fewer children, is a part of the last annual report of President Eliot, of Harvard College, in which he calls attention to the lessened number of offspring of graduates of that college.

Dr. Eliot has ascertained from the secretaries of six of the classes of Harvard, all of which have been out of college for more than twenty-five years, that the children of those graduates who married average but two to a family. Furthermore, 28 per cent. of the members of these six classes did not marry, so that there has been an actual loss in population, counting the offspring only.

In this connection similar statistics concerning graduates of Princeton are published. They show that of 250 graduates in 1895, only 107, or 43 per cent, were married. They had seventy-four children, the offspring being but 70 per cent of the married men. Of one Yale class graduated twenty-five years ago it is found that 81.6 per cent are married and the 102 married men had 235 children, which is a trifle better than was done by the Harvard and Princeton graduates.

Whether the number of the children of these college men is below the average of other American families, President Eliot appears to think there is a cause for the failure of the Harvard graduates to have a larger number of offspring. He says it takes too long for a man to get an education now. The professional man nowadays, he says, is fortunate if he completes his education and is in a position to marry before he is twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old. He thinks young men should marry at twenty-six, and to make earlier marriages possible he would have the school course end at seventeen or eighteen, the college course at twenty or twenty-one, and the professional course at twenty-four or twenty-five.

It appears from this that, though Dr. Eliot deems education important, he regards marriage of more importance, if the race of Americans is not to run out.—*Cleveland Leader*.



INJUSTICE.

"Do you agree with the scientists who declare that the inhabitants of this continent will in time take on the characteristics of the American Indians?"

"Certainly not. It would be distinctly unfair to judge any country by its college yells."—*Washington Post*.

WHO-WHEN-WHERE SERIES—I.

NOTE.—The “Who-When-Where” series covers the most familiar sayings of the earlier writers, commencing with Chaucer (b. 1328) and extending to and including Milton, (b. 1608). The 17th century will be represented under “Best Thoughts of that Century.”

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

1328—1400.

Whanne that April with his shoures swote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.

Canterbury Tales, Prologue, Line 1.

And smale foules maken melodie
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longer folke to gon on pilgrimages.

Line 9.

He was a very parfit gentil knight.

Line 72.

He coude songes make and well endite.

Line 95.

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratteford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

Line 122.

For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bookes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosopfre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre.

Line 295.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe.

Line 529.

And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.

Line 565.

(In allusion to the proverb, “Every honest miller
has a golder thumb.”)

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
 He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
 Everich word, if it be in his charge,
 All speke he never so rudely and so large;
 Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewē,
 Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.

Line 733.

For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
 The seson priketh every gentil herte,
 And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.

The Knight's Tale, Line 1044.

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emilie.

Line 2275.

To maken vertue of necessite.

Line 3044.

So was hire joly whistle ywette.

The Reve's Tale, Line 4153.

And so to see, and eek for to be seye.

The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6134.

(Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae.

Ovid, Art of Love, I, 99.)

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis.

Line 6752.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

The Frankeleins Tale. Line 11789.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
 Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.

The Manciple's Tale, Line 17281.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
 The worst kind of infortune is this,
 A man that hath been in prosperite,
 And it remembered, when it passed is.

Troilus and Crescide, Book III, Line 1625.

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.

Book IV, Line 435.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
 Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere,
 And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
 Cometh al this new science that men lere.

The Assembly of Foules, Line 22.

Of all the floures in the mede,
 Than love I most these floures white and rede,
 Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.

The Legend of Good Women, Line 41.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

1380—1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

Imitation of Christ, Book I, Chap. 19.

That this expression is of much greater antiquity, is shown by the Cronicle of Battle Abbey, P. 27; and also by Piers Ploughman's Vision, Line 13994.

Also, note Proverbs XIV. 9. — "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps."

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.

Book I, Chap. 23.

Out of syght, out of mynd,

Googe's Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnets, 1563.

And out of mind as out of sight.

Lord Brooke, Sonnet LVI.

Fer from eze, fer from herte,

Quoth Hendyng.

Hendyng's Proverbs, MSS. 1320.

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;

The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.

Book IV., Chap. 24.

THOMAS TUSSEER.

1523—1580.

Time tries the troth in everything.

The Author's Epistle, Ch. 1.

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.

Good Husbandry Lessons.

For buying or selling of pig in a poke.

September's Abstract.

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.

Good Husbandry Lessons.

A rowling stone gathers no moss.

Gosson's Ephemerides of Phialo.

Better late than never.

An Habitation Enforced.

This expression is also found in Heywood's Proverbs, in Bunyan's Pilgrims, and in Murphy's, The School for Guardians.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,

For Christmas comes but once a year.

The Farmer's Daily Diet.

BEST THOUGHTS OF BEST THINKERS.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind that turns none to good.

Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
Shakespeare, Henry VI., Pt. III, 5.

Ill wind which blows no man good.
Shakespeare, Henry IV., Pt. II, 3.

Also, *Heywood's Proverbs.*

'Tis merry in hall
When beards wag all.

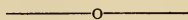
August's Abstract.

Merry swithe it is in halle
When the beards waveth alle.
Adam Davie, 1312, Life of Alexander.

Naught venture, naught have,
October's Abstract.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.
Of Wiving and Thriving.

Look before you leap.
Butler's Hudibras, Part II, Canto 2, L. 502.



SIR EDWARD DYER.

1540—1607.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Courtly Poets.

Mens regnum bona possidet.
Seneca, Thyestes.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
Byrd's Psalmes, Sonnets, etc., 1588.

My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.
Robert Southwell (1560—1595), Look Home.

BISHOP JOHN STILL.

1543—1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.

Gammer Gurton's Needle.

SIR EDWARD COKE.

1549—1634.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.

First Institute.

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. * * * The law, which is the perfection of reason.

First Institute.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason. —*Sir John Powell, Coggs vs. Bernard.*

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defense against injury and violence, as for repose.

Semayne's Case.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor be excommunicate for they have no souls.

—Case of Sutton's Hospital.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

1547—1616.

Too much of a good thing.

Don Quixote, Pt. I, Book I, Ch. 6.

He had a face like a benediction

Book II, Ch. 4.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Book IV, Ch. 20.

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. —Pt. II, Book IV., Ch. 16.

My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain. —*The Little Gypsy. (La Gitanilla.)*

EDMUND SPENSER.

1553—1599.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

Faerie Queen, Book I, Canto I, St. 1.

Aye me, how many perils doe enfold

The righteous man, to make him daily fall.

Book I, Canto VIII, St. 1.

Ay me! what perils do environ

The man that meddles with cold iron.

Butler's Hudibras, Pt. 1.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,

And her conception of the joyous prime.

Book III, Canto VI, Stanza 3.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

Common Prayer, Psalm CX, 3.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,

On fame's eternal beadroll worthie to be fyled.

Book IV, Canto II, St. 32.

Who will not mercie unto others show,

How can he mercy ever hope to have?

Book VI, Canto I, St. 42.

For of the soul the body form doth take,

For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Hymns in Honor of Beauty, Line 132.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552—1618.

If all the world and love were young,

And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move

To live with thee, and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;

The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

The Silent Lover.

O eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; hast drawne together all the farre stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Historie of the World, Book V, Pt. 1.

Even such is time, that takes on trust

Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,

And pays us but with age and dust;

Who in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Verses written the night before his death. According
to Oldys, they were found in his Bible.

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY.

1554—1586.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

The Defence of Poesy.

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.

Arcadia, Book I.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Arcadia, Book I.

My dear, my better half.

Book III.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

1565—1593.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

Hero and Leander.

Quoted by Shakespeare in "As You Like It."

Also,

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.

Chapman, Blind Beggar of Alexandria.

Come live with me, and be my love,

And we will all the pleasures prove

That hills and valleys, dales and fields,

Woods or steepy mountains, yields.

Passionate Shepherd.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!

Faustus.

RICHARD HOOKER.

1553—1600.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven or earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.—*Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book I.

That to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery.
—*Same.*

SOUL POWER IN ORATORY.

BY GEO. K. MORRIS, D.D., LL. D.

That some public speakers are orators and that others, though able men, are not, is universally admitted. It shall be the aim in this paper to show what makes the orator. In this attempt I shall be guided by the following simple principles:

1. The quality that makes a man an orator is one not common to all speakers.

2. This quality is common to all orators of every clime and age.

3. This quality is one which appeals to the universal man — not to special classes.

It has been said, "There are some speakers to whom you cannot listen; some to whom you can listen, and some to whom you cannot help listening." The "you" is the normal man. The orator is found in the last class. You cannot help listening to him. This, however is not the whole story. The normal man not only listens to the orator but he is moved while he listens. The orator is one who moves men emotionally through speech and action. His words, attitudes and movements are *media* by which his personality is made to affect the sensibilities of his hearers. He is effective because he knows how to touch a common susceptibility — the universal man in every man.

4. This quality, which makes the orator is not a possession, an acquisition, but a state or condition; and is not always at his command. He cannot use this power, he cannot assume the necessary condition by simply willing to do so. If it were possible by a direct act of the will to put oneself in

the state in which every word and gesture stir the sensibilities of audiences, there would be no lack of orators. There is a place for the will in oratory, but it is a subordinate one.

That condition of the orator's being by which he produces his effects is superinduced at the moment when the audience bows to its power. It is not the language used, nor the thought expressed — but these plus the condition of the speaker's emotional being as he speaks. It is something out of the ordinary. Under normal conditions the orator is like other speakers — indeed he may be inferior to many. His words, apparently so potent at the moment of his splendid corruscation, if spoken by an ordinary person, or by himself under ordinary conditions, would have been unmarked by any peculiar power.

This potent condition arises unbidden. The orator does not foresee its approach. If detected prematurely it is apt to vanish. The orator is absorbed in those mental and moral processes of which it is the result and which are effective because he is thus engrossed. Were he to attempt to watch the majestic operations of his subliminal self, to take account of their progress or to submit them to scientific analysis he would annul them.

If the orator's power were subject directly to his will he would be able uniformly to place it in evidence; but he is not. Those speakers who have been most remarkable for power over an audience have been remarkable, also, for signal failures. Henry Ward Beecher sometimes failed. I have heard him when one of his famous lectures was listened to by a listless audience, though composed of persons of intelligence. Matthew Simpson, the eloquent Bishop who sometimes rose to sublime heights of eloquence, calling his hearers to their feet by his enchantment, at other times spoke almost tamely. On an occasion when a guest in my home this incomparable orator, knowing the interest felt by his host in this subject, introduced it into the conversation. In the course of his remarks he stated that there is something mysterious about the condition of a speaker when he causes an

audience to be fused, as if by magic, into one, and to be brought into willing subjection to his sway. Sometimes, he said, in his own experience, when preaching, he would remain entirely conscious of himself, and fully aware of his audience up to a point, when, as he smilingly put it, "something happened;" then, instantly, all would be changed. He would feel himself transformed and find the audience convulsed with emotion. He had not willed it, nor foreseen it, and could not understand it. Every orator of similar power would probably give similar testimony. I heard Mr. Simpson when he was in his prime and saw an illustration of his remark. In later years he often spoke with less than average power.

Once when listening to Frederick Douglas in his best days, I sat for many minutes wondering what could have given him his reputation for great eloquence. At length "something happened," and there was a transformation both of speaker and hearers. The effect cannot be described. I was lost to consciousness. When the spell was at last broken and I returned to myself nothing of what had been said remained in memory. Certainly it was not what the great orator had said, but what he had suddenly become that moved his audience as if it had been one person. How his instantaneously changed subjective condition was at the same moment communicated to the crowd before him it would be difficult to tell. Science has no satisfactory explanation to offer. When asked for his theory, the Boston orator, Joseph Cook, said to me, "I do not know," but he hinted at "suggestion" as possibly accounting for the conditions.

The late eloquent Dr. O. H. Tiffany, some years ago read a sermon at Ocean Grove which produced a profound impression on the immense audience. I did not hear it, but on my arrival the next morning I found everybody talking of the sermon, which, by many was declared to be the greatest discourse which had ever been given from that pulpit, already famous for its eloquent speakers. The following winter, I heard him read the same sermon, on a fair Sunday evening, in his church in New York City. It was read without ani-

mation and did not move his little audience of sixty persons. It was the great orator of the summer, and the identical sermon. "Something happened" to the speaker at the Grove and not at New York.

Let us now ask what "happened," what always happens on such occasions to account for the presence of power almost divine, and always recognized by the audience, however composed. Whatever we may find it to be, it is certain that it constitutes the orator. The ability to induce that condition differentiates the orator from all other speakers. Even the orator when this ability is not used is no longer eloquent.

Before saying what it is that "happened" let us correct some misconceptions into which students of oratory sometimes fall.

First then it is not the manner of orators that explains their singular power. The manner cannot be ignored it is true. It is the means by which the orator manifests the power, but is not that power. It is the product, usually, perhaps, the automatic product of the *subjective condition to be explained*. Did ever two orators have the same manner? The manner is the man and is distinct as his personality. If this power lay in a manner it might be assumed. Then eloquence would be a knack. Hermagoras, before Cicero's time, insisted that "Oratory is not a knack founded on practice." It is easy to copy a great orator's manner — and without result. "Blind Tom" could deliver one of Stephen A. Douglas's speeches, exactly imitating the "Little Giant" but it was not eloquence. The best elocution may be utterly void of power, even when founded on the example of some great orator. Did the eloquence of Demosthenes depend upon his manner? Would he have been less persuasive, had training given him another manner? Cicero became famous for eloquence while young and before he came under the influence of the Grecian schools of Rhetoric. After two years of travel and study, he returned greatly modified. He had been vehement and impetuous in delivery; now he is deliberate and self-possessed. But he is Cicero still,

the great orator, and his fellow citizens hear him with the pleasure of the former times. With a manner totally changed his eloquence is as resistless as before.

I have heard persons contend that eloquence lies in a certain quality of voice. A great deal has been said about the orator's voice. There is indeed a certain magic in the tones of a great orator's voice, but it is there no matter what kind of voice he may possess. It may be a tenor or a bass. He may speak in a thin voice or in tones of thunder. He may use the "simple pure" tone of the elocutionist, or the heavy orotund. His voice may reflect the highest culture or its absence. The New York Herald once said, speaking of a distinguished prelate who had impressed the Metropolis in a great sermon. "He has the voice of a woman but the mind of a God."

It is quite common to confound rhetoric with oratory. This is an ancient error, but one that survives to our time and leads to evil results. Eloquence is misunderstood to be fine language. The orator is supposed to be one who expresses himself in fine rounded periods, who uses a very artificial style. Hence many a virile soul feels inclined to condemn oratory. It is said that any lawyer suspected of attempting to be eloquent would be discounted by the Court. But the power of Marshall was regal; Wirt was imperial; Rufus Choate could not help being eloquent at the bar; Webster bore all before him by his resistless eloquence. These men were not florid, and they paid but little attention to fine periods. True, Wirt sometimes indulged in a little play of that sort; but not when he took hold of his task in downright earnest.

If the secret of eloquence were in what is known as an elevated style, all great orators would have been rhetoricians. But some who have excelled in oratory were men whose language was simple and quite void of ornament. On the other hand there have been many men, preachers and others, who were masters of elegant diction, but who were without the power of eloquence. Thos. Guard, a divine of some eminence, was a genius for elevated modes of expression. Those who

could appreciate his qualities as a rhetorician enjoyed listening to his addresses. Indeed, for many reasons, it was a privilege to listen to his utterances. He had much to say that was well worth hearing and he said it beautifully. But it was not always oratory. He gave one of his great lectures in my church in an Eastern city some years ago. When he commenced the house was crowded, the galleries were packed, the aisles were filled and all were animated with pleasure in prospect of the treat about to be enjoyed. Long before he finished his lecture the house was nearly empty. He was absorbed in the delivery and seemed utterly unconscious of his vanishing audience. It was great, but it was not oratory, it was not eloquence. It appealed only to the few; those who were on his own plane enjoyed him, but the universal man in every man wearied of his flood of words. Those who were pleased were greatly pleased, but the majority would not remain through the monologue which went on for two hours and a half. His power was different from that of the orator in that it appealed only to a class and not to common human nature.

Some persons entertain the opinion that great intellectual power constitutes the orator; eloquence is great thought, magnificent expression; it is logic, convincing argument, plainly set forth. But is it not true that many speakers who were incapable of profound and sustained thought have been most powerful in the mastery of great audiences? The highest dramatic oratory in some cases, if not most, is born rather of *vision* than of *thought*. Gough did not think; he *saw*. Not what he thought, but what he pictured put him in that condition which never failed, for many years, to inflame his audiences no matter how heterogeneous they were.

On the other hand many a speaker of greatest mental power, dealing in grandest thoughts, utterly fails to command a hearing from the people. He is a giant intellectually — but he is not an orator; his profound abstractions weightily uttered are cold. In all the respects named the orators of all lands and ages have differed one from the other. To no one or more of the qualities considered is man as man sus-

ceptible. If they were all united in some most fortunate person still many would listen, if at all, without that response which eloquence awakens among all classes of hearers. No quality, however exalted, no degree of culture, no assemblage of qualities exhibited by a speaker which fail to stir the emotions can explain the ability to master audiences. He who possesses any or all of them, whatever else he may be, is not an orator necessarily.

The answer to the question: What is oratory or what constitutes an orator, though very simple, is overlooked largely because we fail to make a distinction between an orator, simply, on the one hand and the *great* orator on the other. This distinction exists and must be recognized in any clear thinking on the subject.

Robert Ingersoll says: "Oratory is the perfection of thought and expression — of logic, of personal presence, of voice and gesture." It would require genius to miss the mark more completely. No instance of such oratory has ever been known. A man might be all this — were it possible — and yet not be an orator. Ingersoll was an orator though he was not an example of one "perfect in thought and expression, in logic, in personal presence, in voice and in gesture." His thought was never profound and rarely correct — his logic was always lame.

In a sentence following the one quoted above he adds: "The *great* orator idealizes all he touches, transfigures the common, and changes the meanest metal into gold. He is a creator. He is candid, sincere, poetic, winged with imagination, sympathetic, persuasive, convincing and almost irresistible." This is rhetoric — but suggests a truth. Again he says: "The *great* orator is a genius." True. But the genius is not necessarily an orator at all, not to say a great orator. Furthermore, there has been many an orator who was no genius.

There are just two things essential to oratory, viz: normal manhood, and passion. To be a *great* orator it is

necessary to be a great personality gifted above others. The orator is a man in such earnest as to have his passional nature dominate expression. He is a man whose thought, be it great or small, has become a conflagration, and has fused all his powers into unity. Passion has coordinated all the elements of his personality. Some one has well said: "Every man is eloquent when in earnest." The languages of the heart are many and are comprehended by all classes of men. Eloquence is in a degree independent of mere words. A pause may overwhelm an audience. A glance — a pose — may be irresistible. Pere Hyacinth, in his best days, could powerfully affect men who did not know the meaning of a word he spoke. On the other hand masses of men could listen to the most powerful logic unmoved if the speaker himself spoke only from the brain. The power that commands is the power of the heart. Heart is imperial. It rules in the orator. and through him commands the audience. It commands all the orator possesses. If the speaker is great in resources, if he is affluent in knowledge and thought, if he is large in sympathy — rich in experience; then when some great occasion gives the spark that sets his great soul aflame he becomes a *great* orator. Then the keener and grander his intellect, the more faultless his logic; the finer his rhetoric; the more exquisite his culture; the more refined his manner; the more resplendent the display — the more overwhelming is his power. The heart alone is master of the will. Only when the heart says the word can the will command every resource of the personality. Here is the law that separates and that will forever separate the orator from the actor. Let the actor study ever so carefully, he can never assume command of whatever genius he may possess, until his heart awakens and gives his will the power to command. He cannot will to act as if he really felt. One moment of genuine feeling would instantly transform him as if by magic. The mere actor, however painstaking, is always theatrical — the orator is always dramatic — never theatrical. Here lies the explanation of the mischief wrought by the plague of theatrical elocutionists. There is a bridgeless abyss between the theatrical and the

dramatic. The former *represents* passion — the passion of another; the later *is passion* appropriately expressing itself. Some great actors become dramatic because they make the play their own — many an artificial speaker becomes theatrical by attempting to represent passion he does not feel, apparently thinking that to simulate feeling is to be eloquent. Men while listening to a speaker are impressed, sometimes dazed by great intellectual power, they are convinced by keen logic, pleased by skilful rhetoric, amused by wit and humor, but they are persuaded by successful appeals to their emotions. The distinctive power of the orator is the power of a personality inflamed in its totality by incandescent emotion, a power acknowledged by all because all have a heart.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT ORATORY.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity.—*Cecil*.

He is the eloquent man who can treat subjects of an humble nature with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately.—*Cicero*.

What too many orators want in depth, they give you in length.—*Montesquieu*.

The effective public speaker receives from his audience in vapor, what he pours back on them in a flood.—*Gladstone*.

There is no power like that of true oratory. Cæsar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day.—*Henry Clay*.

The language of the heart which comes from the heart and goes to the heart — is always simple, graceful, and full of power, but no art of rhetoric can teach it. It is at once the easiest and most difficult language — difficult, since it needs a heart to speak it; easy, because its periods, though rounded and full of harmony, are still unstudied.—*Bovee*.

WHO-WHEN-WHERE SERIES—2.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1564-1616.

THE TEMPEST:

I would fain die a dry death.—Act I, Sc. 1.

Like one,

Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie.—Act I, Sc. 2.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.—Act II, Sc. 2.

Fer. Here's my hand.*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't.—Act III, Sc. 1.

He that dies, pays all debts.—Act III, Sc. 2.

A kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.—Act III, Sc. 3.

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.—Act III, Sc. 3.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book.—Act V, Sc. 1.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie.—Act V, Sc. 1.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.—Act I, Sc. 1.

I have no other but a woman's reason;

I think him so, because I think him so.—Act I, Sc. 2.

O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day!—Act I, Sc. 3.

And I as rich in having such a jewel

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.—Act II, Sc. 4.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale.—Act III, Sc. 1.

A man I am, crossed with adversity.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.—Act I, Sc. 1.

All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may.—Act I, Sc. 1.

Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.—Act I, Sc. 1.

Mine host of the Garter.—Act I, Sc. 1.

We burn daylight.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,

Which I with sword will open.—Act II, Sc. 2.

The short and the long of it.—Act II, Sc. 2.

Unless experience be a jewel.—Act II, Sc. 2.

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.—Act III, Sc. 5.

As good luck would have it.—Act III, Sc. 5.

A man of my kidney.—Act III, Sc. 5.

There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.

—Act V, Sc. 1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,

But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends

The smallest of her excellence,

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor—

Both thanks and use.—Act I, Sc. 1.

Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good oft we might win,

By fearing to attempt.—Act I, Sc. 5.

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!—Act II, Sc. 2.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace

As mercy does.—Act II, Sc. 2.

O! it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—Act II, Sc. 2.

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.—Act II, Sc. 2.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.—Act III, Sc. 1.

The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal suffering finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

—Act III, Sc. 1.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

—Act III, Sc. 1.

They say best men are moulded out of faults.—Act V, Sc. 1.
What's mine is yours, and what's yours is mine.—Act V, Sc. 1.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The pleasing punishment that women bear.—Act I, Sc. 1.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity.—Act II, Sc. 1.
One Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy.—Act V, Sc. 1.
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.—Act V, Sc. 1.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?—Act I, Sc. 1.
Benedick the married man.—Act I, Sc. 1.
As merry as the day is long.—Act II, Sc. 1.
Speak low, if you speak love.—Act II, Sc. 1.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues:
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy,
if I could say how much.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot in sea and one on shore;
 To one thing constant never.

—Act II, Sc. 3.

Sits the wind in that corner?—Act II, Sc. 3.

Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain,
 Save a man from the career of his humor? No; the world must be peo-
 pled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should
 live till I were married.—Act II, Sc. 3.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.—Act III, Sc. 2.

Are you good men and true?—Act III, Sc. 3.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.—Act III, Sc. 3.

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not
 knowing what they do!—Act IV, Sc. 1.

For it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value; then we find
 The virtue, that possession would not show us,
 Whiles it was ours.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

O that he were here to write me down — an ass!—Act IV, Sc. 2.

Patch grief with proverbs.—Act V, Sc. 1.

'T is all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself.—Act V, Sc. 1.

For there was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the toothache patiently.—Act V, Sc. 1.
 Done to death by slanderous tongues.—Act V, Sc. 3.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio.

—Act I, Sc. 2.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

—Act III, Sc. 1.

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb
 of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.

—Act. IV, Sc. 2.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.

—Act IV, Sc. 3.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

—Act IV, Sc. 3.

As sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony.

—Act IV, Sc. 3.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of
his argument.—Act V, Sc. 1.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

—Act V, Sc. 1.

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the
afternoon.—Act V, Sc. 1.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.—Act V, Sc. 2.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

—Act V, Sc. 2.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

—Act I, Sc. 1.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

—Act I, Sc. 1.

I'll put a girdle round about the Earth
In forty minutes.—Act II, Sc. 1.

My heart

Is true as steel.—Act II, Sc. 1.

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.—Act III, Sc. 1.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted.—Act III, Sc. 2.
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.—Act III, Sc. 2.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.—Act V, Sc. 1.

The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brew of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

—Act V, Sc. 1.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.—Act I, Sc. 1.

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond.

—Act I, Sc. 1.

I am Sir Oracle,

And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!—Act I, Sc. 1.

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
with nothing.—Act I, Sc. 2.

God made him, and therefore, let him pass for a man.—Act I, Sc. 2.

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.—Act I, Sc. 3.

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.—Act I, Sc. 3.

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!—Act I, Sc. 3.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.—Act II, Sc. 2.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty folies that themselves commit.—Act II, Sc. 6.

The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard
but I will better the instruction.—Act III, Sc. 1.

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your
mother.—Act III, Sc. 5.

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?—Act IV, Sc. 1.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:—
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

A Daniel come to judgment!—Act IV, Sc. 1.
 You take my house when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live.
 —Act IV, Sc. 1.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.—Act IV, Sc. 1.
 How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of Heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

—Act V, Sc. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted.

—Act V, Sc. 1.

How far that little candle throws its beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

—Act V, Sc. 1.

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.—Act V, Sc. 1.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.—Act I, Sc. 2.
 Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.—Act I, Sc. 3.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—Act II, Sc. 1.

And He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age!—Act II, Sc. 3.

For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.—Act II, Sc. 3.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly.—Act II, Sc. 3.

And so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale.—Act II, Sc. 7.

And wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered.—Act II, Sc. 7.

All the world 's a stage
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,—
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 Then the whining Schoolboy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,—
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacle on nose and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans — everything.
 —Act II, Sc. 7.

Down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.—Act III, Sc. 5.
Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them,
but not for love.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

Too much of a good thing.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

For ever and a day.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.

—Act IV, Sc. 1.

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved;
no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked
one another the reason.—Act V, Sc. 2.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another
man's eyes.—Act V, Sc. 2.

Your *If* the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*.—Act V, Sc. 4.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

There's small choice in rotten apples.—Act I, Sc. 1.

My cake is dough.—Act V, Sc. 1.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.—Act V, Sc. 2

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband.—Act V, Sc. 2.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love.—Act I, Sc. 1.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie.

Which we ascribe to heaven.—Act I, Sc. 1.

He ~~must~~ needs go that the Devil drives.—Act I, Sc. 3.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.—Act II, Sc. 3.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

—Act IV, Sc. 3.

Praising what is lost

Makes the remembrance dear.—Act V, Sc. 3.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.—Act V, Sc. 3.

LIBRARIES.

A great deal might be said on the subject of libraries. Their silent but wonderful power extends everywhere. No sign of the time is so indicative of the prosperity of the twentieth century as the growing attention to books. Many circumstances, all or one, may prevent every man having a library, large or small, in his house, but nothing can justify the want of public libraries in state, city, town, or village. Wherever there is a population of even two hundred persons, there ought to be a library, and in this country, where books are so much cheaper than in Europe, there is no excuse for the absence of libraries anywhere. A few hundred dollars judiciously expended each year would maintain each collection.

What were the first libraries? Assuredly, the inscribed bricks and tiles of the Assyrians and Babylonians, which explorers have unearthed in the east, literally from the ruins of empires. Diodorus Siculus, a Sicilian, who lived only a few years before the Christian era, wrote a "Universal History," in which the narrative was brought to the time of Julius Caesar, his contemporary. Only a portion of this work has come down to us, but that portion makes mention of a public library formed by the Egyptian monarch, Osymandys, who reigned over two thousand years before Christ. On the building which contained it was the inscription, "Psyches intreion" (the storehouse of medicine of the mind.) This motto holds good, now that three thousand years have passed.

The Alexandrian was the largest, if not the oldest, collection of books of the ancient world. After the death of Alexander the Great, when his vast domains were divided among his generals, Ptolemy Soter obtained and made himself master of Egypt. This was B. C. 323. After many years of hard fighting, he established himself securely on the throne

of the Pharaohs, about B. C. 300, and applied himself to the encouragement of commerce and learning. He founded the great library in the city of Alexandria, placing at its head a banished Athenian of high culture, under whose care it obtained 50,000 rolls or volumes. In succeeding time this number was increased to 400,000 — indeed, some accounts say 700,000. During the siege of Alexandria by Julius Caesar, that part of the library containing the literature of Rome, Greece, India, and Egypt was destroyed by fire. To a large extent this was replaced by the collection of Pergamos (200,000 volumes), which, to the great annoyance of the educated Romans, was presented by Mark Antony to Cleopatra. In the reign of Theodosius the Great, A. D. 319, the greatest part of this library was burned by a mob of fanatics. There is a tradition that this library was destroyed not then, but A. D. 642, at the taking of Alexandria by the Arabians under the Caliph Omar.

Peisistratos established the first public library in Athens, B. C. 531. In Rome, after the empire was established, several wealthy citizens possessed large libraries, which, if not public, were so administered as virtually to be on that footing. Several of the emperors established public libraries in Rome. At the fall, first of the western and afterward of the eastern empire, these books were destroyed or dispersed.

In what are called the dark ages, most of the books were preserved in monasteries throughout Europe, particularly in France, Switzerland, and England. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there was a great revival of learning, and many public libraries were established. The following are the most remarkable:

Nicholas Niccoli, an eminent scholar who had collected a great library, bequeathed it to the city of Florence at his death, A. D. 1436, and this was the first public library in Italy. It was greatly enlarged in 1580 by a present of Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldee, and Indian MSS. from Cosmo de Medici.

The great Vatican library in Rome was founded in 1446, by Pope Nicholas V. It contains about 150,000 volumes and 40,000 manuscripts.

The imperial library in Vienna was founded in 1500.

The most celebrated modern library is the *Bibliothèque Imperiale* of Paris. It was commenced in the middle of the fourteenth century with ten volumes, and has been augmented by subsequent kings to the enormous number of 3,100,000 printed volumes, 150,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps, 300,000 pamphlets, 130,000 engravings, and 150,000 numismatic specimens.

The library of the Escorial in Madrid was founded in 1557, library of the University of Munich in 1560, Imperial Library of St. Petersburg in 1714.

The great library of Strasburg was burned in the Franco-German war of 1870. The foundation of it dates from the year 1765, when Daniel Schopflin, author of "*Aleatia Illustrata*" presented the city with his own private library, consisting of 10,692 volumes. To this magnificent gift he added a large collection of medals and antiquities which he collected in Italy. During his life, he never ceased to enrich his donation with new additions. Unwearied in his efforts to increase the library, he lived long enough to see 733 volumes added to the number. He died in 1771. The value of the library consisted in numerous specimens of early printing, but for want of a catalogue, was comparatively useless. In 1904 this library contained 700,000 volumes.

In England, the Bodleian library was opened in 1602, at Oxford. The British Museum in London, founded in 1753, is now one of the largest and best in the world, containing over 2,000,000 volumes, besides tracts, and an immense number of manuscripts admirably arranged and catalogued.

In the number of its libraries, our own country leads the world, thus showing the general diffusion of knowledge.

The library of Harvard College, the first public library founded in this country, was established in 1632, and was endowed with gifts from Sir Kenelm Digby, Richard Baxter, Bishop Berkeley, and many others. These invaluable tomes

were all consumed by fire in 1764. The library, however, was immediately renewed and now contains a vast number of volumes.

The library of Yale College was second in order of date, and was actually founded before the college for the use of which it was designed; the person who contributed in 1700 the books which formed its nucleus remarking: "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony."

The Library Company of Philadelphia was established in 1731, by Benjamin Franklin and others. In 1868 a bequest of \$1,000,000 was made by Dr. James Rush, for the purpose of erecting a new building for the reception of the 90,000 volumes forming the library. In 1904 it numbered about 200,000.

The Athenaeum library, Providence, R. I., was begun in 1753, and the Society library, New York, in 1754. The Mercantile library, New York was founded in 1820. The Astor library, New York — a gift to the city from John Jacob Astor, who bequeathed \$400,000 for the purpose of founding and maintaining a public library — was opened in 1854 with 80,000 volumes, purchased and arranged by its superintendent, Joseph G. Cogswell. It numbers now over 300,000.

There are many fine and rare works in the Astor library. First, and rarest, perhaps, a copy of a work issued from Caxton's press, and notable as being the first work ever printed in the English language. There is a small and imperfect copy of "*Le Fevre's Recuell des Histoires de Troye*," printed in Cologne in 1471, and which, with its heavy bindings half an inch in thickness and interleaves of heaviest plate paper, is worth its weight in gold; the first printed edition of Homer (Florence, 1488), and Pope's translation of Homer, original edition, in eleven volumes quarto; "*Morrison's Chinese Dictionary*," the laborious work of a long lifetime; also a copy of the first complete edition of Shakespeare, published in 1623, seven years after the death of the author. This copy is invaluable, as there are only two copies known to exist.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT LIBRARIES.

What a world of wit is here packed together! I know not whether the sight doth more dismay or comfort me. — It dismays me to think there is so much I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. — Blessed be the memory of those who have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious books, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others.—*Bishop Hall*.

My library was dukedom enough for me.—*Shakespeare*.

Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.—*Bacon*.

Libraries are the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, may bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use.—*Dyer*.

Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenless in great bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and indeed, among all that are struggling up from nothing to something, is that of owning and constantly adding to a library of good books. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.—*H. W. Beecher*.

A great library contains the diary of the human race. — The great consulting room of a wise man is a library.—*G. Dawson*.

The true university of these days is a collection of books.—*Carlyle*.

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civilized countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom. The men themselves were hidden and inaccessible, solitary, impatient of interruption, fenced by etiquette; but the thought which they did not uncover to their bosom friend is here written out in transparent words to us, the strangers of another age.—*Emerson*.

We enter our studies and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another: we give no offense to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence; each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure.—*Landor*.

The student has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within the four walls of his library. He has in his books, the ruins of an antique world and the glories of a modern one.—*Longfellow*.

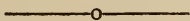
The gloomy recess of an ecclesiastical library is like¹⁵³ a harbor into which a far-travelling curiosity has sailed with its freight, and cast anchor. The ponderous tomes are¹⁶¹ bales of mind's merchandise. Odors of distant countries and times steal from red leaves,¹⁷⁷ the swelling ridges of vellum, and the titles in tarnished gold.—*Wilmott*.

What laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study, are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves!—*Horace Smith*.

No possession can surpass, or even equal a good library, to the lover of books. Here are treasured up for his daily use and delectation, riches which increase by being consumed, and pleasures which never cloy.—*Langford*.

A large library is apt to distract rather than to instruct the learner; it is much better to be confined to a few authors, than to wander at random over many.—*Seneca*.

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labors to these Bodleians were reposing here, as in some dormitory or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding sheets.¹⁷⁷ I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odor of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.—*Lamb*.



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT BOOKS.

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book! a message to us from the dead — from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet, these in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, terrify us, arouse us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.—*Charles Kingsley*.

A good book is the very essence of a good man. — His virtues survive in it, while the foibles and faults of his actual life are forgotten. — All the goodly company of the excellent and great sit around

my table, or look down on me from yonder shelves, waiting patiently to answer my questions and enrich me with their wisdom. — A precious book is a foretaste of immortality.—*T. L. Cuyler*.

Tradition is but a meteor, which, if it once falls, cannot be re-kindled. Memory, once interrupted, is not to be recalled. But written learning is¹⁶¹ a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it has passed away, is again bright in its proper station. — So books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten, but when opened again, will again impart instruction.—*Johnson*.

Books are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if you seek them they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you.

—*Richard de Bury*.

Books are the metempsychosis; the symbol and presage of immortality. The dead are scattered, and none shall find them; but behold, they are here.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.—*Whipple*.

A book is the only immortality.—*Rufus Choate*.

Books are immortal sons deifying their sires.—*Plato*.

God be thanked for books; they are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.—*Channing*.

When I get a little money, I buy books, and if any is left, I buy food and clothing.—*Erasmus*.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose for a life beyond.—*Milton*.

The books that help you most are those that make you think the most.—*Theodore Parker*.

Books are men of high stature; the only men that speak aloud for future time to hear.—*Barrett*.

Books are but waste paper, unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought.—*Bulwer*.

FICTION.

The best thoughts of best thinkers regarding fiction require our consideration of the writers *of* fiction, and the writers *about* fiction. The subject, therefore, presents itself in two very different phases; the more so because those who write about fiction seldom write any fiction.

Fiction writers are so diverse in their methods that each seems to be a law unto himself. In this regard, they are not unlike artists, in that there are several schools recognized, and even the adherents of any one school differ widely, both in their interpretation of its theory, and in their application of its principles to practice. "Artists are born and not made" implies not only the endowment of genius, but the inability of genius to communicate its peculiar form of inspiration to others. Each artist develops his own method, and can reach his sublime results only in his peculiar way. Neither can any other artist work out a theme in just that way, but must discover the peculiar method to which he is solely adapted.

The fiction writers who have become artists in their line have experienced the same restrictions in their modes of portraying life, a fact which goes far toward entitling them to be classed as also exceptionally gifted.

It is also a matter of note that fiction is of much more recent development than art or music. For the English language, the history of fiction begins with Walter Scott, but the conditions which made it possible for him to reach the public mind so forcibly through this channel were the result of numerous forerunners who taught their creeds or aired their political views in the form of story.

"Euphues," a book written in England (1579) by John Lily, was a didactic story, and for a hundred years, that book and Sidney's "Arcadia" were the only important produc-

tions in English fiction by English authors, and they were but mere beginnings. Foreign romances were translated and circulated in England, and some of them were imitated in a crude way, as in the case of "Jack Wilton" by T. Nash, (1594), and "The English Rogue," (1665-71). De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" (1719) and Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" (1726) opened the door a little wider. Then Addison issued the "Spectator," and in his untiring effort to civilize the "*bourgeoisie*," he made himself felt also in France, to the effect that Marivaux established his reputation by issuing a sort of French "Spectator" patterned after Addison's. On the other hand, Richardson's "Pamela" (1740) is a novel bearing close resemblance to Marivaux's "Marianne" (1731); and so each nation is helping the other to pave the way for a fiction that is worthy the name.

Richardson followed his "Pamela" with "Clarissa Harlowe," (1748), and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1753), in all of which he preached virtue and illustrated integrity of character among the common people as contrasted with the nobles. In 1740 Fielding comes into the literary field, and shows himself weary with Richardson's presentation of people as he saw them, instead of as a moralist would say they should be. Accordingly, Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" is almost a caricature of "Pamela." Then comes Cervantes, (1749), with "Tom Jones" and other works in which Spanish influence is plainly discernable.

Humor and pathos were combined in "Tristram Shandy" by Sterne, (1759-67), in which the French idea is apparent, following out psychological study with no regard for incident. Sterne was pessimistic, and withal, a disturbing element in the literary world; but in 1766 Goldsmith relieved the situation with his optimism so gracefully expressed in the "Vicar of Wakefield." Thus the modern romantic movement was ushered in, and, with Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliff in England, and Rousseau and Goethe from abroad, the way was prepared for the phenomenal advancement given to fiction by Sir Walter Scott. To present

the best thought of thinkers about thinkers, we now quote from Thomas Sargent Perry in Appleton's Universal Cyclo-pedia:

"*Scott.*—It was Scott who gave the English novel world-wide importance. He expressed most vividly the patriotic and mediaeval revival of his time; he brought back the past and he threw a new light on the present. He vivified history, he taught the love of nature, and delighted generations with his abundant invention. He made over not only the art of novel-writing, but that of writing history. In France, we see his influence in Dumas and Victor Hugo, and in Germany the historical novel still survives, though without proving a dangerous rival to Scott's fame. While Scott inspired many followers, the new problems of the nineteenth century called many writers away to their discussion. Dickens studied social abuses, and often hid direct practical teaching under a mask of raillery. Thackeray drew pictures of the new polite society, and his acute observations and gentle ridicule were miscalled cynicism. Bulwer combined romanticism and the study of the present with more popularity than success.

"*George Sand.*—In France, George Sand employed the novel as a means of asserting the rights of women, just as in England Miss Bronte's *Jane Eyre* touched the subject. Balzac made a profound study, half romantic and half real, of the motley society he saw about him. A complete view of society brought into fiction, notably in the work of George Sand, a new class, the country people, whose virtues she set in sharp contrast with the vices of those who dwelt in cities. Auerbach did the same service for Germany in his *Village Tales*.

"*American Novelists.*—J. F. Cooper in the U. S., inspired by Scott, had drawn romantic pictures of the red Indian. Hawthorne, with far more literary art and a subtler imagination, described New England life in the past and the present, and also Italy in *The Marble Faun*. All his pages were lit by the last, and in the estimation of many,

the most beautiful rays of romanticism, now approaching its end. Mrs. H. B. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with its vivid drawings of the wrongs of slavery, is perhaps more noteworthy as a campaign document than as a work of art.

“*Realistic Movement*.—Everywhere we find the novel something more than a mere piece of literature. It was continually employed, and not always consciously, to express the writer's emotions and interests, sometimes narrow or special in its aim. Again, as in George Eliot's hand, we find life criticised in relation to the principles of morality. It is easy to observe the gradual change in the method of novel-writing. The great wave of romanticism gradually spent its force after enriching the world with new sympathies and a larger vision. It was succeeded by a tendency toward realism. In England the two had long been combined, as in Scott, without antagonism. Balzac in France alternated between the two, but the movement toward an exacter study of life may be observed in him as well as in his contemporaries. Zola, the most important of living French novelists, has advocated realism with tireless energy, but he has not been able to escape the influences under which he was born, and although he has continually struggled to be a faithful disciple as well as preacher of realism, his work often contradicts his theories. When he is furthest from the literary theory which he detests, he is only too prone to substitute the study of repulsive details for an exact study of life, and it is in the representation of a great picture rather than in the faithful study of incidents that he is greatest. The movement toward realism, which owes much to the scientific advance of the present days, has also been greatly aided by the example of the eminent Russian novelists, Turgenieff and Tolstoi. The former aided the movement for the abolition of serfdom by his *Stories of a Sportsman*, which were followed by longer novels written with the utmost art. Tolstoi seemed to abandon all the current theories of composition and to portray life unshaped, but crowded with event as we see it, never modeling itself into a rounded whole. In France, Flaubert, and de Maupassant

rigidly confined themselves to the portrayal of exact truth, and the movement holds sway over the later novelists of the U. S., Italy, Spain and Scandinavia. That this is but a temporary movement is obvious, for every art that grows changes, and already among the younger writers there is an effort to give greater sway to the imagination."

That the subject of fiction as a department of literature is one of serious importance, is evidenced by the large amount of space which every public library must set apart for the accommodation of such works. Nor is the percentage of room required an adequate measure of its relative importance, because the number of books drawn from that department is far greater in proportion to the number of volumes therein. In short, the librarians tell us that on the average, fifty-nine per cent. of the books drawn are from the fiction department, leaving forty-one per cent. to be divided among all other departments.

How clear it is, then, that any improvement in the quality of fiction is a direct blessing to the reading public. It is also pertinent to inquire why fiction has gained such an ascendancy over all the other departments of general literature. If it be on account of the exciting scenes usually described therein, there must be some element in the mental make-up of the people, which echoes a responsive chord. Whatever it be in fiction that secures such exceeding popularity, it is a reflex of the hungry soul, or there would be no such craving for that kind of food. Instead of decrying novels and tabooing romanticism, fiction should be recognized as filling a long-felt want, and therefore it should be the duty of reformers to improve and uplift fiction and make it the greater power for good, rather than to do violence to the common sense of mankind by forbidding the reading of fiction. That it is subject to abuse is only further evidence that it has great use. The best things we have in all departments of life are subject to abuse, — usually, the better when rightly used, the worse when abused.

Much good has been done for the reading public by the introduction of history into fiction. It is also a standing joke on historians that too much of what passes for history is fiction. History in fiction is good; fiction in history, quite the reverse. Why? because history in fiction is known to be history; but fiction in history is represented as fact, and therein *lies* the evil.*

It is also true that the writers of historical romance are sometimes untrue to their trust in their representations of the events and customs of the time and place in which the scene is laid. But notwithstanding the slight warping of facts or coloring of motives indulged for the better setting of the romance, the leading truths of history are so artfully introduced, and the details of life so aptly interwoven that the reader acquires the historical knowledge through vivid impressions inwrought by the plot of the romance, the romance lending such an interest to the historical scene that both are indelibly fixed in the mind.

Except in the practiced scholar, the heart³⁷² opens a broader avenue to the mind than does the judgment. The knowledge we obtain through the excitement of the feelings takes a deeper hold on the soul than what we learn through the cold calculations of the intellect. Though the judgment is more philosophic, the reason more discriminating, the sensibilities are ever more actively open to sympathize in all the emotions to which the mind is susceptible. Any subject that can be clothed with the warm garments of feeling will be cordially received by the mind, through the heart. Even the story of the Cross owes its power over the masses to the passion therein portrayed. Take away the love of a living Savior, and the appeals for sympathy with his undeserved sufferings, and how many would make the intellectual conception of a Vicarious Atonement a sufficient reason for espousing the holy cause? On the contrary, the lowly Naza-

*NOTE.—Of course, the reader will see that the word "fiction" in the above play upon words, is used in two different senses. History in fiction is history in romance, but fiction in history is falsehood in history. This form of fallacy is known as Ambiguous Middle, and the argument has no weight, not but what the conclusion is true, but because it is not proved by this way of reasoning. (478)

rene, the forgiveness of enemies, and the whole assemblage of traits incorporated into the Divine Character, form such an array of emotional concepts, that they reach the heart *in spite of* theological dogma.

Sacred history may not be called history in fiction, nor fiction in history, but it is passion in history, and illustrates most aptly the necessary element to give any history a permanent lodgement in the average mind.

Now, to press our inquiry as to why fiction has gained such an ascendancy over all other departments of general literature, and to discover what element in fiction satisfies the craving of the hungry soul, we have only to view fiction in the light of an address to the heart rather than the intellect, and the riddle is solved. Of course, no reputable author wants the cherished offspring of his imagination to dwindle into a mere love-story, but divest his work of all that pertains to the tender passion, and who will read it? The wooing and the winning, the pursuit and the oft uncertain possession, are the silken cords that bind together the meshes of circumstance enweaved in glowing thoughts and valorous deeds. The web and woof of the whole fabric are dependent upon love for the golden threads and the brilliant hues that mark the pattern fair. And why *this* passion, when the heart is susceptible to so many passions? Envy and revenge, hope and despair, joy and sadness, all come in to interest for a season, but in the end they are all subordinated to the master passion. Each emotion is pictured out in its full strength, but its force is eventually spent in the furtherance of the amorous hero's ends. Even the greed of gold is subjugated, because — and herein is the answer to all the questions involved — *A good man will do more for love than he will for money!*

Recognizing the source of the power with which fiction appeals to the masses, many writers have seized upon this weapon as a means of attacking the public in behalf of some pet theory or peculiar theology, and as a result, we have many story books which are but the vehicle for bringing forward

schemes and suggestions to serve the purpose of agitation. Religion, sociology, politics, all things, except the strictly educational branches, have been aided and abetted by joining hands with fiction. Many of these efforts have been creditable indeed, and have done much good, both in the stimulation of thought and in the inculcation of knowledge. History was the first to receive the help of fiction, but other legitimate (and some not so legitimate) subjects of popular interest have followed in its wake, and the result is, on the whole, encouraging. Canon Farrar seized the pen of fiction, and "Darkness before Dawn" has blessed the world. "Quo Vadis," though not quite so true to history, is more perfect as a romance, and thousands have read and re-read these fiction-histories of Christianity and its vital connection with the downfall of the Roman Empire, who could never have been persuaded to read a dozen pages of such history, if divested of its romantic setting.

For more examples of this and other subjects that have donned the cloak of fiction, mention may be made of such well-known works as "Looking Backwards," "Caesar's Column," "The Wrestler of Phillipi," "A Friend of Caesar," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "To Have and to Hold," "My African Farm," "Robert Elsmere," "Seats of the Mighty," "Janice Meredith," "Richard Carvel," and a score of others which the reader can doubtless recall. Even Humor attacked, by means of ridicule, the follies of Knight-Errantry, when Mark Twain appears as a "Connecticut Yankee in the Court of King Arthur;" while science finds an able, though erratic exponent in Jules Verne.

Another phase of this question still remains. It is the dramatization of history on the one hand, and the dramatization of fiction on the other. Thus the stage becomes another link in the chain that holds fiction captive, and renders it subservient to the edification of mankind.

Not content with Hamlet and the powerful train of characters born of the brain of the Stratford bard, playwrights have adapted to the stage the efforts of many lesser lights,

sometimes to the improvement of the work through condensation, — and therein lies a literary proposition that is worth our careful notice. The improvement to the work, in case it be an improvement, is caused not so much by the elaboration and fuller representation of its best parts, as by the suppression of the minor details, especially those that lead the way from one important scene to another. Many a good book contains, say half a dozen first-class episodes, filling a hundred pages of the text, but to get this hundred pages, the reader must wade through five hundred pages that only serve to connect one important event with another. These are the parts that are omitted or greatly condensed in dramatization. If the author himself had abridged the connectives, leaving most of the minor incidents to be inferred, how it would sparkle! The greatest painters rest their fame largely on the same principle. They emphasize the strong points in a picture with great care in the details, but elsewhere, much is left to the imagination of the beholder. A mere shadow suggests the proper filling of a large gap; and so in fiction, the main parts can be made to imply most of the connecting incidents, to the greater brilliancy of the whole.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT FICTION.

Fiction allures to the severer task by a gayer preface. Embellished truths are the illuminated alphabet of larger children.—*Willmott*.

I have often maintained that fiction may be much more instructive than real history.—*John Foster*.

Fiction is no longer a mere amusement; but transcendent genius, accommodating itself to the character of the age, has seized upon this province of literature, and turned fiction from a toy into a mighty engine.—*Channing*.

The best histories may sometimes be those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy, but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected, but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind forever.—*Macaulay*.

Those who delight in the study of human nature, may improve on the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of it by the perusal of the best selected fictions.—*Whately*.

WHAT TO READ IN FICTION.

The best historical novel — "Ivanhoe."

The best dramatic novel — "The Count of Monte Christo."

The best domestic novel — "The Vicar of Wakefield."

The best marine novel — "Mr. Midshipman Easy."

The best country life novel — "Adam Bede."

The best military novel — "Charles O'Malley."

The best religious novel — "Ben Hur."

The best sporting novel — "Sarchedon."

The best political novel — "Lothair."

The best novel written for a purpose — "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The best imaginative novel — "She."

The best pathetic novel — "The Old Curiosity Shop."

The best humorous novel — "The Pickwick Papers."

The best Irish novel — "Handy Andy."

The best Scotch novel — "The Heart of Midlothian."

The best English novel — "Vanity Fair."

The best American novel — "The Scarlet Letter."

The best sensational novel — "The Woman in White."

New York Commercial Advertiser.

WHO-WHEN-WHERE SERIES—3.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—(CONTINUED).

TWELFTH NIGHT.

If music be the food of love, play on;
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 That strain again; it had a dying fall:
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing and giving odor.—Act I, Sc. 1.

I am sure care 's an enemy to life.—Act I, Sc. 3.

At my finger's ends.—Act I, Sc. 3.

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red, and white
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.—Act I, Sc. 5.

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.—Act II, Sc. 4.

An you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at
 your heels than fortunes before you.—Act II, Sc. 5.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have great-
 ness thrust upon them.—Act II, Sc. 5.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.—Act III, Sc. 1.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a
 goose-pen, no matter.—Act III, Sc. 2.

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an
 improbable fiction.—Act III, Sc. 4.

As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very
 wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, That that is, is.—Act IV, Sc. 2.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath.—Act IV, Sc. 3.

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.—Act IV, Sc. 3.

KING JOHN.

For courage mounteth with occasion.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!—Act II, Sc. 2.

Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words
Since I first called my brother's father, dad.—Act II, Sc. 2.

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.—Act III, Sc. 1.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.—Act III, Sc. 4.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.—Act III, Sc. 4.

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.—Act III, Sc. 4.

And he that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.—Act III, Sc. 4.

How now, foolish rheum!
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.—Act IV, Sc. 2.

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.—Act IV, Sc. 2.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—Act IV, Sc. 2.

I saw a smith with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.—Act IV, Sc. 2.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!—Act IV, Sc. 2.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.—Act V, Sc. 7.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.—Act V, Sc. 7.

KING RICHARD II.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat.
 O, no! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

—Act I, Sc. 3.

The tongues of dying men,
 Enforce attention like deep harmony.—Act II, Sc. 1.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king.—Act III, Sc. 2.

O, call back yesterday, bid time return.—Act III, Sc. 2.

And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings.—Act III, Sc. 2.

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle walls, and — farewell king.—Act III, Sc. 2.

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little, little grave, an obscure grave.—Act III, Sc. 3.

Gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
 Under whose colors he had fought so long.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

As for a camel

To thread the postern of a needle's eye.—Act V, Sc. 5.

KING HENRY IV, PART I.

In those holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.—Act I, Sc. 2.

I would that thou and I knew where a commodity of good names
 were to be bought!—Act I, Sc. 2.

'T is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his
 vocation.—Act I, Sc. 2.

He will give the Devil his due.—Act I, Sc. 2.

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee.

—Act I, Sc. 2.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.—Act I, Sc. 2.

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reaped,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again.—Act I, Sc. 3.

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!—Act I, Sc. 3.

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.—Act I, Sc. 3.

I know a trick worth two of that.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.—Act II, Sc. 2.
Brain him with his lady's fan.—Act II, Sc. 3.
A plague of all cowards, I say.—Act II, Sc. 4.

I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two
rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, — if I tell thee a lie,
spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I
lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.
—Act II, Sc. 4.

Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as
blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.
—Act II, Sc. 4.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?—Act III, Sc. 1.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil.—Act. III Sc. 1.

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.—Act III, Sc. 1.

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.—Act III, Sc. 2.

Company, villainous company, has been the spoil of me.—Act III,
Sc. 3.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.—Act V, Sc. 4.

I could have better spared a better man.—Act V, Sc. 4.

The better part of valor is discretion.—Act V, Sc. 4.

KING HENRY IV., PART II.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a silent bell,
 Remembered knolling a departed friend.—Act I, Sc. 1.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Sleep! O gentle Sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?—Act III, Sc. 1.

Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.—Act III, Sc. 1.

I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, I
 saw and overcame. —Act IV, Sc. 3.

(Veni, vidi, vici.)

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.—Act IV, Sc. 4.

KING HENRY V.

Consideration, like an angel, came
 And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him.—Act I, Sc. 1.

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.—
 Act II, Sc. 3.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.—Act II, Sc. 4.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger:
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.—Act III, Sc. 1.

I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen.—Act III, Sc. 6.

You may as well say that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast
 on the lip of a lion.—Act III, Sc. 7.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.—Act IV, Sec. 3.

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.—
Act. V, Sc. 1.

KING HENRY VI, PART I.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.—Act II, Sc. 4.
Delays have dangerous ends.—Act III, Sc. 2.
She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.—Act V, Sc. 3.

KING HENRY VI., PART II.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.—Act I, Sc. 3.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.—Act III, Sc. 1.
What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.—Act III, Sc. 2.
Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.—Act IV, Sc. 7.

KING HENRY VI., PART III.

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.—Act I, Sc. 2.
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.—Act II, Sc. 1.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.—Act II, Sc. 2.
Things ill-got had ever bad success,
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell.—Act II, Sc. 2.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.—Act IV, Sc. 8.
Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.—Act V, Sc. 6.

KING RICHARD III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them,—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun.—Act I, Sc. 1.

The world has grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.—Act I, Sc. 3.
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen out of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil.—Act I, Sc. 3.
So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.—Act III, Sc. 1.
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk.—Act IV, Sc. 3.
An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.—Act IV, Sc. 4.
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—Act V, Sc. 3.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.—Act V, Sc. 3.
A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!—Act V, Sc. 4.

KING HENRY VII.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.—Act II, Sc. 3.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—Act III, Sc. 2.

I charge thee, fling away ambition.
By that sin angels fell.—Act III, Sc. 2.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.—Act III, Sc. 2.
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.—Act IV, Sc. 2.
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—Act IV, Sc. 2.

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.—Act III, Sc. 3.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—Act III, Sc. 3.
And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.—Act III, Sc. 3.
And like a dew drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.—Act III, Sc. 3.
The end crowns all.—Act IV, Sc. 5.

CORIOLANUS.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder.—Act III, Sc. 1.

Chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.—Act V, Sc. 3.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—Act I, Sc. 2.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.—Act II, Sc. 1.

The eagle suffers little birds to sing.—Act IV, Sc. 4.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The weakest goes to the wall.—Act I, Sc. 2.
One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish.—Act I, Sc. 2.

O, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep.—Act I, Sc. 4.

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.—Act I, Sc. 4.
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.—Act I, Sc. 5.
He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!—Act II, Sc. 2.

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!—Act II, Sc. 2.
O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?—Act II, Sc. 2.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.—Act II, Sc. 2.

For stony limits cannot hold love out.—Act II, Sc. 2.

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords.—Act II, Sc. 2.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circl'd orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.—Act II, Sc. 2.
How silver sweet sound lover's tongues by night.—Act II, Sc. 2.

Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.—Act II, Sc. 2.

O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes 's by action dignified.—Act II, Sc. 3.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church
door; but 't is enough.—Act III, Sc. 1.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.—Act III, Sc. 3.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.—Act III, Sc. 5.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds, by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief.—Act IV, Sc. 3.

ARCHITECTURE OF EXPRESSION.

In a previous article under this caption, we treated of Clearness, as dependent upon the proper use of pronouns. We now offer a few specimens of ambiguity, or the want of clearness, resulting from what the French call Squinting Construction. Where a modifying word or clause is used, it is important to avoid placing it between two others in such a way that it might be taken to modify, with equal propriety, that which goes before it, or that which comes after it. A clause so placed is said to look both ways, or squint.

For example: "This monument was erected to the memory of John Smith, who was shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

This kind of error is so easily avoided that one would hardly expect to find it in the works of standard authors, yet, Lord Lytton says, in "King Arthur," "It shames man not to feel man's human fear." The adverb "not" squints; and the more you read the sentence, the more you don't know. Construed in one way, it means, "It shames not man to feel man's human fear," which is a good sentiment and an important truth. Construed the other way, it means, "It shames man to feel not man's human fear," which is just as true and just as important; for a man who "feels not man's human fear" (of God) should be ashamed.

Now, if one of these meanings were ridiculous, or unimportant, or inconsistent with some other views contiguously expressed, we should easily exclude that one; but when both are eloquent expressions, each of a different truth; both forcible, and each as likely as the other to be the intended meaning, why, the longer we study them, the harder it is to decide.

Take another :

"You're wounded! — "Nay," his soldier pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
"I'm killed, sire," and his *chief* beside
The smiling *boy* fell dead.

—*Browning.*

In this stanza, it is impossible to tell whether the chief fell dead beside the boy, or the boy fell dead beside the chief.

Another: "Though some of the European rulers may be females, *when spoken of altogether*, they may be correctly classified under the denomination, kings."—*Alford.*

Another from the same author: "When I hear a person use a queer expression, or pronounce a name *in reading* differently from his neighbors, it always goes down, in my estimate of him, with a ruinous sign before it."

The poor little beggar longed for some fruit, and after searching from one end of the market to the other, *for a penny*, at length, bought an apple.

Tell him, *if he is in the parlor*, I do not care to see him.

Say to him, *if he is in the wrong*, he should retrace his steps.

Yet we fancy that Franklin, the philosopher, *in small things as well as great*, rejoiced in his heart when house-cleaning day came.

"Are these designs which any man, who is born a Briton, *in any circumstances*, ought to be ashamed to avow?"

The reader can easily see in these cases where the italicised words should be placed to remove the ambiguity. There are some words and phrases which cause ambiguity, not from their position, but from variation in meaning. The following quotations from various authors, and some from authors about authors, are submitted for what they are worth, additional comment being, in most cases, unnecessary:

"I had like to have got one or two broken heads for my impertinence.—*Swift*.

"We referred to that committee matter at the American Institute in a half-serious, half-truthful way."—*New England Journal of Education*.

"That puzzles us. Is the half-truthful the same half as the half-serious, or is it the other half? If it is the same half, what is the other half, and how many halves are there to that?"—*School Bulletin*.

"Monthly school reports must be handed in on Wednesday of each week to insure their publication."

"I follow fate, which does too fast pursue."—*Dryden*. To follow and pursue, they must *both* be behind!

"This extraordinary man left no children except his brother, who was killed at the same time."—*Memoirs of Robespierre*.

"He knew a man who, overcome by heat, lay six weeks speechless in the month of August, and all his cry was 'water':"

—Quoted by *Schele de Vere*.

"Such was the end of Murat at the premature age of forty-eight.

—*Allison*.

A Mr. Crispin of Oxford announced that he sold "boots and shoes made by celebrated Hoby, London." Mr. Hoby, irate, put into the Oxford paper, "The boots and shoes Mr. Crispin says he sells of my make is a lie."

"Of course, *every one will be there*, and for the edification of those who are absent, a full report will be found in our next paper."—*Express*.

"Those who recommend the exclusive employment of either the simpler or the more complex words of our rich English, both err."

—*Popular Grammar*.

"To Millers — To be let, a windmill, containing three pairs of stones, a bakehouse, corn shop, and about five acres of land, dwelling house and garden."—*Times*.

On a bridge at Athens, Ga., is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a faster pace than a walk shall, if a white person, be fined \$5.00, and if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

"The applause at the end of the scene was unanimous, having been heard in various parts of the house; there were few hisses."—*Herald*.

"A deaf man named Taff was run down by a passenger train and killed Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."—*New Jersey Journal*.

"I hope, my lord, if you ever come within a mile of my house, you will stay there all night."—*Sir Boyle Roche* to a friend.

"Each prayed for the other rather than for themselves."—*Gaskell*.

It has doubtless been noted that many of these ambiguous expressions contain some form of

HUMOR.

The reader will kindly refer to the article on "The Philosophy of Expression," for a concise treatment of the essential elements of humor, and the distinction between humor and wit. The philosophy of wit is a serious problem. It is fun in earnest.

As a further elucidation of the humorous effect of squinting construction, and other forms of ambiguity, we quote from "English as She is Wrote," by D. Appleton & Co. They show some of the curious ways in which the English language may be made to convey ideas or obscure them. These samples are all vouched for by the authors as actual occurrences, and in no case intended to be humorous; the humorous effect being heightened thereby.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE BY THE INACCURATE.

A bill presented to a farmer ran thus: "To hanging two barn doors and myself, 4s, 6d."

A Western paper says: "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles long, as was also the report of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

"I saw a man digging a well with a Roman nose."

"I perceived that it had been scoured with half an eye."

A sea-captain assures us that "his vessel was beautifully painted with a tall mast."

A storekeeper says, "the longest time and easiest terms are given by any other house in the city."

In an account of travels, we are assured that "a pearl was found by a sailor in a shell."

Here is a curious evidence of philanthropy: "A wealthy gentleman will adopt a little boy with a small family."

A parochial report states that "the town farm-house and almshouse have been carried on the past year to our reasonable satisfaction, especially the almshouse, at which there have been an unusual amount of sickness, and three deaths."

A Kansas paper thus ends a marriage notice: "The couple left for the East on the night train, where they will reside."

"A man from Africa called to pay his compliments tall and dark complexioned."

The following notice appeared on the west end of a country meeting-house: "Anybody sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law or any other nuisance."

A gushing ungrammatical editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend ———, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are an inch long."

On the panel under the letter receiver at the General Post-Office at Dublin, these words are printed: "Post here letters too late for the next mail."

A lady desired to communicate by telegraph to her husband in the city the size of an illuminated text which she had promised for the Sunday-school room. When the order reached him, it read. "Unto us a child is born, nine feet long by two feet wide."

A dealer in engravings announced, "Scotland Forever. A Cavalry Charge after Elizabeth Thompson Butler, just published."

A Coroner's verdict reads thus, "The deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

A farmer who wished to enter some of his live-stock at an agricultural exhibition, in the innocence of his heart, but with more truth than he dreamed of, wrote to the committee, saying, "Enter me for one jackass."

A Western paper says that "a fine new school-house has just been finished in that town capable of accommodating three hundred students four stories high."

A member of a school committee writes, "We have two school-rooms sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred pupils one above the other."

A clergyman writes, "A young woman died in my neighborhood yesterday while I was preaching the gospel in a beastly state of intoxication."

An old edition of Morse's Geography declares that, "Albany has four hundred dwelling-houses and twenty-four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street."

A newspaper gives an account of a man who "was driving an old ox when he became angry and kicked him, hitting his jaw-bone with such force as to break his leg." "We have been fairly wild ever since we read the paper," writes a contemporary, "to know who or which got angry at whom or what, and if the ox kicked the man's jaw with such force as to break the ox's leg, or how it is. Or did the man kick the ox in the jawbone with such force as to break the ox's leg, and, if so, which leg? It's one of those things which no man can find out, save only the man who was kicked, or was being kicked, as the case may be."

A mayor in a university town issued the following proclamation: "Whereas a Multiplicity of Dangers are often incurred by Damage of outrageous Accidents by Fire, we whose names are undersigned have thought proper that the Benefit of an Engine bought by us for the better

extinguishing of which by the Accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen to make a Rate together Benevolence for the better propagating such useful instruments."

The following is a pattern piece of modern style, sanctioned by an English Board of Trade, and drawn up by an eminent authority: "Tickets are nipped at the Barriers, and passengers admitted to the platforms will have to be delivered up to the Company in event of the holders subsequently retiring from the platforms without travelling, and cannot be recognized for readmission."

A College professor, describing the effect of wind in some western forest, wrote, "In travelling along the road, I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them, so I went round."

BY ADVERTISERS ON SIGN-BOARDS.

Wanted, A young man to take charge of a horse of a religious turn of mind.

A large Spanish blue gentleman's cloak lost in the neighborhood of the market.

A lady advertises her desire for a husband "with a roman nose having strong religious tendencies."

Wanted, a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion.

In the far west, a man advertises for a woman "to wash, iron and milk one or two cows."

"Lost, a cameo brooch representing Venus and Adonis on the Drumcondra Road about 10 o'clock Tuesday evening."

An inducement to return property is offered as follows: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is a gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

A photographer's sign reads: "This style three pictures finished in fifteen minutes while you wait for twenty-five cents beautifully colored."

A baker displays this sign: "Family Baking Done Here." The sign would look more appropriate if it were in front of some of our "cool and well-ventilated" summer-resort hotels.

The following notice appeared on the fence of a vacant lot in Brooklyn: "All persons are forbidden to throw ashes on this lot under penalty of the law or any other garbage."

Notice in a Hoboken ferry-boat: "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to occupy them till the ladies are seated."

FOR EPITAPHS.

A terse account of an untimely end is given upon a stone in a Mexican church-yard:

"He was young, ne was fair
But the Injuns raised his hair."

This brief announcement may be read in a church-yard in Wrexham, Wales:

"Here lies five babies and children dear
Three at Owestry and two here."

Upon the tomb of a boy who died of eating too much fruit, this quaint epitaph conveys a moral:

"Currants have checked the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have par'd off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare.
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not hate, yet 'tis a lesson good.
Gilt will not long hide guilt, such thin washed ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not as it lies upon my clay,
But in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey,
Rehearses I was fruitful to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away."

In Glasgow Cathedral is an epitaph, which is engraved on the lid of a very old sarcophagus, discovered in the crypt:

"Our life's the flying Shadow, God's the Pole,
The Index pointing at him is our Soul,
Death's the Horizon, when our Sun is set,
Which all through Chryst a Resurrection get."

In a graveyard in Montrose, in Scotland, this inscription may still be seen:

"Here lies the body of
George Young
And of all his posterity for
fifty years backwards."

There is an unqualified Hibernianism in the following:

"Here lies the remains of
Thomas Maelstrom who died
in Philadelphia March 17th
Had he lived he would have been buried here."

To the victim of an accident:

"Here lies the body of James Hambrick which was accidentally shot in the Pacas river by a young man with one of Colts large revolvers with no stopper for the hand to rest on. It was one of the old fashioned sort brass mounted and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Upon a tombstone in Pennsylvania:

"Battle of Shiloh.

April 6 1862

John D L was born March 26 1839 in the town of West Dresden State of New York where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

A tombstone in Pittsfield, Mass., has these lines:

"When you my friends are passing by,
And this inform you where I lie,
Remember you ere long must have,
Like me, a mansion in the grave,
Also 3 infants, 2 sons and a daughter."

An instance of how rhyming difficulties may be overcome is as follows:

"Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhen,
The most amiable of husbands and excellent men.

N. B. His real name was Woodcock, but it would't come in rhyme.

—*His Widow.*

Another from Manchester:

"Here lies alas! more's the pity,
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity.
N. B.—His name was Newtown."

From the Philadelphia Ledger, on a man 51 years old:

"He heard the angels calling him
From that celestial shore;
He flopped his wings, and away he went,
To make one angel more."

BY CORRESPONDENTS.

From an Indian school-boy:

"Benevolent Sir: The wolf of sickness has laid hold on the flock of my health."

From a butcher at Berhampoor, India, to a customer:

"To his Highness — Kid Esquire

"The humble butcher, Nows Rouny, Respectfully sheweth that for your honor has sent a good beef, 1 rump and please to take it and pay day labor of bearer cooly. As your obedient butcher shall ever pray.

The following is a sample of clearness clarified:

Dear Mr. Editor:

"The hystoric apple that tossed about and struck Sir Isaac Newton landed finally, in revealing its inner nature its hidden meaning, not only as a consolation but also of universal utility in all scientific branges:

"Or out of simbols of the ancient World, up to the real discoveries of the present time proceeded the solution of the relation of the Eternal time, motion and distance. Which set forte the discovery of the generational cosmological Parents of this planet, are discovered that these can be seen by all mankind.

"Resp."

The reader will find many more letters, some worse, (or better) than those we have quoted, in Appleton's "English as She is Wrote."

 BY THE EFFUSIVE.

Professor Huxley is credited with the assertion that the primrose is "a corollifloral dicotyledonous exogen, with a monopetalous corolla and a central placenta."

A scientific writer defines sneezing as, "a phenomenon provoked either by an excitation brought to bear on the nasal membrane or by a sudden shock of the sun's rays on the membrane of the eye. This peripheral irritation is transmitted by the trifacial nerve to the Gasserian ganglion, whence it passes by a commissure to an agglomeration of globules in the medulla oblongata or in the protuberance: from this point, by a series of reflex and complicated acts, it is transformed by the mediation of the spinal cord into a centrifugal excitation which radiates outwards by means of the spinal nerves to the expiratory muscles."

For further examples of scientific effusiveness in its relation to humor, see the article on "The Philosophy of Expression." Also, see "English as She is Wrote" for more of the effusive style, including one sentence containing eight hundred words — the longest sentence ever written.

HOW SHE CAN BE ODDLY WROTE.

Here is a rhyme that emphasizes the peculiarities of the English language in the conjugation of irregular verbs:

"Sally Salter, she was a young teacher that taught,
And her friend Charley Church was a preacher who praught;
Though his friends all declared him a screecher who sraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eyes, meeting hers, kept winking, and wunk,
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
For his love for her grew — to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do, then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart had long soke,
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode,
And they came to the place to be tied and were tode.

Then "Homeward" he said "let us drive," and they drove,
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove;
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole,
At the feet where he wanted to kneel, there he knole,
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging and clung,
While time his swift circuit was winging, and wung.
And this was the thing he was bringing, and brung:

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught —
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught,
Was the one that she now liked to scratch, and she sraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing, and froze,
While he took to teasing and cruelly toze
The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squeeze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"
And she answered "I promised to cleave, and I've *cleft*!"

Next, we give a zoological romance, by C. F. Adams, inspired, no doubt, by an unusual flow of *animal* spirits:

No sweeter girl ewe ever gnu
Than Betty *Martin's* daughter Sue.
With sable hare, small tapir waist
And lips you'd gopher miles to taste;
Ape pretty lass it was avowed,
Of whom her marmot to be proud,
Bright, lambent eyes, like a gazelle,
Sheep pertly brought to bear so well;

Deer girl! I loved her as my life,
 And vowed to heifer for my wife.
 Alas! a sailor on the sly,
 Had cast on her his wether eye.
 He said my love for her was bosh,
 And my affections I musquash.
 He'd dog her footsteps every where
 Anteater in the easy chair;
 He'd setter round, this sailor chap,
 And pointer out upon the map
 Where once a pirate cruiser boar
 Him captive to a foreign shore.
 The cruel captain far outdid
 The yaks and crimes of Robert Kidd.
 He oft would whale Jack with the cat,
 And say, "My buck, doe ewe like that?
 "What makes you stag around so, say?
 The catamounts to something, hey?"
 Then he would seal it with an oath,
 And say, "You are a lazy sloth!
 I'll starve you down, my sailor fine,
 Until for beef and porcupine!"
 And fairly horse with fiendish laughter,
 Would say, "Henceforth, mind what giraffe ter!"
 In short the many risks he ran
 Might well a llama braver man;
 Then he was wrecked and castor shore
 While feebly clinging to anoa;
 Hyena cleft among the rocks
 He crept, sans shoes and minus ox.
 And when he fain would go to bed,
 He had to lion leaves instead.
 Then Sue would say, with troubled face,
 "How koodoo live in such a place?"
 And straightway into tears would melt,
 And say, "How badger must have felt!"
 While he, the brute, woodchuck her chin,
 And say "Aye-aye, my lass!" and grin.

* * * * *

Excuse these steers * * * It's over now;
 There's naught like grief the hart can cow.
 Jackass'd her to be his, and she —
 She gave Jackal and jilted me.
 And now, alas! the little minks
 Is bound to him with Hymen's lynx.

Detroit Free Press.

While upon the subject of puns,²⁷³ we quote from the Graphic:

"On being consulted about it Spikes says that Uncle Sam anticipates the transfer of the Indian Bureau to some mother department, and if this should father improve the condition of the children of the forest, in sondry ways, by cousin them to be more comfortable, it would be a niece arrangement and daughter be maid." We are inclined in nephew instances to agree with the gramma, but not with the spelling.

From the "Graphic" we also obtain the following Russian stanza, found in a room that had been occupied by Alexis when in this country:

"Owata jollitimiv ad
Sinci tookleveov mioldad!
Owata mericociv bin —
Ivespenta nawful pilovtin!
Damsorri tolevami now,
But landigoshenjingo vow,
Thetur kishwar mustavastop
Gotele graphitoff topop."

Of course, there are many kinds of humor not dependent upon any peculiarity of grammatical or rhetorical expression. Further treatment of wit and humor will be given in a separate chapter, when considering the best thoughts of the best thinkers among humorous writers. Also, jokes will be found scattered here and there throughout the volume, to be met with unexpectedly, and, like the plums in a pudding, the sweeter because a little uncertain as to just where they will be found. Arranged in this way, they come upon us as an agreeable surprise, — the very element which gives them vivacity — but great care is required not to jar the feelings by a sudden transition from the sublime to the ridiculous, even when the subject matter is strictly pertinent.

It is also to be noted that a joke is doubly enjoyed by one who can analyze and classify it in a literary way; because, in addition to the fun it contains, he can give its brilliant fancy a setting of fact in the understanding. He is situated like the thorough scholar who enjoys good music, not only through the sense of hearing, but by understanding the laws of harmony involved in its composition, and also the laws of physics, as involved in the mathematical relations of its chords.

WHO-WHEN-WHERE SERIES—4.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (CONTINUED.)

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.—Act I, Sc. 2.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.—Act I, Sc. 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.—Act II, Sc. 2.

Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.—Act III, Sc. 1.

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Act III, Sc. 2.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.—Act III, Sc. 2.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.—Act III, Sc. 2.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is.

* * * * * I only speak right on.—Act III, Sc. 2.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.—Act IV, Sc. 3.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.—Act IV, Sc. 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.—Act IV, Sc. 3.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man."—Act V, Sc. 5.

MACBETH.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.—Act I, Sc. 3.

I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people.—Act I, Sc. 7.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.—Act I, Sc. 7.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.—Act I, Sc. 7.

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—Act II, Sc. 1.

The labor we delight in physics pain.—Act II, Sc. 1.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.—Act III, Sc. 4.

Double, double toil and trouble.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of Fate.—Act IV, Sc. 1.

What ! What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
—Act IV, Sc. 1.

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.—Act IV, Sc. 2.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none of it.—Act V, Sc. 3.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Act V, Sc. 3.

HAMLET.

Some say, that ever against that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.—Act I, Sc. 1.

The morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yonder eastern hill.—Act I, Sc. 1.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.—Act I, Sc. 2.

Frailty, thy name is woman!—Act I, Sc. 2.

Like Niobe, all tears.—Act I, Sc. 2.

Season your admiration for awhile.—Act I, Sc. 2.

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.—Act I, Sc. 3.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.—Act I, Sc. 3.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure; but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.—Act I, Sc. 3.

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence.—Act I, Sc. 3.

But to my mind, — though I am native here,
And to the manner born, — it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.—Act I, Sc. 4.
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.—Act I, Sc. 4.

I am thy father's spirit:

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,

Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!—Act I, Sc. 5.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—Act I, Sc. 5.

Brevity is the soul of wit.—Act II, Sc. 2.

That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity,
 And pity 't is 't is true.—Act II, Sc. 2.

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
 Doubt that the sun doth move;
 Doubt truth to be a liar,
 But never doubt I love.

—Act II, Sc. 2.

Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.—Act II, Sc. 2.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.—Act II, Sc. 2.

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!—Act II, Sc. 2.

Use every man after his desert, and who should escape whipping?—Act II, Sc. 2.

With devotion's visage,
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The Devil himself.—Act III, Sc. 1.

To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep,—
 No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die, — to sleep:—
 To sleep! perchance, to dream: ay there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Act III, Sc. 1.

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.—Act III, Sc. 1.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape
 calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go.—Act III, Sc. 1.

The glass of fashion, the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers.—Act III, Sc. 1.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands, thus; but use all
 gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirl-
 wind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give
 it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, peri-
 wig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears
 of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but
 inexplicable dumb shews, and noise; I would have such a fellow whipp'd
 for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod.—Act III, Sc. 2.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special
 observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.—Act III, Sc. 2.

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature.—Act III, Sc. 2.

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious
 grieve.—Act III, Sc. 2.

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not
 made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.—Act III, Sc. 2.

'T is as easy as lying.—Act III, Sc. 2.

Pluck out the heart of my mystery.—Act III, Sc. 2.

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.—Act III, Sc. 4.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—Act III, Sc. 4.

I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—Act III, Sc. 4.

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To rust in us unus'd.—Act IV, Sc. 4.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.—Act IV, Sc. 5.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.—Act IV, Sc. 5.

One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
So fast they follow.—Act IV, Sc. 7.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it.—Act V, Sc. 1.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.—Act V, Sc. 1.
A politician. * * * One that could circumvent God.—Act V, Sc. 1.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?—Act V, Sc. 1.

Imperial Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.—Act V, Sc. 1.

Lay her in the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring.—Act V, Sc. 1.

And from his ashes may be made,
The violet of his native land.—*Tennyson, In Mem., XVIII.*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.—Act V, Sc. 1.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.—Act V, Sc. 2.

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.—Act V, Sc. 2.

KING LEAR.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Act I, Sc. 4.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.—Act I, Sc. 4.

O, let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.—Act II, Sc. 4.

I am a man

More sinn'd against than sinning.—Act III, Sc. 2.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these?—Act III, Sc. 4.

The green mantle of the standing pool.—Act III, Sc. 4.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.—Act III, Sc. 4.

Ay, every inch a king.—Act IV, Sc. 6.

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.—Act IV, Sc. 6.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.—Act IV, Sc. 6.

Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.—Act IV, Sc. 7.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.—Act V, Sc. 3.

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low, — an excellent thing in woman.—Act V, Sc. 3.

OTHELLO.

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at.—Act I, Sc. 1.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.—Act I, Sc. 3.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
It ran through even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history,
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, — such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
And Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline.—Act I, Sc. 3.

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me, for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, — in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.—Act I, Sc. 3.

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief.—Act I, Sc. 3.

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation!
I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.
—Act II, Sc. 3.

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away
their brains!—Act II, Sc. 3.

Good name in man and woman, dear, my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name.

Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.—Act III, Sc. 3.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.—Act III, Sc. 3.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.—Act III, Sc. 3.
Nor aught set down in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well.—Act V. Sc. 2.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.—Act I, Sc. 1.

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment.—Act I, Sc. 5.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.—Act III, Sc. 1.

PERICLES.

3 Fish.—Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish.—Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones.—Act II, Sc. 1.

CYMBELINE.

As chaste as unsunned snow.—Act II, Sc. 5.
Some griefs are medicinal.—Act II, Sc. 5.
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.—Act III, Sc. 3.

No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.—Act III, Sc. 4.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the downy pillow hard.—Act III, Sc. 6.

POEMS.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.

Venus and Adonis, Line 145.

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

Lucrece, Line 1006.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

The Passionate Pilgrim, XIV.

Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.—*Sonnet* LII.
Let me not to the true marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.—*Sonnet* CXVI.

MANKIND'S EARLIEST WRITINGS.

PROFESSOR PETRIE'S RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN EGYPT SET
BACK THE ALPHABET NEARLY 2,000 YEARS—ALPHA-
BETICAL WRITINGS NOW SHOWN TO ANTE-
DATE HIEROGLYPHS INSTEAD OF
BEING BUT A DETERIORATED
FORM OF THEM

(Cleveland Leader.)

Professor Flinders-Petrie has recently announced a new revelation from his latest Egyptian excavations. This time he has thrown new light upon the alphabet, and makes the announcement that he has set back the earliest use of letters by nearly two thousand years. The discovery is of far-reaching importance to the literary world, adding as it does nearly twenty centuries more of culture to the ancient peoples than hitherto dreamed of. Professor Petrie has laid before the Society of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain an account of his discoveries, outlining the method of procedure which led up to his making this remarkable and historic find.

Some years ago Professor Petrie, while excavating in the period of 1400 to 2000 B. C. in Egypt, first noticed signs upon some pottery which closely resembled those of the Greek alphabet. He at that time suggested, as a supposition only, that they were an early stage of the alphabet. As the date accepted by the scientific world as that of the earliest alphabetical writing was 800 B. C., the theory of an alphabet before this period was looked upon by scholars as a matter of pure conjecture and the signs were generally regarded as having been derived from Egyptian hieroglyphics. A belief in regard to the alphabet which has been commonly accepted up to the present time is that the letters or characters of the alphabet

were originally hieroglyphics, and in their long course down to us they passed gradually from being the written expression of an idea into the written expression each of a single sound.

Last season's excavations, however, conclusively established Professor Petrie's original belief. On uncovering some of the royal tombs dating back to the XII. Dynasty, 2600 to 3000 B. C., he again found large numbers of signs and letters upon the pottery and other utensils in the tomb chambers. The fact that the hieroglyphic system was not in the land at this period removed the signs altogether from the category of deteriorated hieroglyphics.

By a fortunate coincidence Mr. Arthur Evans, the well-known British archaeologist, was at the same time carrying on a series of excavations on the Island of Crete in the Mediterranean. On the tablets, rock pillars, coins and other objects unearthed in the ancient remains of a huge palace Mr. Evans found a number of identical signs and letters of a period about 2000 B. C. which correspond with those dug up in Egypt by Professor Petrie. Professor Petrie collected his Egyptian signs and letters and compared them with those of the Kretan form unearthed by Mr. Evans. This resulted in the startling and significant discovery that the letters of the Kretan signary and those of Egypt were identical and formed a most reliable basis for establishing the existence of the alphabet long prior to the date hitherto accepted.

Professor Petrie assumes that we are now in the presence of a widespread and long lasting system of signs or signary which was common to the Mediterranean from Spain to Egypt. He arrives at this conclusion as follows: As early as 5,000 B. C., some trade existed around the Mediterranean as proved by the imports into Egypt. At that time the signary, or signs, of the alphabet was probably in the dim and uncertain beginning of its course. Some few signs have already been found at that age, and these are likely to have been carried, therefore, from land to land.

The signary continued and developed, held together a good deal by intercourse, but with much variation in different lands. By 2,600 B. C. it contained over a hundred signs

in Egyptian form. Professor Petrie states that the great directing force which gave it a use not known before was the application of the signs as numerals by the Phœnicians. This system was entirely oriental, and even in the late times of coinings it was scarcely ever used in Europe. But once having been adopted by the leading commercial nations, the systematized order became enforced in all the Mediterranean ports. Professor Petrie concludes that the signs and letters on the pottery of 2,600 to 3,000 B. C., which he uncovered were undoubtedly used as an alphabet for written communications of spelled-out words in the early stages. This forms a body of signs with more or less generally understood meanings. The change of attributing a single letter value to each, and only using signs for sounds to be built into words is apparently a relatively late outcome of the systematizing due to Phœnician commerce.

The accompanying illustration shows five periods of the Egyptian signary collected by Professor Petrie. Adjoining these he has arranged the Kretan Signary collected by Mr. Arthur Evans from recent excavations on the Island of Crete, dating 2,000 B. C. The Karin is that collected by Professor Sayce. The Spanish is the well-known alphabet of inscription. By Professor Petrie's arrangement the table is self-explanatory and points out to the reader at a glance the various identical letters as they appear in the different periods of remote time, and their comparison with those recently excavated by him.

HEBREW.

Looked at from the scientific point of view, Hebrew is considered a dead language. In reality, however, Hebrew has never been dead, though even to-day it is nowhere a mother tongue like the English or French. In the first place, Hebrew has at all times been the Jewish religious and literary language — the language of the Bible; and as the Jews, from the oldest times, considered it their duty to give their children religious instruction, the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and with it also that of the Hebrew language, was much

diffused among them. With the destruction of the Jewish nation Hebrew became the only means of communication between the Jews of the various countries, and, as only those books written in that tongue could become the common property of Judaism, all the philosophical and poetical works of the Golden Age of the Hispano-Arabic epoch were at an early date rendered into Hebrew. But it was in the second half of the nineteenth century, and especially within the last two decades, that Hebrew literature revived with a redoubled vigor. In 1750 we meet with the first journalistic attempt in Hebrew literature. The great philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, at that time not more than twenty-one years old, began to publish the first Hebrew weekly, called "Qoheleth Mussar" (The Moral Preacher). To-day, besides many hundreds of books in all branches of science and literature, numerous weeklies and daily periodicals, both of literary and political contents, are being published in the principal cities of Europe, and particularly in Russia. In the United States alone, according to a compilation made by A. S. Freidus, of the New York Public Library, no less than sixteen Hebrew periodicals have been issued. Those who consider the Hebrew a "dead" language would be surprised at seeing the life and activity manifesting in modern Hebrew literature, which faithfully reflects the belletristic literature of the European languages. There are represented the various tendencies of our times, classics, romantics, realists, symbolists, moderns, decadents and what not. Mæterlinck has his congenial rivals in Russia and Poland, and there is as great a controversy about Nietzsche in the Hebrew press as in the German. Moreover, numerous societies have been founded in several European cities with the object of disseminating a knowledge of Hebrew, the ancient language of the Bible and the prophets.—*Leon Londsberg.*

PECULIAR FIGURES OF SPEECH.

In our Symposium, from Nos. 152 to 242 inclusive, we have defined nearly all the figures of speech ever used by English writers, and those figures most frequently used have been exemplified by numerous references from the text. Those figures which are between Nos. 226 and 241 are of such seldom occurrence as to require special examples for illustration, which we append herewith:

²²⁶Meiosis or Litotes is a figure that is nearly the opposite of Hyperbola²⁰⁹ or exaggeration,²¹⁰ and it consists in any form of expression that will minify or reduce the importance of the thing compared. This is often accomplished indirectly by a negative form of expression; thus, "A writer of *no* mean ability;" "The dance, the music, and last but *not* least, the sleigh-ride home." Of course the attempt to minify is expected to react in favor of the subject so treated.

²²⁷Pleonasm. Almost any legal document will afford striking specimens of this figure. Thus in a deed the grantee is said to "Give, grant, bargain, sell, and convey" the property described. A warrant for arrest for assault and battery alleges that the accused "did beat, strike, wound, and otherwise maltreat" the defendant.

²³⁰Ellipsis is the omission of words that are implied by the grammatical construction, and is of frequent occurrence; but a species of this class, viz., Asyndeton,²³¹ is the omission of all connectives. Thus, "We have wealth, talent, energy, heroism, inspiration enlisted in our behalf." Polysyndeton²³² puts in all the connectives; thus, "We have wealth, and talent, and energy, and heroism, and inspiration enlisted in our behalf." The effect of these two figures is much the same. In Asyndeton the connectives are made conspicuous by their studied

absence. In Polysyndeton the connectives are dwelt upon, and the series is thus prolonged until it seems longer than it really is.

²³³Aposiopesis is the suppression of something which the speaker or writer seemed about to say. In this way a sudden reticence may emphasize what has been merely hinted at. Thus, "His character is such — but it is better that I should not speak of *that*." The sudden termination of any sentence before the sense is complete does not come under this figure, unless done purposely for effect. When unintentional, it is called a *Solecism*.

²³⁴Epizeuxis is the repetition of the same word for effect. Sometimes great emphasis is obtained by accumulated epizeuxis. The following is a four-fold example:

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

—Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*, IV.

²³⁵Epanadiplosis begins and ends a sentence with the same word. Of course, to constitute a figure of speech, this construction must be manifestly intentional. A mere accidental beginning and ending with the same word, without any apparent design, would cause no rhetorical effect, and would therefore not constitute epanadiplosis. A noted example of this is found in the fourth verse of the fourth chapter of Phillipians: "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice."

²³⁶Epanalepsis is a repetition of a word or phrase after intervening words; a return to the same subject after a sudden digression. Paul gives us an example of this figure in I Cor. XI, beginning with the 18th verse, "When ye come together in the church, I hear that there be divisions among you * *;" and then in verse 20 he returns from the digression and begins the sentence again with the same words, "When ye come together, therefore, into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's supper."

²³⁷Epanaphora is the repetition of the same phrase at the beginning of succeeding clauses. The Book of Psalms con-

tains many examples of Epanaphora. In the Twenty-ninth Psalm, the phrase "Give unto the Lord," is used three times in the first two verses, and the phrase "The voice of the Lord" is used seven times in verses 3-9. Also, the words "By faith," or "Through faith" (both being represented by the same form in Greek), are used to begin eighteen out of twenty-nine verses in Heb. XI. The same figure also applies to the use of synonymous words in the same manner; as, "*Praise the Lord, all ye Gentiles; and laud him, all ye people.*"—Rom. XV, 11. The converse of Epanaphora is *epiphora*. It is also called *anaphora*, and sometimes *epibole*.

²³⁸Epanastrope is repeating the ending of one sentence for the beginning of the next. It is a style that is used largely in argumentation. It is also called *anadisplosis*. The Sorites, or chain syllogism,⁴⁷² is a figure of this kind, thus:

The mind is a thinking substance.

A thinking substance is a spirit.

A spirit has no composition of parts.

That which has no composition of parts is indissoluble.

That which is indissoluble is immortal.

∴ The mind is immortal.

²³⁹Epanodos is repeating the parts of a clause in inverse order. Thus, Milton:

"O more exceeding love, or law more just;
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love."

This figure also includes the repetition of topics for more minute consideration, especially if repeated in inverse order.

²⁴⁰Epanorthosis is the immediate revocation of a word or statement for the purpose of correcting, justifying, mitigating or intensifying it, (usually the last); as "*Most brave! — Brave, did I say? Most heroic act.*" This figure is also called *epidiorthosis*.

²⁴¹Prosopopœa, although now nearly the same as Personification, was restricted in ancient writings to the representation of one person by another; as where Milo is introduced by Cicero as speaking through his, (Cicero's) lips. The ancients also called this figure *Sermocinatio*.

²⁴²Onomatopœa is sufficiently explained in the Symposium as the use of words that sound like the things which they represent; as, buzz, roar, hum, pewitt, whippoorwill, etc. J. A. H. Murray, in the ninth annual address to the Philological Society, passes a just criticism upon this word. He says, "Onomatopœa [as a word], in addition to its awkwardness, has neither associativeness nor etymological relation to words imitating sounds." Many modern writers have discarded the word, and use in its stead the word "imitative," or "imitative variation."

It will be remembered that the use of the rhetorical figures is not restricted to educated people. Children and savages delight in the imagery of comparisons, and every imaginative person will almost intuitively employ some form of embellishment of language that will represent one thing under the guise of another.

The presence of figure in early English is evidenced by the following definition:

"Figure it selfe is a certaine liuely or good grace set vpon wordes, speaches, and sentences, to some purpose and not in vaine, giuing them ornament or efficacie by many manner of alterations in shape, sounde, and also in sence."—*Puttenham*, Art of English Poesie, p. 133.

The Bible not only uses figures of speech, but even speaks of them as such; thus, "And these things, brethren, I have in a figure transferred to myself and to Apollos for your sake."—I. Cor. IV. 6.

Referring to ill chosen comparisons, the poet says,

"Their motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike."

—*Pope*, Dunciad, I, 66.

"The most illiterate speak in figures as often as the most learned."—*H. Blair*, Rhetoric, XVI.

I WOULD NOT.

Note.—The following is a sample of Dactylic Tetrameter,^{305 312} but a peculiar charm is imparted by the use of long rhythmical words at the end of the line. It is a difficult class of poetry to write, on account of the scarcity of such words.

I would not marry a pink of propriety,
 Some one whose motto is, "love and obey."
 What is more charming than sweet contrariety,
 Spiced with submissiveness once in a way?
 Life with an angel? "Twould be insipidity!
 Diet that soon on the palate would pall;
 Give me the fruit with a dash of acidity,
 Rather than that with no flavor at all.
 Others may boast how they lazily measure
 Sweetness unmixed from the marital cup;
 What were life worth if deprived of the pleasure,
 The exquisite pleasure of "kiss and make up?"
 Fortunate maids who are gifted with wittiness,
 Pray don't conceal it for fear I should see;
 Brightness is twenty times better than prettiness,
 Stupid good nature will never suit me—*Table Talk*.

ANOTHER.

Then,
 Up with our banner, the emblem of purity;
 Follow it fearlessly into futurity.
 Banish all hollow pretense that but mystifies.
 Be that simplicity men dare not criticise.
 Walk arm in arm with truth and sincerity;
 Make your profession a logical verity.
 Thus shall your spirit be lifted supernally,
 Bearing the watchword, "Progress Eternally!"

From a Baccalaureate Address by *H. D. Gould*.

 INDIRECTION,^{307 312}

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
 Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
 And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.
 Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
 Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
 Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him;
 And never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and hidden;
 Into the statute that throbs, the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
 Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
 Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.
 Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
 Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
 Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;

Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.
 Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
 And up from the pit where these shiver, and down from the heights
 where these shine,

Twin shadows and voices swim, and the essence of life is divine.

—*Richard Realfe.*

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
 Ever made by the hand above—

A woman's heart and a woman's life,
 And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
 As a child might ask for a toy?

Demanding what others have died to win,
 With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
 Man-like you have questioned me—

Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
 Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
 Your socks and your shirts shall be whole;

I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
 And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
 I require a far better thing;

A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts—
 I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called home,
 And a man that the maker, God,

Shall look upon as he did the first,
 And say, "It is very good."

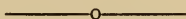
I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
 From my soft young cheek one day—
 Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
 As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
 I may launch my all on its tide?
 A loving woman finds heaven or hell
 On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
 All things that a man should be;
 If you give this all I would stake my life
 To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this — a laundress and cook
 You can hire with little to pay;
 But a woman's heart and a woman's life
 Are not to be won that way.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



REPLY TO "A WOMAN'S QUESTION."

You say I have asked for the costliest thing
 Ever made by the hand above—
 A woman's heart and a woman's life,
 And a woman's wonderful love.

That I have written your duty out,
 And, man-like, have questioned free.
 You demand that I stand at the bar of your soul,
 While you in turn question me.

And when I ask you to be my wife,
 The head of my house and home,
 Whose path I would scatter with sunshine through life,
 Thy shield when sorrow shall come—

You reply with disdain and a curl of the lip,
 And point to my coat's missing button,
 And haughtily ask if I want a *cook*,
 To serve up my *beef* and my *mutton*.

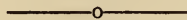
'Tis a *king* that you look for. Well, I am not he,
 But only a plain, earnest man,
 Whose feet often shun the hard path they should tread,
 Often shrink from the gulf they should span.

'Tis hard to believe that the rose will fade
 From the cheek so full, so fair;
 'Twere harder to think that a heart proud and cold
 Were ever reflected there.

True, the rose will fade, and the leaves will fall,
 And the autumn of life will come;
 But the heart that I give will be true as in May,
 Should I make it thy shelter, thy home.

Thou requirest "all things that are good and true,
 All things that a man should be;"
 Ah! lady, my *truth* doubt not, doubt not,
 For the rest, I leave it to thee.

—*Pelham, in Boston Transcript.*



LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT IDEAS.

Ideas control the world.—*Garfield.*

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties.

—*Martineau.*

Our ideas are transformed sensations.—*Condillac.*

Ideas are like beards; men do not have them until they grow up.

—*Voltaire.*

A beautiful hunger for a great idea is the beauty and blessedness of life.—*Jean Ingelow.*

We live in an age in which superfluous ideas abound, and essential ideas are lacking.—*Joubert.*

In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.

—*Heinrich Heine.*

Old ideas are prejudices and new ones caprices.—*X. Doudan.*

Old ideas, like orange plants, spread out in proportion to the size of the box which imprisons the roots.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprung up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and the flower again dwindles down to a mere weed by the same change. Healthy growths may become poisonous by falling upon the wrong mental soil, and what seemed a night-shade in one mind unfolds as a morning-glory in the other.

—*Holmes.*

WHO-WHEN-WHERE SERIES.—5.

FRANCIS BACON.

1561-1626.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.—*Essay I, Of Truth.*

Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.—*Essay V, Of Adversity.*

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—*Essay XVI, Atheism.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Essay I, Of Studies.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference, a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Essay I, Of Studies.*

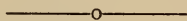
Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.—*Essay I, Of Studies.*

My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceedingly tall men had ever very empty heads.—*Apothegm No. 17.*

States as great engines move slowly.—*Advancement of Learning. Bk. 2.*

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span.—*The World.*

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages.—*From his Will.*



RICHARD ALLISON.

1606.

Those cherries fairly do enclose

Of orient pearl a double row,

Which, when her lovely laughter shows,

They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.

—*From An Howres Recreation in Music.*

GEORGE PEELE.

1552-1598.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lover's songs be turned to holy psalms;
 A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms.—*Polyhymnia.*

My merry, merry roundelay
 Concludes with Cupid's curse:
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray gods, they change for worse!—*Cupid's Curse.*

JOHN HEYWOOD.

— - 1565.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
 As sages in all times assert;
 The happy man's without a shirt.—*Be Merry Friends.*

Let the world slide, let the world go:
 A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
 If I can't pay, why I can owe,
 And death makes equal the high and low.—*Be Merry Friends.*

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

1568-1639.

How happy is he born or taught,
 That serveth not another's will;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill!—*The Character of a Happy Life.*

Hanging was the worst use man could be put to.
 —*The Disparity Between Buckingham and Essex.*

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the common-wealth.—*In Christopher Fleckamore's Album.*

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of the churches.
 —*A Panegyric to King Charles.*

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

1561-1612.

Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
 Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.
 —*Epigrams. Bk. IV, No. 5.*

SAMUEL DANIEL.

1652-1619.

Unless above himself he can
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
 —*To The Countess of Cumberland, Stanza 12.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

1563-1631.

For that fine madness still he did retain,
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.—*Poets and Poesy.*

DR. JOHN DONNE.

1573-1631.

He was the Word, that spake it;
 He took the bread and brake it;
 And what the Word did make it,
 I do believe and take it.

—*Divine Poems. On The Sacrament.*

She and comparisons are odious.—*Elegy 8, The Comparison.*
 Who are a little wise, the best fools be.—*The Triple Fool.*

BEN JONSON.

1574-1637.

Drink me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.

—*The Forest. To Celia.*

In small proportion we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.—*Good Life, Long Life.*

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace.
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all the adulteries of art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.—*The Silent Woman.*

He was not of an age, but for all time.—*Memory of Shakespeare.*

BISHOP HALL.

1574-1656.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—*Christian Moderation. Introduction.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.

—*Epistles.*

PHILLIP MASSINGER.

1584-1640.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans tears,
Will not be drawn.—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act V. Sc. 1.

JOHN FLETCHER.

1576-1625.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.—*Honest Man's Fortune.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.—*A King and No King*, Act V. Sc. 4.
Calamity is man's true touchstone.—*The Triumph of Honor*, Sc. 1.
Of all the paths lead to a woman's love,
Pity's the straightest.—*The Knight of Malta.*
What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat and drink.—*Love's Cure*. Act III, Sc. 2.

THOMAS CAREW.

1589-1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.—*Disdain Returned.*
Then fly, betimes, for only they
Conquer Love, that run away.—*Conquest by Flight.*

GEORGE WITHER.

1588-1667.

Jack shall pipe and Gill shall dance.—*Poem on Christmas.*

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
 On the wings of borrowed wit.—*The Shepherd's Hunting.*
 And I oft have heard defended
 Little said is soonest mended.—*Shepherd's Hunting.*

THOMAS HOBBS.

1588-1679.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them;
 but they are the money of fools.—*The Leviathan*, Part I, Ch. 4.

JOHN SELDEN.

1584-1654.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes;
 they were easiest for his feet.—*Friends.*

No man is the wiser for his learning. * * * wit and wisdom are
 born with a man.—*Learning.*

Take a straw and throw it up in the air, you may see by that which
 way the wind is.—*Libels.*

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.—*Pope.*
 Syllables govern the world.—*Power.*

IZAAK WALTON.

1593-1683.

I shall stay him no longer than to wish * * * that if he be an
 honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

—*Preface.*

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, That which
 is everybody's business, is nobody's business.—Part I, Ch. 2.

Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so.

—Part I, Ch. 1.

No man can loose what he never had.—Part I, Ch. 5.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler (William Butler) said of
 strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but
 doubtless God never did:" and so, if I might be judge, God never did
 make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.—Part I, Ch. 5.

All that are lovers of virtue, * * * be quiet, and go a-Angling.

—Part I, Ch. 21.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

1592-1644.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise.—*Emblems*, Book II, 2.

This house is to be let for life or years;

Her rent is sorrow, and here income tears; ..

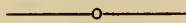
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,

She must be clearly let, or let alone.—*Emblems*, Book II, 10.

The slender debt to nature 's quickly paid,

Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.

—*Emblems*, Book II.



GEORGE HERBERT.

1593-1632.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,

Like seasoned timber, never gives.—*Virtue*.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,

And turn delight into a sacrifice.—*The Church Porch*.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;

A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.—*The Church Porch*.

Sundays observe: think when the bells do chime

'T is angel's music.—*The Church Porch*.

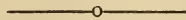
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence.—*The Church Porch*.

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?—*The Size*.

Do well and right, and let the world sink.—*Country Parson*, Ch. 29.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.—*Jacula Prudentum*.



SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

1609-1641.

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;

Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

—*Against Fruition*.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,

A meeting of gentle lights without a name.—*Brennoralt*, Act. III.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.—*The Goblins*.

—See *Shakespeare*,—King Lear.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1591-1674.

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
 And nothing I did say;
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.

—*The Rock of Rubies, and Quarrie of Pearls.*

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where?
 Then I spoke to my Girl,
 To part her lips, and showed them there
 The Quarelets of Pearl.—*Same.*

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting-stars attend thee;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

—*Night Piece to Julia.*

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
 Pray love me little, so you love me long.

—*Love me Little, Love me Long.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
 Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.—*Seek and Find.*

 JAMES SHIRLEY.

1596-1666.

There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.—*Ajax and Ulysses.*
 Only the actions of the just,
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.—*Ajax and Ulysses.*

The sweet remembrance of the just
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.—*Psalm CXII, 6*

 JOHN KEPLER.

1571-1630.

It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six
 thousand years for an observer.—*Brewsters Martyrs of Science.*

 RICHARD LOVELACE.

1618-1658.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.—*To Lucasta, on going to the wars.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an heritage;
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.—*To Althea, from prison.*

JOHN WEBSTER.

—1638.

'T is just like a summer birdcage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.—*The White Devil.*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
 But look'd to near have neither heat nor light.—*The White Devil.*

RICHARD CRASHAW.

1616-1650.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.—*Epigram on John II.*

Whoe'er she be,
 That not impossible she,
 That shall command my heart and me.

—*Wishes To His Supposed Mistress.*

A happy soul that all the way
 To heaven hath a summer's day.

—*In Praise of Lessius's Rules of Health.*

The modest front of this small floor,
 Believe me, reader, can say more
 Than many a braver marble can,—

"Here lies a truly honest man!—*Epitaph on Mr. Ashton.*

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

—1649.

The world's a theater, the earth a stage
 Which God and nature do with actors fill.—*Apology for Actors.*

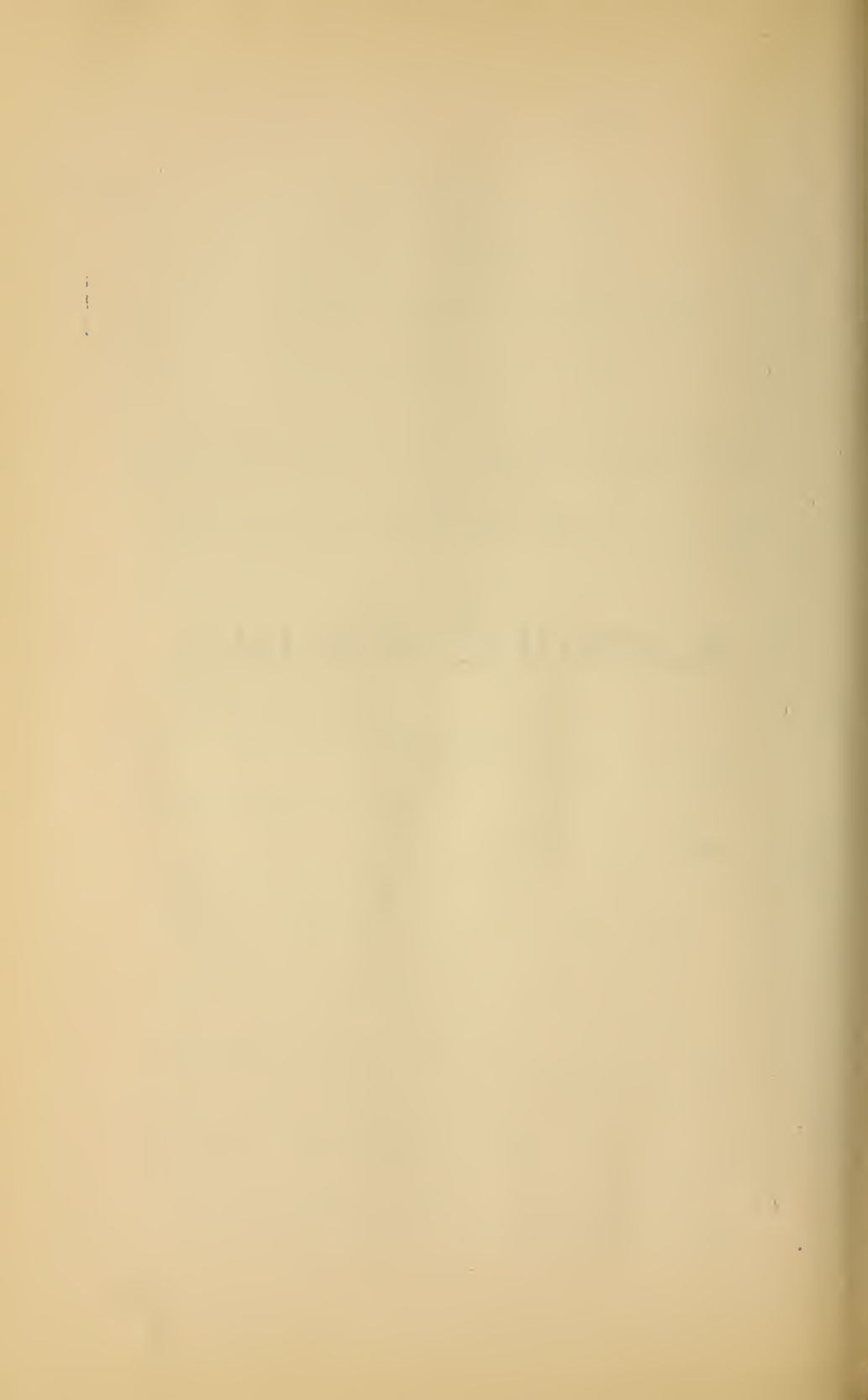
Her that ruled the roost in the kitchen.—*History of Women.*

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead;
 Who living had no rooffe to shrowd his head.—*Hierarchie of Angells.*

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
 Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

—*Ascribed to Thomas Seward.*

SCIENTIFIC SPECIALS.



THE WONDERS OF RADIUM.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

By Permission of the S. S. McClure Co.

Radium, recently discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, of Paris, is one of the rarest of the seventy odd known elementary substances that compose our earth. It is worth about three thousand times its weight in pure gold. It looks like ordinary table salt. Thus far only a few ounces of radium have been taken from the earth and purified. The material for this article was furnished by M. Curie himself and his laboratory assistant, M. Danne.—*The Editor.*

Very well do I remember my first impression of M. Curie. It was in the rue Cuvier at the Sorbonne laboratories in Paris where he was lecturing that day in the big amphitheatre, while I waited in an adjoining room among the air-pumps and electrical apparatus. Suddenly a door opened and there came a burst of applause, a long clapping of hands, and at the same moment a tall, pale man, slightly bent, walked slowly across the room.

On this occasion I simply made an appointment to see M. Curie the next morning at the École de Physique, but I profited by the opportunity to ask his assistant, M. Danne, some preliminary questions about radium. Was it true, *could* it be true, that this strange substance gives forth heat and light ceaselessly and is really an inexhaustible source of energy? Of course, I had read all this, but I wanted to hear it from the mouth of one who knew.

"It is quite true," said M. Danne, "that pure radium gives out light and heat without any waste or diminution that can be detected by our most delicate instruments. That is all we can say."

"Is the light that it gives a bright light?"

"Reasonably bright. M. Curie will show you."

"Can he explain it? Can any one explain it?"

"There are various theories, but they really explain very little."

M. Danne went on to indicate other properties of radium that are scarcely less startling than these. Besides heat and light this strange metal gives out constantly three kinds of invisible rays that move with the velocity of light or thereabouts and that have separate and well marked attributes. These rays may be helpful or harmful, they may destroy life or stimulate it. They are capable not only of shortening life or prolonging it, but of modifying existing forms of life, that is, of actually creating new species. Finally, by destroying bacteria, they may be used to cure disease, notably the dread lupus recently conquered by Finsen's lamps and now apparently conquered again by a simpler means.

I listened in amazement; it was not one discovery but a dozen that we were contemplating.

"And — all this is M. Curie's discovery?"

"Radium is his discovery; that is, his and Madam Curie's. You cannot give one more credit than the other. They did it together."

He told me a little about Mme. Curie, who, it appears, was a Polish student in the Latin Quarter, very poor but possessed of rare talents. They say that her marriage with M. Curie was just such a union as *must* have produced some fine results. Without his scientific learning and vivid imagination it is doubtful if radium would ever have been dreamed of, and without her determination and patience against detail it is likely the dream would never have been realized.

THE TOILSOME PROCESS OF REFINING.

The next day I found M. Curie in one of the rambling sheds of the École de Physique bending over a small porcelain dish, where a colorless liquid was simmering, perhaps half a teacupful, seven thousand francs' worth of radium in a fairly weak solution, and he watching it with concern, always fearful of some accident. He had lost nearly a decigramme (1.5 grains troy) of radium, he said, only a few weeks before in a curious way. He had placed some radium salts in a small tube, and this inside another tube in which he created a

vacuum. Then he began to heat both tubes over an electric furnace, when, suddenly, at about 2000 degrees (F.), there came an explosion which shattered the tubes and scattered their precious contents. There was absolutely no explanation of this explosion; it was one of the tricks that radium is apt to play on you. Here his face lightened with quite a boyish smile.

M. Curie proceeded to explain what he was doing with the little dish; he was refining some radium dissolved in it, freeing it from contaminating barium by repeated crystallization, this being the last and most delicate part of the process of obtaining the pure metal.

"We have our radium works outside of Paris," he said, "where the crude ore goes through its early stages of separation and where the radium is brought to an intensity of 2,000 as we express it. After that the process requires such care and involves so much risk of waste that we keep the precious stuff in our own hands and treat it ourselves, my wife and I as I am doing now, to bring it to the higher intensities, 50,000, 200,000, 500,000, and, finally, 1,500,000. What you see here is about 100,000. It will take many more crystallizations to bring it to the maximum."

"That is to the state of pure radium."

"To the state of pure chloride of radium. You know the metal exists only as a chloride or bromide. It has never yet been isolated, although it easily might be."

"Why has it never been isolated?"

"Because it would not be stable, it would immediately be oxidized by the air and destroyed, as happens with sodium, whereas it remains permanent as a bromide or chloride and suffers no change."

M. Curie then explained that, among its many strange properties, radium has this one of rendering the air about it a better conductor of electricity, and the more it increases this conductivity of the air the more intense it is said to be. Now it has been known for several years that the metal uranium possesses properties similar to those of radium, only much less marked, consequently the unit of intensity chosen

for a measuring instrument was the ratio-activity of uranium, and when a given lot of radium is said to have a certain intensity, say 2,000 or 500,000, it is understood that this radium renders the air 2,000 times or 500,000 times more conductive than an equal quantity of uranium would render it.

A SOURCE OF DANGEROUS RAYS.

"Does radium change in appearance as it increases in intensity?" I asked.

"No, it keeps the form of small white crystals which may be crushed into a white powder and which look like ordinary salt. See, here are some."

He took from the table drawer a small glass tube not much larger than a thick match. It was sealed at both ends and partly covered with a fold of lead. Inside the tube I could see a white powder.

"Why is the tube wrapped with lead?" I inquired.

"For the protection of those who handle it. Lead stops the harmful rays that would otherwise make trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yes, you see the radium in this tube is very active; it has an intensity of 1,500,000, and if I were to lay it against your hand or any part of your body so,"—he touched the bare tube to my hand—"and if I were to leave it there for a few minutes, you would certainly hear from it later."

"But I feel nothing."

"Of course not; neither did I feel anything when I touched some radium here," and pulling up his sleeve he showed me a forearm scarred and reddened from fresh-healed sores. "But you see what it did, and it was much less intense than this specimen."

He then mentioned an experience of his friend, Professor Becquerel, discoverer of the "Becquerel rays" of uranium, and in a way the parent-discovery of radium, since the latter discovery grew out of the former. It seems that Professor Becquerel, in journeying to London, carried in his waistcoat pocket a small tube of radium to be used in a lecture there. Nothing happened at the time, but about a fortnight later the professor observed that the skin under his pocket was begin-

ning to redden and fall away, and finally a deep and painful sore formed there and remained for weeks before healing. A peculiar feature of these radium sores is that they do not appear for quite a time after exposure to the rays.

"Then radium is an element of destruction?" I remarked.

"Undoubtedly it has a power of destruction, but that power may be tempered or controlled, for instance, by this covering of lead. M. Danysz, at the Pasteur Institute, will give you the pathological facts better than I can."

EMANATIONS OF HEAT AND LIGHT RAYS.

This brought us back to physical facts, and I asked M. Curie if the radium before us was at that moment giving out heat and light, for I could perceive neither.

"Of course it is," he replied. "I will take you into a dark room presently and let you see the light for yourself. As for the heat, a thermometer would show that this tube of radium is one and a half degrees (Cent.) (2.7°F.) warmer than the surrounding air."

"Is it always that much warmer?"

"Always—as far as we know. I may put it more simply by saying that a given quantity of radium will melt its own weight of ice every hour."

"Forever?"

He smiled. "As far as we know—forever. Or again, that a given quantity of radium throws out as much heat in eighty hours as an equal weight of coal would throw out if burned to complete combustion in one hour."

"Suppose you had a considerable quantity of radium," I suggested, "say twenty pounds, or a hundred pounds?"

"The law would be the same, whatever the quantity. If we had fifty kilos (110 pounds) of radium," he gave a little wondering cluck at the thought; "I say *if* we had fifty kilos of radium it would give out as much heat *continuously* as a stove would give out that burned ten kilos (twenty-two pounds) of coal every twenty-four hours, and was filled up fresh every day.

"And the radium would *never* cease to give out this heat and would *never* be consumed?"

"Never is a hard word, but one of our professors has calculated that a given quantity of radium, after throwing out heat as I have stated for a thousand million years, would have lost only one-millionth part of its bulk. Others think the loss might be greater, say an ounce to a ton in ten thousand years, but in any case it is so infinitesimally small that we have no means of measuring it, and for practical purposes it does not exist."

SEEING THROUGH THE BONES OF THE HEAD.

After this M. Curie took me into a darkened room where I *saw* quite plainly the light from the radium tube, a clear glow sufficient to read by if the tube were held near a printed page. And, of course, this was a very small quantity of radium, about six *centigrammes* (nine-tenths of a grain troy).

"We estimate," said he, "that a *decigramme* of radium will illuminate a square decimeter (fifteen square inches) of surface sufficient for reading."

"And a kilogram (2.2 pounds) of radium?"

"A kilogram of radium would illuminate a room thirty feet square with a mild radiance. And the light would be much brighter if screens of sulphide of zinc were placed near the radium, for these are thrown by the metal into a brilliant phosphorescence."

"Then radium may be the light of the future?"

M. Curie shook his head. "I am afraid that we should pay rather dearly for such a light. There is first the money cost to be considered and then the likelihood that the people illuminated by radium would be also stricken with paralysis, blindness, and various nervous disorders. Possibly protective screens might be devised against these dangers, but it is too soon to think of that. For a long time to come the radium light will be only a laboratory wonder."

After we had been in the darkness for some time M. Curie wrapped the radium tube in thick paper and put it in my hand

"Now," he said, "shut your eyes and press this against your right eyelid."

I did as he bade me and straightway had the sensation of a strange diffused light outside my eye. M. Curie assured me, however, that the light was not outside but *inside* the eye, the radium rays having the property of making the liquids of the eye-ball self-luminous, a sort of internal phosphorescence being produced. He warned me that it would be dangerous to leave the radium against the eyelid very long, as a serious disturbance to the eyesight, or even blindness, might result.

Another experiment consisted in placing the radium against the bone at the side of the forehead, and even in this position, with the eyes closed, a light was perceptible although fainter. Here the radium rays had acted upon the eyeball through the bones of the head.

"It is possible," said M. Curie, "that this property of radium may be utilized in certain diseases of the eye. Dr. Emile Javal, one of our distinguished physicians, who is blind himself, has given this matter particular attention, and he thinks that radium may offer a precious means of diagnosis in cases of cataract, by showing whether the retina is or is not intact, and whether an operation will succeed. If a person blind from cataract can see the radium light as you have just seen it, then the eyesight of that person may be restored by removing the cataract. Otherwise it cannot be restored."

WORTH THREE THOUSAND TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN PURE GOLD.

As we returned to the laboratory I remarked that the quantity of radium in the various tubes I had seen was very small.

"Of course it is small," he sighed; "there is very little radium in the world. I mean very little that has been taken from the earth and purified."

"How much is there?"

He thought a moment. "We have about one *gramme* (one-third of an ounce) in France, Germany may have one *gramme*, America has less than one *gramme*, and the rest of the world may perhaps have half a *gramme*. Four

grammes in all would be an outside estimate; you could heap it all in a tablespoon."

I suggested to M. Curie the possibility that some American philanthropist might be inspired on reading his words to help the new cause. And I remarked that great things could doubtless be accomplished with some substantial quantity of radium, say a pound or two.

He gave me an amused look and asked if I had any idea what a pound or two of radium, say a kilogram (two and one-fifth pounds), would cost?

"Why, no," said I, "no exact idea, but we have rich men in America, and ——"

"A kilogram of radium would cost —" He figured rapidly on a sheet of paper. "With the very cheapest methods that we have of purifying the crude material, it would cost about ten million francs. Under existing conditions radium is worth about three thousand times its weight in pure gold."

"And yet there may be tons of it in the earth?"

M. Curie was not sure of this. "It is doubtful," said he, "if there is very much radium in the earth, and what there is is so thinly scattered in the surrounding ore, mere traces of radium for tons of worthless rock, that the cost of extracting it is almost prohibitive. You will realize this when you visit our works at Ivry."

These works I visited next day and found myself outside the walls of Paris, near the old Ivry Cemetery, where some unpretentious sheds serve for this important business of radium extraction. One of the head men met me, and explained step by step how they obtain this strange and elusive metal. First he showed me a lumpy reddish powder, sacks of it, brought from Bohemia by the ton, and constituting the raw material from which the radium is extracted. This powder is the refuse from uranium mines at Jachimsthal, that is what remains of the original uranite ore, *pitch-blende*, after the uranium has been removed. For years this refuse was regarded as worthless, and was left to accumulate in heaps, tons of it, quite at the disposal of whoever chose to cart it away. Now that it is known to contain the rarest and most precious

substance in the world, it goes without saying that the owners have begun to put a price on it.

A GRAMME OF RADIUM TO EIGHT TONS OF ORE.

My informant referred with proper pride to the difficulties that had confronted them when they started these radium works in 1901. It was a new problem in practical chemistry to bring together infinitesimal traces of a metal lost in tons of debris; it was like searching for specks of dust hidden in a sand heap, or for drops of perfume scattered in a river. Still, they went at it with good heart, for the end justified the effort. If it took a ton of uranite dust to yield as much radium as would half fill a doll's thimble, then the thing to do was to have many tons of this dust sent on from Bohemia and patiently to accumulate, after months of handling, various pinches of radium, a few centigrammes, then a few decigrammes, and finally, some day, who could tell, they might get as much as a gramme. This was a distant prospect, to be sure, yet with infinite pains, and all the resources of chemistry, it might be attained. Well, now they had attained it, and at this time, he said, some eight tons of uranite detritus had passed through the caldrons and great glass jars and muddy barrels of the Ivry establishment, had been boiled and filtered and decanted and crystallized, with much fuming of acids and the steady glow of furnaces; and out of it all, for the twenty-four months' effort, there had come just about a gramme of practically pure chloride of radium, enough white powder to fill a salt spoon.

Without going far into these refining processes, it may be noted that the radium exists here in combination with lead and chalk and silica and iron and various other things that must be gotten rid of one by one, in a series of reactions and operations that are complicated and costly. For days the powder must simmer over a slow fire with water and soda; then it must be decanted into big barrels, where a sort of mud settles; then this mud must be washed and rewashed, and finally put back on the fire to simmer again with *carbonate of soda*. Then comes more decanting and the settling of more

mud and the repeated washing of this, followed by treatment with hydro-chloric acid, which gives a colorless liquid, containing small quantities of radium.

To isolate these small quantities from the rest is now the chemist's object, which is attained in a series of reactions and crystallizations that finally leave the precious chloride (or bromide) of radium much purified. In each crystallization the valuable part remains chiefly in the crystals, which become progressively richer in radium and smaller in bulk, until, finally, you have the product of six weeks' manipulation there at the bottom of a porcelain dish, no bigger than a saucer, some twenty-five grammes of white crystals, and these at so low an intensity (about 2,000) that the greater part will be refined away by M. Curie himself, as we have seen, in succeeding crystallizations, and at the very end there will be left only a few centigrammes (at 1,500,000); what would cover the point of a knife blade, to show for a ton or so of uranite powder and months of work.

EXPERIMENTS WITH RADIUM RADIATIONS.

When next I saw M. Curie he had just returned from London, where he had lectured before the Royal Institution. His hands were much peeled, and very sore from too much contact with radium, and for several days he had been unable to dress himself; but he took it good-naturedly, and proceeded to describe some of the experiments he had made before British scientists.

In order to demonstrate that radium throws off heat continually, he took two glass vessels, one containing a thermometer and a tube of radium, the other containing a thermometer and no radium. Both vessels were closed with cotton and it was presently seen that the thermometer in the vessel containing the radium registered constantly three degrees (Cent.) (5.4°F.) higher than the thermometer which was not so influenced.

The most striking experiment presented by M. Curie in his London lecture was one devised by him to prove the existence of radium emanations, a kind of gaseous product (quite

different from the rays) which this extraordinary metal seems to throw off constantly as it throws off heat and light. These emanations may be regarded as an invisible vapor of radium, like water vapor, only infinitely more subtle, which settles upon all objects that it approaches and confers upon them, for a time at least, the mysterious properties of radium itself. Thus the yellow powder sulphide of zinc bursts into a brilliant glow under the stimulus of radium emanations, and this effect is due to the emanations and not to the rays.

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES'S SPINTHARISCOPE.

In talking with Sir William Crookes, M. Curie was interested to learn that the English scientist had just devised a curious little instrument which he has named the spinthariscopes and which allows one to actually *see* the emanations from radium and to realize as never before the extraordinary atomic disintegration that is going on ceaselessly in this strange metal. The spinthariscopes is a small microscope that allows one to look at a tiny fragment of radium, about one-twentieth of a milligramme, supported on a little wire over a screen spread with sulphide of zinc.

The experiment must be made in a darkened room after the eye has gradually acquired its greatest sensitiveness to light. To the eye thus sensitive and looking intently through the lenses the screen appears like a heaven of flashing meteors among which stars shine forth suddenly and die away. Near the central radium speck the fire shower is most brilliant, while towards the rim of the circle it grows fainter. And this goes on continuously as the metal throws off its emanations; these myriad bursting blazing stars *are* the emanations, at least we may assume it, and become visible as the scattered radium dust or radium vapor impinges speck by speck upon the screen which, for each tiny fragment, flashes back a responsive phosphorescence. M. Curie spoke of this vision, that was really contained within the area of a two-cent piece, as one of the most beautiful and impressive he had ever witnessed; it was as if he had been allowed to assist at the birth of a universe — or at the death of a molecule.

Dwelling upon the extreme attenuation of these radium emanations, M. Curie mentioned a recent experiment, in which he had used a platinum box pierced by two holes so extremely small that the box would retain a vacuum, yet not small enough to resist the passage of radium emanations.

RENDERING OTHER SUBSTANCES RADIO-ACTIVE.

In view of the extreme rarity and costliness of radium, it is evident that its emanations may be put to many important uses in and out of the laboratory, since they bestow upon in-different objects — a plate, a piece of iron, an old shoe, anything — the very properties of radium itself. Thus a scientist or a doctor unable to procure the metal radium may easily experiment with a bit of wood or glass rendered radio-active, that is, charged by radium emanations, and capable of replacing the original metal as long as the charge keeps its potency. This period has been determined by the Curies after observations extending over weeks and months, and applied to all sorts of substances, copper, aluminum, lead, rubber, wax, celluliod, paraffin, no less than fifty in all, the resulting conclusions being formulated in a precise law as follows:

(1) All substances may be rendered radio-active through the influence of radium emanations.

(2) Substances thus influenced retain their induced radio-activity very much longer when guarded in a small enclosure through which the emanations cannot pass (say a sealed glass tube) than when not so guarded. In the former case their radio-activity diminishes one-half every four days. In the latter case it diminishes one-half every twenty-eight minutes.

SOME ODD EFFECTS OF RADIUM.

I must pass rapidly over various other wonders of radium that M. Curie laid before me in subsequent conversations. There is matter here for a whole book, and new matter is accumulating every week as the outcome of new investigations. Even in the chemistry of radium, which is practically an unexplored field, owing to the scarcity and costliness of

the metal, there are various facts to be noted, as these: that radium changes the color of phosphorous from yellow to red; that radium rays increase the production of ozone in certain cases; that a small quantity of radium dissolved in water throws off hydrogen constantly by causing a disintegration of the water, the oxygen released being absorbed in some unknown molecular combination. Also that a solution of radium gives a violet or brownish tint to a glass vessel containing it, this tint being permanent, unless the glass be heated red hot. Here, by the way, is an application of importance in the arts, for radium may thus be used to modify the colors of glass and crystals, possibly of gems. It is furthermore established that radium offers a ready means of distinguishing real from imitation diamonds, since it causes the real stones to burst into a brilliant phosphorescence when brought near them in a darkened room, while it has scarcely any such effect upon false stones. M. Curie made this experiment recently at a reception in Lille, to the great delight of the guests.

In concluding the physical and chemical side of my subject, I must not fail to point out this singular fact: that a given quantity of radium, no matter how intense, may be shorn of its power to emit heat and light and of its other properties, indeed, may be rendered quite inert, at least for the time, either by submitting it (in solid form) to a prolonged heating at about 1,000 degrees (Cent.), or by keeping it for a number of hours in a vacuum. Why this treatment should effect such a change is not understood, or why the radium thus despoiled should recover its full energy by the gradual lapse of time, say two or three months. These must be numbered among the many mysteries of the subject.

THE EFFECTS OF RADIUM ON ORGANIC LIFE.

Coming now to what may be the most important properties of radium, that is, those which influence animal life, we may follow M. Curie's advice and visit the Pasteur Institute, where for some months now a remarkable series of radium tests have been in progress. In the second courtyard at the left, there where the hydrophobia dogs are always yelping,

we shall find M. Danysz clad in his laboratory blouse and ready to explain, as far as he is able, the extraordinary effects of radium upon rabbits, guinea pigs, mice, and other small creatures that are exposed to the rays of this strange metal. One may say briefly that these effects have usually been destructive, the animals treated have nearly always died, but there is much in the manner of their death that merits our attention, since here seems to lie a promise of new knowledge touching the very mysteries of death and of life.

MICE KILLED BY EXPOSURE TO RADIUM.

Glancing rapidly over these experiments, it is at once apparent that radium has formidable powers of destruction, and can by its mere presence annihilate animal life or plant life. Here is one instance among many: On May 13, 1903, a little chloride of radium (five centigrammes) was suspended over the cage of eight white mice, two parent mice and six little ones, and was left there for three days and then removed. The mice continued to eat and run about as usual until May 16, when the little ones began to lose the fur on their backs. On the 19th their backs were quite bare of fur, although their heads remained covered, which gave them the appearance of little white lions. On the 21st the little ones became blind, although they continued to eat well. On the 23d one of the little ones died. On the 24th three died. On the 25th the remaining two died. On the 5th of June both the parent mice became blind. On the 28th both the parent mice died. This was the work of a few grains of radium in a tiny glass tube.

In another case two full-grown mice were exposed continuously to the same quantity (five centigrammes) of radium for ten days. For nine days they remained perfectly well, although they showed fear, but on the tenth day they died *without losing their fur*. This experiment was repeated with another pair of mice under the same conditions, except that the radium used was only half as intense, and in this case the mice died in twenty-two days and twenty-six days, respectively, and on the twentieth day they began to lose their fur. M. Danysz draws important conclusion touching the nature

of the rays from the fact that the mice did or did not lose their fur.

Similar experiments were made upon other animals under varying conditions, the result being almost invariably death after a longer or shorter time, according to the animals' resistance. Rabbits were killed, guinea pigs were killed, embryo chickens exposed to radium rays during incubation (some on the first day, some on the tenth, some on the last day) were all killed, plants were killed, and M. Danysz is convinced that all animals, probably all forms of life, would succumb to the destructive force of radium if employed in sufficient quantities.

"I have no doubt," said he, "that a kilogram of radium would be sufficient to destroy the population of Paris, granting that they came within its influence. Men and women would be killed just as these mice were killed. They would feel nothing during their exposure to the radium nor realize that they were in any danger. And weeks would pass after their exposure before anything would happen. Then gradually the skin would begin to peel off, and their bodies would become one great sore. Then they would become blind. Then they would die from paralysis and congestion of the spinal cord."

Despite this rather gloomy prospect, certain experiments at the Pasteur institute may encourage us to believe that, for all its menace of destruction, radium is destined to bring substantial benefits to suffering humankind. The substance of these favorable experiments is that while animal life may undoubtedly suffer great harm from radium when used in excess or wrongly used (the same is true of strychnine), it may also derive immense good from radium when used within proper bounds, these to be set when we have gained a fuller knowledge of the subject. Meantime it is worthy of note that some of M. Danysz's animals, when exposed to the radium for a short time, or to radium of lower intensity, or to radium at a greater distance, have not perished, but have seemed to thrive under the treatment. A rabbit, for instance, under-

went this attenuated radium treatment, with the result that its fur, instead of falling off, grew more abundantly.

ARRESTING ORGANIC DEVELOPMENT BY RADIUM.

But the most startling experiment performed thus far at the Pasteur Institute is one undertaken by M. Danysz, February 3, 1903, when he placed three or four dozen little worms that live in flour, the larvæ *Ephestia kuebnielle*, in a glass flask where they were exposed for a few hours to the rays of radium. He placed a like number of larvæ in a control flask, where there was no radium, and he left enough flour in each flask for the larvæ to live upon. After several weeks it was found that most of the larvæ in the radium flask had been killed, but that a few of them had escaped the destructive action of the rays by crawling away to distant corners of the flask, where they were still living. But *they were living as larvae, not as moths*, whereas in the natural course they should have become moths long before, as was seen by the control flask, where the larvæ had all changed into moths, and these had hatched their eggs into other larvæ and these had produced other moths. All of which made it clear that the radium rays had arrested the development of these little worms.

More weeks passed and still three or four of the larvæ lived, and four full months after the original exposure I saw a larva alive and wriggling while its contemporary larvæ in the other jar had long since passed away as aged moths, leaving generations of moths' eggs and larvæ to witness this miracle, for here was a larva, venerable among his kind, a patriarch *Ephestia kuebniella*, that had actually lived through *three times the span of life accorded to his fellows* and that still showed no sign of changing into a moth. It was very much as if a young man of twenty-one should keep the appearance of twenty-one for two hundred and fifty years!

MODIFICATION OF SPECIES BY RADIUM.

Not less remarkable than these are some recent experiments made by M. Bohn at the biological laboratories of the Sorbonne, his conclusions being that radium may so far modify various lower forms of life as to actually produce "mon-

sters," abnormal deviations from the original type of the species. Thus tadpole monsters had been formed from tadpoles exposed four days after birth to radium rays. Some of these monsters lived for twenty-three days, and would doubtless have lived longer, had they been exposed to the rays for a shorter time. No changes occur in the tadpoles treated except at the transition points of growth, as on the eighth day, when the breathing tentacles are covered by gills in the normal tadpole, but are not so covered in the monsters formed after radium treatment. These monsters take on a new form, with an increasing atrophy of the tail and a curious wrinkling of the tissues back of the head; in fact, they may be said to develop a new breathing apparatus, quite different from that of ordinary tadpoles.

M. Bohn has obtained similar results with eggs of the toad and eggs of the sea urchin, monsters resulting in both cases and continuing to live for a number of days or weeks after exposure to the radium. Furthermore, he has been able to accomplish with radium what Professor Loeb did with saline solutions, that is, to cause the growth of unfecundated eggs of the sea-urchin, and to advance these through several stages of their development. In other words, he has used radium *to create life* where there would have been no life but for this strange stimulation.

M. Bohn assured me of his conviction that we may in the future be able to produce new species of insects, moths, butterflies, perhaps birds and fishes, by simply treating the eggs with radium rays, the result being that interesting changes will be effected in the coloring and adornment. He also believes that with greater quantities of radium at our disposal and a fuller understanding of its properties, it may be possible to produce new species among larger creatures, mice, rabbits, guinea pigs, etc. It is merely a question of degree, for if new types can be produced in one species why may they not be produced in another?

WHAT RADIUM MAY DO FOR MEDICAL SCIENCE.

It remains to mention certain important services that radium may render in the cure of bodily ills, notably of lupus and other skin diseases. Here is a great new field full of promise, yet one that must be considered with guarded affirmation, lest false hopes be aroused. It is too soon as yet to say more than this, that distinguished doctors speak with confidence of excellent results that may be looked for from the radium treatment. Dr. Danlos, for instance, has used the radium rays on lupus patients at the St. Louis Hospital in Paris for over a year, and in several cases has accomplished apparent cures. The radium used is enclosed between two small disks of copper and aluminum, the whole being about the size of a silver dollar. The aluminum disk, which is very thin, is pressed against the affected part and left there for fifteen minutes, that is all there is to the treatment, except cleansing, bandaging, etc. Day after day, for weeks or months, this contact with the disk is continued, and after a period of irritation the sores heal, leaving healthy white scars. Some patients thus treated have gone for months without a relapse, but it is too soon to declare the cures absolute. They *look like* absolute cures, that is all Dr. Danlos will say, and if time proves that they *are* absolute cures, then radium will do for lupus patients all that Finsen's lamps do and will do it more quickly, more simply, and with no cumbersome and costly apparatus. It may be objected that radium also is costly, but the answer is that radium will probably become cheaper as the supply increases and as the processes of extracting it are perfected. Furthermore, the effects of radium may be obtained, as already stated, by the use of indifferent bodies rendered radio-active, so that lupus patients may be treated with a piece of wood or a piece of glass possessed for the moment of the virtues of radium. And certain kinds of cancer may be similarly treated; indeed, a London physician has already reported a case of cancer cured by radium.

These are possibilities, *not* certainties, and there are

others. It appears that radium has a bactericidal action in certain cases, and it would therefore seem reasonable that air rendered radio-active may benefit sufferers from lung troubles if breathed into the lungs, or that water rendered radio-active may benefit sufferers from stomach troubles if taken into the stomach. It goes without saying that in all these cases the use of radium must be attended with extreme precautions, so that harmful effects may be avoided.

Just as I was leaving Paris I learned of an interesting and significant new fact about radium, one that greatly impressed M. Curie, namely, that the air from deep borings in the earth is found to be radio-active, and that the waters from mineral springs are radio-active. This would seem to indicate the presence of radium in the earth in considerable quantities, and that would mean more abundant and cheaper radium in the not distant future. One of the things to be hoped for now is the discovery of a single simple reaction by which radium may be easily separated from the dross that contains it, and any day the chemists may put their hands on such a reaction.

And then — well, it is best to avoid sweeping statements, but there is certainly reason to believe that we are entering upon a domain of new, strange knowledge and drawing near to some of nature's most hallowed secrets.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT IDEAS.

A great idea is usually original to more than one discoverer.—Great ideas come when the world needs them.—They surround the world's ignorance and press for admission.—*A. Phelps.*

A fixed idea is like the iron rod which sculptors put in their statues. It impales and sustains.—*Taine.*

After all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they would hardly be such strong agents, unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling. The great world struggle of developing thought is continually foreshadowed in the struggle of the affections, seeking a justification for love and hope.

—*George Eliot.*

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no idea behind it is simply a brutality.—*Garfield*.

To the thinker, the most trifling external object often suggests ideas, which extend, link after link, from earth to heaven.

—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

To have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands.—*Madame Swetchine*.

He who wishes to fulfill his mission in the world must be a man of one idea, that is of one great overmastering purpose, overshadowing all his aims, and guiding and controlling his entire life.—*Bate*.

Ideas make their way in silence like the waters that, filtering behind the rocks of the Alps, loosen them from the mountains on which they rest.—*D'Aubigne*.

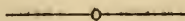
When young men are beginning life, the most important period, it is often said, is that in which their habits are formed.—That is a very important period.—But the period in which the ideas of the young are formed and adopted is more important still.—For the ideal with which you go forth determines the nature, so far as you are concerned, of everything you meet.—*H. W. Beecher*.

Events are only the shells of ideas; and often it is the fluent thought of ages that is crystallized in a moment by the stroke of a pen or the point of a bayonet.—*E. H. Chapin*.

An idea, like a ghost, according to the common notion of ghosts, must be spoken to a little before it will explain itself.—*Dickens*.

Ideas, though vivid and real, are often indefinite, and are shy of the close furniture of words.—*Tupper*.

Bred to think as well as to speak by rote, we furnish our minds as we furnish our houses, with the fancies of others, and according to the mode and age of our country. We pick up our ideas and notions in common conversation as in schools.—*Bolingbroke*.



"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
 Their loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow.
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and rudely blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toil which to those summits led."

—*Byron, Childe, Harold*.

RITCHEY'S WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

MARKS AN EPOCH IN ASTRONOMICAL SCIENCE. — PROVES
THE NEBULAR THEORY OF CREATION.

Prof. G. W. Ritchey, of the Yerkes Observatory, has made a discovery of startling significance and tremendous importance in the history of the evolution of the universe.

In effect the brilliant astronomer has just finished observations which prove the truth of the celebrated nebular theory of creation announced by the famous Frenchman, La Place, and of the widely entertained belief that the solar system, and even star clusters, have been formed by millions of years of slow evolution from great bodies of gaseous matter floating in the inconceivable abysses of space.

Prof. Ritchey's observations go even farther than this. They go to show the truth of the theory of Herbert Spenser that the entire universe is passing through a flux of evolution and dissolution — that nebular gas itself is developed by mighty changes in the stars themselves — that stars are suddenly expanded by explosion, or otherwise, into enormous masses of thin gas, infinitely more tenuous than atmospheric air, and that this gas again contracts and is converted into suns like our own, with probably trains of attendant planets.

In short, Prof. Ritchey has proved that a nebula, with a star for a nucleus, changes its shape and the quantity of light it emits, and that these changes are so rapid as to be observable within the compass of a few hours.

This is one of the greatest discoveries in the history of astronomy, and Prof. Ritchey alone deserves all the credit. It is the first work of absolutely great magnitude done at the big Yerkes Observatory, and it will insure to Prof. Ritchey a foremost place among the world-renowned men of science.

Astronomers have long believed that the nebulae — those great masses of luminous gas existing throughout space at incalculable distances from the earth — were the matrixes of solar systems and star clusters like our own. But no observer had been able to see the slightest sign of change in the structure. Of course, it has been believed that change there must be, but nobody had been able to prove the fact.

The celestial object upon which Prof. Ritchey has made his observations is the mysterious star, Nova of Perseus which suddenly appeared last February in the northern sky, blazing with strange light in a place where there had been no star before. Its light rapidly increased until it became a star of the first magnitude. Then it gradually faded away until now it is only of the sixteenth magnitude. At present it is altogether invisible to the unaided vision, and if it continues to diminish in brilliance it will soon be invisible even in the great Yerkes telescope — the most powerful in the world — through which no star below the seventeenth magnitude can be seen.

To account for these new stars (the star of Bethlehem is supposed to have been one of them) many theories have been held by astronomers. In the instance of Nova of Perseus, the present star, some observers believed its increasing brilliance was caused by the star speeding toward the earth with great rapidity, and that its diminution was due to a reverse process. This theory, however, was soon abandoned.

Prof. Ritchey says that the star is certainly not less than 28 years from the earth — that is, a distance of about 117,313,920,000,000 miles. This, however, is its minimum distance. It cannot be much nearer. On the other hand, it may be a thousand times as far away, a distance to be measured in hundreds of quadrillions of miles.

Were it nearer than the distance which light traverses in a space of 20 years — at the rate of about 186,000 miles a second — it would show a parallax, but no parallax can be detected, although sought for sedulously. The conclusion, therefore, is that all the marvelous phenomena seen in the new star — its sudden blazing up and its subsequent dying out

— occurred at least 20 years ago, or even thousands of years ago.

Another theory was advanced to account for the strange phenomenon. This was that the star had been a dark body which had been converted into a glowing nebula, by friction. This was also abandoned, and the astronomers at last settled upon the theory that the new light had been caused by a tremendous explosion proportionate in size to the size of the star. This latter theory is now borne out by Prof. Ritchey's observations.

On the night of September 20, 1901, Prof. Ritchey photographed Nova of Perseus by means of the twenty-four-inch reflector at the observatory. The negative disclosed the fact that the star was surrounded by a nebula — a fact which had been previously shown by another observer. But on the plate made by Prof. Ritchey there were two fairly dense wisps of nebulosity toward the west with a curve in the north, merging into the convolutions of the nebula. This was a startling fact, but Prof. Ritchey patiently waited for a favorable night to secure another negative. The looked-for opportunity came Wednesday night, November 13.

The plate of September 20 had been exposed three hours and fifty minutes. The reflector is operated by the most delicately adjusted clockwork in existence. But so eager was Prof. Ritchey to secure an absolutely accurate negative that he decided on Wednesday night to control the apparatus himself. For seven hours he exposed his plate to the light of the mysterious star, and through all that time he sat with either hand on a thumb-screw watching the star and keeping it true to the crossed spider lines on the glass.

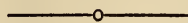
When he looked at the negative he observed a fact in which he at once recognized the proof so long sought and so ardently wished for by observers everywhere. The spots of density in the west field of the nebula had moved.

Never before had this amazing fact been found, and Prof. Ritchey, who at once saw the immeasurable importance of the marvelous discovery he had made, was gratified beyond words with the unqualified success with which his

patience and perseverance, as well as his daring and original conception, had been rewarded.

The conclusions, which follow from this truly epoch-making discovery are stupendous. They lead to the positive knowledge that in the unspeakable vast gulfs of space nature is slowly molding suns and planets and solar systems and star clusters; that nebulae are converted into suns and suns into nebulae; that catastrophes involving unthinkable quantities of matter are by no means rare in the infinite womb of space, and that out of the chaos and confusion thus produced order and symmetry emerge after ages of evolution.

Prof. Ritchey's discovery is nothing less than an actual proof of the fact that the structure of the nebulae is subject to observable change — the one fact of celestial mechanics the proof of which has been most ardently desired.⁴⁶¹



END OF A WORLD.

The new star appeared at the beginning of the year 1901. On February 21 it suddenly shone forth in the constellation of Perseus, remained visible for some time, then grew pale with more or less fluctuations, seeming to return into infinite space whence it had come. Incidentally, this was the twenty-seventh star to appear in this fashion within a period of two thousand years. The new star, which was a splendid specimen of this kind of mysterious apparition, was seen, followed and studied by official as well as unofficial observers. Finally, when the "Nova," having grown too pale for observation, was about to be abandoned, there came an unexpected piece of news that caused it again to become the order of the day. It was the discovery announced by Messrs. Flammarion and Antoniadi, of the Juvisy Observatory, that the light of the new star in Perseus contained hitherto un-

known rays, detectable only by means of photography, and ranging probably very high, higher even than the ultra-violet rays.

This phenomenon must have been seen by all the universes by which we are surrounded. It must have been a real explosion of light, as within the short space of a hundred hours the star became about twenty thousand times more luminous than it had been before. As there is every reason to suppose that its heat was in proportion to its light, the cataclysm caused in its surroundings can easily be imagined.

What is the explanation of this catastrophe? As a matter of fact, nothing is so far known with certainty, although several hypotheses have been advanced in its explanation. But all these hypotheses, though differing as to the causes of the catastrophe, agree as to its terrible consequences.

One of the first hypotheses advanced is that of the collision of two extinct stars. Owing to the transformation of motion into heat and light, the collision of the two dead stars with their train of likewise dead planets resulted in a conflagration. Camille Flammarion, in his "End of the World," gives the following description of such a spectacle: "Then, in the profound night of space, these two formidable globes, by their prodigious collision, suddenly engendered an immense celestial fire, a vast gaseous nebula, that first oscillated like a will-o'-the-wisp, and then disappeared in unknown heavens. Its temperature was several millions of degrees. All that had been land, water, air, minerals, plants, men! * * * all turned into fire. It was the resurrection of visible nature." Indeed, in this case, far from being a sinister event, the phenomenon might be regarded as a bonfire announcing the birth of a new world!

Not so, if the second hypothesis be correct. This, too, admits the collision of two heavenly bodies, with the difference, however, that it supposes one of them to be a sun and the other some kind of cosmic nebula. The result would be

about the same as in the preceding case, though more disastrous in its consequences. For in this case we have no longer to do with dead worlds but possibly with a universe overtaken in full life by a terrible and inexorable decree — the more terrible as the event was, perhaps, long before its occurrence forseen by the planetary inhabitants of the threatened system. Those situated on the other side of the central sun could watch the destruction of the planets whose orbits brought them first in collision with the nebula, thinking with agony of the horrible death that awaited them in a few moments.

A third hypothesis suggests in explanation a kind of explosion of the solar surface caused by the expansion of its incandescent gases. The consequences would be about the same as in the second hypothesis, a horrible death, less the long agony that characterizes the former. One fine day the sun would appear greatly disturbed, spreading an unbearable light and heat all over the sky, and in a few moments there would not be even the dead left to witness the annihilation of their universe.

These are the three principal theories, the others leading to the same or nearly the same results. But these terrible occurrences, which we now observe and discuss, may after all not belong to the present time, but long since be lost in an immemorable past; and there where we suppose all these agonies in connection with the phenomenon now reigns a perfect calm, or a new era of joyous life has been setting in. In fact, what we saw is but the aspect, the light of the event which perhaps occurred several centuries ago! Light, which we know to travel 186,000 miles in a second, requires more than four years to reach us from the nearest star, and from the others ten, twenty, thirty, one hundred, nay, millions of years. The light of the "Nova" of 1901 had perhaps travelled many centuries before reaching us, and what we saw are the rays it darted out in its terrible spasms of the past.—*Londsberg*.

WHO-WHEN-WHERE SERIES.—6.

WILLIAM BASSE.

1613-1648.

Renowned Spencer, lie a thought more nigh
 To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room
 For Shakespeare in your three-fold, four-fold tomb.
 —*On Shakespeare.*

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

1605-1668.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
 It is not safe to know.—*The Just Italian. Act V, Sc. v.*

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

1615-1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
 His genuine and less guilty wealths explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.—*Cooper's Hill.*
 O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.—*Cooper's Hill.*
 Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.
 —*The Soph.*

THOMAS DECKER.

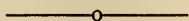
— 1641.

The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
 A soft, meek, patient humble, tranquil spirit.
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.—*Part I, Act I, Sc. 12*
 And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
 There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.—*Old Fortunatus.*

Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, come
Habraham, Moyses, Aaron, and the profettys; and also
the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that
gentilman Jhesus was borne.

—*Julia Berners, Heraldic Blazonry.*

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.—*Part II, Act I, Sc. 2.*
Honest labour bears a lovely face.—*Patient Grissell, Act I, Sc. 1.*



ABRAHAM COWLEY.

1618-1667.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?—*The Motto.*
His time is forever, everywhere his place.—*Friendship in absence.*
His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.

—*On the Death of Crashaw.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

—*Pope, Essay on Man, Ep. III, Line 306.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.—*Gold.*
Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.—*Dauides, Vol. I, Book 1.*

One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an ever-
lasting now.—*Southey, The Doctor, Ch. XXV, P. 1.*

Words that weep and tears that speak.—*The Prophet.*



EDMUND WALLER.

1605-1687.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw nearer to their eternal home.—*Divine Poesy.*

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.—*On a Girdle.*

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.—

—*On Roscommon's Translation of Horace De Arte Poetica.*

Could we forbear dispute, and practice love,
We should agree as angels do above.—*Divine Love, Canto III.*

JOHN MILTON.

1608-1674.

PARADISE LOST.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe.—*Book I, Line v.*

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.—*Line 22.*

But vindicate the ways of God to man.—*Pope. Line 16.*

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.—*Line 105.*
Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!—*Line 330.*

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.—*Line 648.*

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.—*Line 690.*

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings.—*Bk. II, Line 699.*
Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven's first-born.—*Bk. III, Line 1.*
Imparadis'd in one another's arms.—*Bk. IV, Line 506.*
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.—*Bk. IV, Line 677.*
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.—*Bk. IV, Line 750.*

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.—*Bk. V, Line 71.*

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.—*Bk. VIII, Line 192.*

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.—*Bk. IX, Line 171.*
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.—*Bk. IX, Line 245.*
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.—*Bk. IX, Line 553.*

PARADISE REGAINED.

Beauty stands
 In the admiration of weak minds
 Led captive.—*Bk. II, Line 220.*
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd.—*Bk. II, Line 228.*
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise.—*Bk. III, Line 56.*
 The childhood shows the man
 As morning shows the day.—*Bk. IV, Line 220.*
 The child is father to the man.—*Wordsworth.*
 Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.—*Bk. IV, Line 327.*

SAMSON AGONISTES

Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men;
 Unless there be who think not God at all.—*Line 293.*
 What boots it at one gate to make defense,
 And at another to let in the foe?—*Line 560.*
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?—*Line 1350.*
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits.—*Line 1538.*

COMUS.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
 Which men call Earth.—*Line 5.*
 That golden key
 That opes the palace of eternity.—*Line 13.*
 From out the purple grape
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine.—*Line 46.*
 These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof.—*Line 83.*
 O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!—*Line 213.*
 Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?—*Line 244.*
 It were a journey like the path to heaven,
 To help you find them.—*Line 303.*
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk.—*Line 373.*
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit in the center and enjoy bright day;
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the midday sun.—*Line 381.*
 'T is chastity, my Brother, chastity:
 She that has that is clad in complete steel.—*Line 420.*

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin or guilt.—*Line 453.*

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.—*Line 476.*

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.—*Line 560.*

If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.—*Line 597.*
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence.—*Line 748.*

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.—*Line 776.*
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.—*Line 1022.*

LYCIDAS.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn.—*Line 26.*
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowlips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears.—*Line 139.*
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.—*Line 88, Arcades.*

L' ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles.—*Line 25.*
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.—*Line 31.*

And ever, against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out.—*Line 135.*
 Untwisting all the chains that tie,
 The hidden soul of harmony.—*Line 143.*

IL PENSEROSO.

The gay motes that people the sunbeams.—*Line 8.*
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.—*Line 39.*
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.—*Line 45.*
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.—*Line 79.*
 Save the cricket on the hearth.—*Line 82.*
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing,
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears from Pluto's cheek.—*Line 105.*
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.—*Line 120.*
 What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
 The labor of an age in piled stones?
 Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
 Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.

—*Line 4, Epitaph on Shakespeare.*

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.—*Line 15.*
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.—*To the Nightingale.*
 That old man eloquent.—*To the Lady Margaret Ley.*
 License they mean when they cry liberty.
 —*On the Detraction which followed upon my Writing certain Treatises.*

Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than war.—*To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.—*On his Blindness.*

But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

—*On his Deceased Wife.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by an outward touch as the sunbeam.—*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Behold the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.—*The Reason of Church Government.*

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.

—*Tractate of Education.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.—*Areopagitica.*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond.—*Areopagitica.*

Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

—*Areopagitica.*

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law.—*Tetrarchordon.*

NOTE.—Many of Milton's "Best Thoughts" have been quoted under topical classifications, scattered throughout this volume, and we have thought best to omit most of them from the "Who-When-Where" series. The reader will find the index to authors complete in its references to Milton, and all quotations from him, or any other author, can thus be traced.



MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

1612-1650.

He either fears his fate too much,

Or his deserts are small,

That dares not put it to the touch

To gain or lose it all.—*My Dear and Only Love.*



SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

1605-1682.

Rich with the spoils of nature.—*Religio Medici, Part I, Sec. 13.*

Rich with the spoils of time.—*Gray's Elegy, St. 13.*

Nature is the art of God.—*Same, Pt. I, Sec. 16.*

Ruat coelum, fiat voluntas tua.—*Part II, Sec. 12.*

Do well and right, and let the world sink.—*Herbert.*

LIGHT FROM THE STARS.

How much light does the earth receive from the stars and planets?

The quantity of light received by our globe from the stars is very small. Only recently Professor Nichols measured it by means of a very fine apparatus, about thirty times more sensitive than the instruments hitherto used for this purpose. As a unit of measurement he used the 100,000,000th part of the light of a standard candle at a distance of one metre (about a yard). He found that the brightest star in the northern sky. Arcturus, of the constellation of Boötes, sends to the earth little more light than that received by the eye from that unit. Libra, in the constellation of Lyra, supplies us with but half of this quantity of light, while the planet Jupiter sends us two and a half times as much light.—*Londsberg*.

THE VARIABLE STAR ALGOL.

This is one of the most conspicuous and noteworthy stars in the heavens. Its remarkable fluctuations of light were probably known to the ancient observers, but the first definite record of its discovery is by Montanari, in 1669, and the accurate determination of its period was not effected until 1782 by Goodrick. At that time the star passed through all its gradations of brilliancy in two days twenty hours fifty-nine seconds, but the period seems decreasing, for Chandler has recently found it eight and one-half seconds less. The star is usually a little fainter than second magnitude, and remains so for about two days eleven hours, when it rapidly declines in lustre, and in about four and one-half hours arrives at a minimum of three and three-quarters magnitude. There is then a revival of its brilliancy, and in five and one-half hours it reaches its normal magnitude of two and one-quarter. From the end of March until the beginning of August the star is not favorably visible, being immersed in vapors and twilight on the northern horizon, but in the autumn and winter months it may be viewed with advantage.—*Londsberg*.

STELLAR PHOTOMETRY.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

Properly speaking, the art of measuring light has not been discovered. We cannot subtract from the given light a determinate amount and subject the remainder to independent determination. What is called measuring light consists in either reducing the given light in a known proportion, making it apparently equal to another standard light, or making it too faint to be perceptible. Both these methods are subject to so many disturbing causes that it is not surprising that many astronomers are inclined to adhere to the ancient method of estimation, by following which Argelander in the northern hemisphere, Gould in the southern hemisphere, and Schönfeld in the intermediate region, have furnished us standard magnitudes for all the lucid stars, and all the brighter telescopic stars, of marvelous consistency. A series of twenty standards, half a magnitude apart, being firmly impressed upon the mind, the observer made his comparison of each star with the corresponding standard, with such interpolation of brightness as was practicable; and those who use their catalogues have many hundreds of thousands of stars to assist them in adapting their own estimations to the same system.

In a perfect photometry, each magnitude corresponds to a certain proportion of the light of the next brighter magnitude. Sensation varies in geometric proportion; and a photometric scale founded upon geometric progression has many advantages. So far as precision is concerned, the ratio of the magnitude is unimportant. Pogson's ratio of $2\frac{1}{2}$, or more accurately the number corresponding to the logarithm [0.4000] has been extensively used and is remark-

ably convenient. If a different ratio should be adopted by any observer, his results would only need to be multiplied by a constant to reduce them to Pogson's ratio, adding another constant to allow for difference of standard. Pogson's ratio has the merit of corresponding well with the scales or rather the scale of Argelander, Gould and Schönfeld, down to the 8th magnitude. Below this point there is a divergence in the estimation of different observers, increasing with fainter magnitudes, until they are entirely discordant. A change of ratio would not remedy this, while it would destroy the accordance with the brighter stars.

The fundamental question then is, Shall the photometric scale be fixed by unassisted estimation, or shall photometric apparatus be employed, to vary the light of the observed star, as a means of assisting and correcting the estimation? In the mode of dividing the photometric scale by unassisted estimation, the first division creates a personal bias in favor of its repetition. Having fixed upon a star of the 1st magnitude, and another of the 9th, the astronomer desires to fix the 5th magnitude midway between them. It would be superhuman to hit upon it exactly. If the first assumed 5th magnitude star is too faint, the tendency will be to make the next also too faint; and if there is a personal bias that way, the more trials are made the more definitely that standard will be settled at a point fainter than it should be. The 3d magnitude is estimated midway between the 1st and the erroneous 5th. Again an error of bias is introduced. And so of every other standard, there will be a bias. Another astronomer, using Argelander's stars, attempts to learn his scale; and even if his own bias should be in the opposite direction, he would assume it to be from his lack of experience, and would train his judgment to adopt Argelander's scale. As a final result the scale would be, as it undoubtedly is, consistent with itself, and yet there might be a large error in the uniformity of the scale. That is, the ratio of light might be different in different parts of the scale; and there would be no means of detecting it.

Suppose then we adopt photometric apparatus like the meridian photometer, in which the observed star is compared with the Pole-star, and the instrument gives the proportion of the light of the two stars when equality is apparently reached. One observer may habitually make the right hand star the brighter, and another the fainter, in obtaining equality. But each individual would have an average bias, which would become more and more uniform with practice; and if the stars B, C, D, E, &c., were compared, under precisely similar conditions with A, whatever bias there might be in the original comparisons, that would be eliminated when we compare the stars B, C, D, E, &c., with each other.

So in observing with the deflector, my own pet device, where the stars are reduced to invisibility with uniform illumination; if different stars are reduced to invisibility under precisely similar circumstances, whatever the point of invisibility may be, and however it may vary between one evening and another, the stars observed at the same time are free from personal bias, when compared with each other.

The underlying question is whether systematic errors are guarded against; for a systematic error in a photometric instrument is as liable to mislead as a bias in estimation.

One source of systematic error in the use of the early method of diminishing apertures, and also in the use of the wedge, is the difference of illumination. A very large error results in the method of diminishing apertures, especially if a low magnifying power is employed, from the greater darkness of the field in the extinction of bright stars. So in the use of the wedge, the background, where the bright stars are extinguished is much brighter than where the faint stars are extinguished and this is only partially compensated in determining the value of the wedge. This particular error does not affect observations with the meridian photometer or with the deflector.

In my judgment the most important source of error in photometric observations is from the irregularity of the sky. But there is no tendency to systematic error from this source.

We have a remarkable proof of the existence of this error in Argelander's estimations, where whole zones were affected. Certain zones were observed on one or two evenings when the sky was unusually clear, and the adjoining zones on evenings when the sky was less transparent; the effect being that those zones observed on the clearer nights, contain many more stars of the lower limit than the adjoining zones. The same cause of error exists in the Harvard photometric zones. There are very many of these stars which were only observed twice, and if the sky near the pole happened to be either more or less clear than in the observed zone, the whole of the stars were affected with the difference. I am satisfied that there is in many places a discrepancy of half a magnitude or more in the mean scale of magnitudes in the Harvard Zone Catalogue, resulting from this cause.

My own observations have been purely differential, the comparison stars being almost invariably so close that no allowance need to be made for difference of obscuration. But this very circumstance has affected them to a great extent with the local errors of the Harvard Zones, from which the standards were taken. There have been two checks. I have taken pains, especially where an error was suspected, to compare with other zones 5° away, so as to divide the error. And wherever groups of stars were compared with asteroids, those asteroids tended to reduce errors of standard.

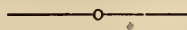
A fruitful source of error in observing with the meridian photometer has been the misidentification of stars. My own observations with the deflector are almost absolutely free from this danger. Each star is identified by the configuration of the group, every time it is measured.

Since the completion of my Catalogue of Comparison Stars, I have adopted the plan of using only my own results after having obtained the general standard from the average of a sufficient number of meridian photometer stars: so that my new catalogue now forming, is free from the influence of errors of misidentification, excepting so far as they

may have affected the average standard in the neighborhood. Comparison of these results in my new catalogue with the corresponding magnitudes in the meridian photometer observations, will identify the stars which have varied. In some of these cases, I have no doubt that the variation has been in the stars themselves. I am fully satisfied that the probable error of my observations consists chiefly of the variations of the sky. I have found that on especially clear evenings my probable error does not exceed that claimed by Müller and Kempf. But this is not a systematic error; it only increases the number of observations necessary to obtain accuracy. This confirms the conclusion I arrived at long ago, that under the atmospheric conditions, it is better to multiply observations on different evenings, than to seek to increase the accuracy of individual observations.

For the first ten years of my photometric observations of variable stars, all these observations were largely affected by the necessary local errors in the standards employed, arising from irregular or unequal atmospheric obscuration. The necessity for the comparisons in different portions of the sky being made in different seasons of the year, produced large discrepancies, with a tendency to their repetition in different years. The local error does not affect the time of maximum or minimum, but may need to be considered in comparing the brightness of variables in different years. Most of my early attempts to correct these errors were necessarily to obtain local and partial equalization. At last I reached a point where the elimination of these local errors became possible, by means of the observation of asteroids. The variations of the asteroids in brightness, which may be accurately computed, are independent of the positions among the stars, and of the season of the year. A special standard was adopted to conform with the average derived from nearly a thousand standard stars by several thousand photometric observations. More than fifty different asteroids were used to obtain the special standard, and 24 of these asteroids were selected in consequence of their having been frequently

compared with each other and with special groups of stars. The constants of these 24 asteroids have been reduced to this standard, and in their wanderings they are continually bringing new regions into conformity with it. As many as ten different standard asteroids have been used in comparison with a single group of stars, as they passed its neighborhood. On the average my present catalogue of comparison stars reduced to the asteroid basis by six or more photometric comparisons with standard asteroids, includes stars within each degree of right ascension throughout the equatorial region of the entire heavens. But this includes a very small fraction of the entire list of stars partially reduced to this standard.



THE PLANET MARS.

BY CHAS. S. HOWE, PH. D., PRESIDENT AND PROFESSOR
OF ASTRONOMY, CASE SCHOOL OF
APPLIED SCIENCE.

During the last thirty years, the attention of the astronomical world has been especially drawn to Mars. Every large telescope has been used to study its surface. One new observatory has been established for the express purpose of observing this planet, and another new observatory has given the greater portion of its time to the same purpose. Once in fifteen years the planet is very favorably situated for observation.

To the naked eye, Mars appears as a red star of the first magnitude. Its color is not sufficient to distinguish it, however, because several of the fixed stars are also red; but if we know about where it is to be found, its color will enable us to find it. It revolves around the sun in 687 days. Sometimes it is too near the sun for observation, and again

it is in the opposite quarter of the heavens. When the earth is between it and the sun, the planet is said to be in opposition, and it is then most favorably situated for study. These periods occur at intervals of about two years. The planet then rises just as the sun sets, and can be seen all night; it is also nearest the earth at this time, and is much larger to the eye. But its distance at opposition varies greatly, ranging from 35,000,000 miles at a favorable opposition to 61,000,000 miles at an unfavorable one. The last favorable opposition occurred in 1892, and the next will come in 1909. In 1892, however, it was very far south in the heavens, and so could not well be seen at northern observatories. The best observations were made at the Harvard College observatory, situated at Arequipa, Peru. This observatory had the further advantage of being 8,000 feet above the sea level in the clear atmosphere of the Andes.

The opposition of 1877 was memorable in the history of Mars. Up to that time it was supposed to have no moons. The great telescope at Washington had been completed but a few years. It was the largest refractor in the world, and Prof. Hall determined to make an effort to discover what smaller glasses had failed to find. Everything seemed favorable for success; the planet was near the earth, an immense telescope was in readiness, a skillful observer undertook the investigation; and success rewarded the effort. In August, 1877, Prof. Hall announced that Mars had two small moons revolving very near the surface. In many respects these are the most remarkable bodies in the solar system; they are only six and seven miles in diameter. Deimos and Phobos are the names given to them by Prof. Hall, because these were the attendants of Mars spoken of in the "Iliad." Deimos is 12,500 miles from the surface, and revolves around it in about thirty hours, while Phobos is about 3,700 miles from the surface, and revolves around it in seven hours and thirty-nine minutes. Mars rotates on its axis in twenty-four hours and thirty-seven minutes, and so Phobos revolves around it three times in one day. In fact, Phobos moves so rapidly that to the inhabitants of Mars, if there are any, it

would appear to rise in the west and set in the east. It passes through all its phases, from new moon to full and back to new moon again, between two and three times every day, and it is also totally eclipsed nearly every day.

More is known about the surface of Mars than of any other heavenly body except the moon. So many misleading articles have appeared in the press during the last two years that it seems well to give an exact statement of our present knowledge. The truth is wonderful enough, when we consider that the body we are studying, even when nearest to the earth, is one hundred and forty times as far away as the moon. At this time the most powerful telescope in the world would not make the planet appear as distinct as it would to the naked eye 14,000 miles away. In order to be seen at all at this distance an object must be several miles in diameter. It seems unnecessary to say that cities have not been discovered, nor in fact has any evidence of human beings been found.

Mars has been known from the earliest times. Ptolemy speaks of it in the *Almagest* written in 272 B. C. Since the invention of the telescope, many observers have made it the object of special study. In 1840, the first map of its surface was published. In 1877, Schiaparelli, of Milan, made an extensive triangulation of its surface, and from this period our true knowledge of the surface of Mars may be said to date. The clear air of Italy was an important factor in this work; but the man at the eye end of a telescope is of more importance than air or aperture, and Schiaparelli possesses in a wonderful degree the power to observe. His results were so far beyond what had been known before, that they were accepted with great reluctance by astronomers, and it is only within a few years that he has been given full credit for his work. During the last ten years American observatories have given a great deal of attention to this subject. The Lick Observatory, the Harvard College Observatory in Peru, and the Lowell Observatory in Arizona, have been especially active and much of our recent knowledge has come from these places.

The surface of Mars differs very much from that of the earth. There are no mountain ranges and only a few high peaks. The greater part of the surface is low and until recently it has been supposed that quite a large portion is covered with water. At the poles are large masses of ice and snow, which in winter frequently reach as far south as latitude 70 degrees. At the beginning of summer these snow masses are some 1,800 miles in diameter, but they melt under the influence of the sun and at the end of the summer sometimes completely disappear. The process of melting can be observed very easily with large telescopes. Notches appear in the edge of the ice field; holes and fissures are found in the interior. Then isolated masses of snow and ice are seen, which after a time melt and disappear. The seas as they are called, which surround the poles increase in size as the snow melts. Around the south pole is a great sea, the *Mare Australe*, which covers one-third of the whole surface. The center of the southern snow is not at the pole, but is about 180 miles from it. At the end of summer in the southern hemisphere the pole is wholly uncovered.

The northern continent is of a reddish-yellow color and is supposed to be land. This land is covered with a complicated net-work of canals, extending in straight lines for long distances. These canals, are in many cases double, or rather they become double at certain times. Schiaparelli announced this doubling of the canals in 1882, and recently it has been confirmed by several observers.

The center of the northern snow seems to be at the pole. When it melts the water flows over the surrounding land, forming a temporary lake, and finally passes off through the canals.

Small white spots have been seen in various parts of the surface and even in the equatorial regions which seem from their transient character to be snow masses. If this supposition is correct, the snow must have been on a high mountain peak. As snow and water are found, there must be an atmosphere on Mars capable of carrying watery vapor from one place to another. The existence of such an atmosphere was

never doubted until recently when Prof. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory made an extended series of spectroscopic observations and could find no more evidence of atmosphere on Mars than on the moon. Later still, European observers claim to have found certain evidence of an atmosphere. Clouds are rarely seen, and it is claimed that it never rains.

The canals seem to be permanent features. One of them, the Nilosyrtris, has been known for nearly one hundred years and others twenty or thirty years. Their length is always the same but their width and color are changeable, due probably to the vegetation along their banks. There are many of these canals but all are not visible at once. They always begin and end in a sea, a lake or another canal. Several of them may converge to one point and this point is then called a lake, but which is probably a mass of vegetation watered by the intersecting canals. In a few days or even a few hours, a canal may become double, the two parts being from 30 miles to 360 miles apart and the breadth of each being from 18 miles to 60 miles. The color of the two lines varies from black to a dark-red, while the part between is usually yellow. After remaining for a time the two lines fade and disappear. Many explanations of this doubling of the canals have been offered but none of them are satisfactory.

The seas upon Mars seem for the most part to be shallow. After the melting of the polar snows, they gradually dry up, leaving numerous islands. Mr. Lowell suggests that the change of color may be due largely to vegetation, and not to water and that the water supply may be very small. In the spring the vegetation would be dark and as the water flowed toward the equator or evaporated it would turn yellow which is the characteristic color of the Martian continents.

It is impossible to mention all the discoveries that have been made. The results obtained at the Lick Observatory and at the Lowell Observatory in Arizona, are of the most interesting and valuable character. Future oppositions when these results can be verified are eagerly awaited by astronomers.

MODERN ALCHEMY,
OR TRANSMUTATION OF SILVER INTO GOLD.

BY RUDOLPH MELVILLE HUNTER, M. E., E. E.

To directly produce the rare metals and jewels, as nature produces them, has been the dream of men of every age since the days of the Greek philosophers many centuries before the christian era. The making of diamonds has been accomplished. The making of gold from baser metals is also accomplished and is an every day occurrence in my laboratories. That one metal may be transformed into another may strike the average man as strange indeed, but to men of original research and deep thought it is the natural result to be expected with the advance of scientific investigation. Thus Prof. Garrett P. Serviss asserts that the atoms of our present metals are undoubtedly divisible into minor particles. He recently stated, "The different metals are what they are by virtue of their atoms. An atom of gold is one thing and an atom of lead another thing. To change one into the other, then, the atoms themselves must be altered." This is a plain statement and my daily work substantiates its correctness. Profs. Crookes, Lodge, Curie, Houston and other eminent scientists believe that the so-called "elements" of our text books are divisible into primary particles or ions which are the same in composition for all substances except as to their elections or electric charges and the inductional capacities incident thereto.

That gold may be made from silver, lead, copper and other metals I have established beyond the smallest cavil of doubt; that it can be made more easily from silver than other metals except platinum, as also positively determined by the daily work of my laboratories. That silver may be

transmuted into gold with great rapidity may be astonishing, but nevertheless, is an undeniable fact.

Where nature would require a hundred years to produce gold from silver, applied scientific principles will accomplish the same results within the surprisingly short time of from ten to thirty minutes.

In fact, under some most favorable conditions, I have been enabled to produce gold from pure silver in less than one minute.

Gold and silver differ only in the number and electro-lized condition of their primary parts or ions, and under proper conditions this change can be effected in a few minutes.

The theory upon which metals may be transformed one into the other is not confined to any particular metals, and while lead and copper may be transmuted into gold, the cost of such transmutation is far greater than the cost of converting silver into gold; consequently, for economic reasons, I confine myself at present to the commercial transformation of silver into gold.

Different metals contain different numbers of ions in their atoms, and hence these ions are essential functions of the atomic weights of such metals. Where a silver atom contains about 75,600 ions, a gold atom will contain 137,620, or almost twice as many; and as all ions are of the same weight, it follows that the gold atom is almost twice as heavy as the silver atom.

A condition charactersitic of these ions is their inductive capacity, so that they may exert electro-positive and electro-negative influences and induce thereby consequent attractions and repellances with the resulting effect that movements of great velocity are secured in these infinitesimal elements. They have an orbital range commensurate with the size and crystalline characteristics of the atom.

The inductive or electrical functions of the ions produce in the atom a large number of opposing polarities, which create a composite field of force to induce an attraction to the

earth and impart the effect of weight, and also exercise an influence between the atoms to produce molecular cohesion and solidity.

The rearrangement of the ions in changing from a silver atom to a gold atom causes a change in the inductive force with which the atom is attracted to the earth, and as a result, changes its specific gravity, which is a function of attraction of gravitation.

As an introduction to a more serious consideration of the theory of the transmutation, let us assume that we have the atoms of silver greatly enlarged, so as to be seen, and will find that each one will be composed of, say, 75,600 little particles like planets, flying around with lightning rapidity, but at no time leaving the limit of their orbital range relatively to each other.

The first thing that must be done is to destroy the activity of these little particles, and this necessitates de-electrifying them, so that their polarity and inductional capacity is nil.

Assume that under these conditions we have collected these elements in a box. We then, as it were, gather up 137,620 of them and impress upon them the proper electric charge or electron and set them into motion with new orbital range and we have created an atom of gold. The crystallization is another matter and will be explained later.

In transforming one atom into another, several steps are necessary, namely: The inductional capacity of these ions must be destroyed, whereby they are rendered quiescent or inactive; next, they must be segregated or forced out of their former correlation; they then must be reassembled in a new grouping as to numbers; and finally re-electrolized or given inductive capacity.

The result of these steps is that we create a new atom, with all the basic characteristics of the new metal.

Notwithstanding that we are dealing with infinitesimal things, this splitting up and re-arrangement of the ions and their depolarization and repolarization can only be effected under certain definite conditions, for the elementary forces

of nature are almost irresistible in combination and decomposition, and consequently these forces must be rendered dormant during the temporary moments of transition of the ions by controlling the electric charges or electrons of these ions at this time.

Molecular disintegration and reformation takes place, and this induces the destruction of approximately two atoms of silver to produce one atom of gold. The transitory conditions of the ions when undergoing such influences involve molecular disturbance, coupled with essential chemicals and electrical treatment. The combined effects in their co-operation rehabilitate the ions and produce in staple form the new metal.

The gold produced by transformation is stable and will remain as such under all conditions thereafter. It is gold for all time to come and will stand all tests for gold known to chemistry.

The gold produced by this process has the crystallization, atomic weight, specific gravity, color and acid resistances of gold of the mines and as specifically required by the text books. It answers to the spectroscopic test and in every way established itself to be as pure 24 carat gold, as nature ever made.

No metals are elements. They are compound bodies, each made up of a definite number of ions or ultimate particles of matter having an established correlation.

It may be accepted as an established fact that metals are not elementary substances and may be transformed one into the other by the act of disintegrating their ions or elementary parts of the atom and rearranging and combining them to give the new atomic characteristic peculiar to the new metal thereby produced.

That the transformed metal has changed in crystallization is apparent and this change is attributable to the orbital range of the ions and the molecular formation caused or largely dependent upon their electro positive or electro negative conditions.

Nitric acid, which so vigorously attacks and destroys silver, has no effect when the ions which originally constituted the silver atoms have been rearranged and transformed into gold.

As a theory, which may be advanced for this, we may assume that the atom as a whole may be of such polarity as to repel the oxygen element necessary to convert it into an oxide at the time it should form a salt with the acid.

Analysis of the transformed silver, preliminary to the separation of the gold, discloses the fact that the gold values greatly predominate over the silver. The unconverted silver, when separated, is subjected to further treatment until all of it is converted into gold.

As example of the degree of conversion the following figures are in point:

One analysis showed \$750 gold and \$250 of silver in \$1,000, while in another case there was \$528 of gold to \$472 of silver, or about 14 carat fine. In smaller quantities the gold is refined to absolutely 24 carat fine, but this is not required commercially, as bullion is acceptable at the United States assay office and mint at .650 or even very much less.

The reduction in the fineness in gold of the transformed silver, is due to the presence of silver atoms, whereas in gold coin or jewelry it is due to an appreciable percentage of copper to impart the desired hardness. Gold coin is usually not more than .740 fine while jewelry is about .580 fine.

The silver, under treatment, undergoes various degrees of conversion according to the grade of silver used, but it is only necessary to separate the unconverted silver from the gold by the assayers' methods, and the silver chloride thus produced may be remetalized and subjected to further transmutation into gold until all of the silver has been so transformed.

Every indication at the present time points to the possibility in the near future of transforming the entire mass of

silver into pure gold at one operation, thereby obviating the necessity of "parting" with acid to separate the gold from the silver.

One dollar's worth of silver produces about \$40 in gold, as one ounce of silver will produce one ounce of gold. There is practically no loss in silver, but there is a radical change in the specific gravity of its resulting products. Thus the specific gravity of the silver (10.4) is changed to the specific gravity of gold (19.3), and, as a natural result, the gold produced occupies approximately but half the space.

The process is such that the degree of transformation in a given time may be determined within reasonable limits so that the commercial production of gold may become an exact art.

That it is possible under my control and guidance to do within a few minutes what nature, in her wonderful laboratory, takes decades to accomplish, is a matter worthy of the most serious and profound contemplation.

The commercial side of this process is exceptionally interesting because it involves the direct production by manufacturing of gold without the intervention of trade conditions.

The cost of producing gold from silver should not exceed 5 per cent. of the value of the gold produced exclusive of the cost of the silver.

The conditions of alchemists of the past have at last been vindicated; but their theories were bad and that they failed was due to the erroneous supposition that they could produce gold by fusing various substances in a crucible in the form of an alloy.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

(1.) When and by whom were artificial diamonds first produced by means of electricity? (2.) Have the diamonds thus produced all the properties of the genuine diamond? (3.) Kindly describe the method of production.

ANSWER BY LEON LONDSBERG.

(1) By Professor Moissan, a celebrated French chemist, in the year 1892. (2) The diamonds which Moissan has been able to produce are artificial only in the sense that they are the product of the laboratory. They possess the hardness, clearness, high refractive power and form of those found in nature; their only deficiency is in size, the largest he has yet produced being only one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter. (3) The method is as follows: Pure iron is melted in a carbon crucible by means of the electric current, and into this molten iron a cylinder of iron charged with specially prepared sugar charcoal is dropped. When the whole mass has attained a very high temperature the crucible is withdrawn and is plunged in cold water or into a bath of molten lead. After a thick crust of solid metal has been formed the further cooling is allowed to take place in the air, and when quite cold the iron mass is attacked with acids in order to dissolve the metal in which the diamonds are embedded. This treatment with acids is continued until all the iron has been removed, and then other chemicals are used to destroy the grains of graphite. The residue which remains after the treatment is composed of minute diamonds and small fragments of carbonado, or impure diamonds. The theory that Moissan has advanced to explain his method is that certain metals which take carbon into solution or combination at high temperatures when submitted to great pressure and rapid cooling deposit this carbon in the crystalline form known as diamonds.

A NEW AND COSTLY DRUG.

Adrenalin is one of the newest and also one of the most costly drugs, and in the window of a Cleveland pharmacy there is a small glass bottle that contains almost \$500 worth of it. The new drug is the active principle of the suprarenal gland, and its use is to drive the blood from certain portions of the body. Sometimes a preparation of it is used in operations on the eye, and it is also used in treatment of troubles affecting mucous membranes, catarrh, etc.

Besides being so expensive, adrenalin is very strong. One two-hundred thousandth of a gram, a quantity so small that it could not be seen, will produce a distinct rise in blood pressure when administered by means of a hypodermic syringe into the circulation of an adult man. Doctors worked for a number of years to perfect adrenalin. First, preparations of the glands of animals from which the drug is obtained were made and used, and were found to be valuable, although it was a great deal of trouble to prepare the medicine from the glands direct, and fresh preparations had to be made all the time. Finally Dr. Jokichi Takamini succeeded in extracting the active principle of the gland.

Adrenalin is in the shape of crystals, fine and almost like powder, and is a faint violet in color. For use, the crystals are dissolved and the strength of the solution reduced to what is needed.

WEALTH MADE BY CHEMISTS.

The expert chemist is an important figure in the industrial world today. He can earn not only fame, but also a large income, and he saves manufacturers many millions of dollars every year.

Of course, nine out of ten chemists stick to the old routine, but the tenth goes in for industrial chemistry, and either allies himself to some progressive and flourishing manufacturer or independently conducts his industrial experiments and spends his time and brains in devising schemes for the utilization of by-products.

One doesn't talk much about waste products now. So little is wasted that it doesn't deserve mention. The Chicago joke that the packing houses utilize everything about the pigs save their squeals, and are planning to make the squeals into whistles, has more point than most Chicago jokes.

Probably the greatest slaughter houses furnish the most familiar illustration of the modern thrift in the utilization of what was formerly considered waste; and even the small abattoirs, while they haven't attained the scientific perfection of the Chicago packing houses, are reformed characters.

It was only a few years ago that the abattoir was usually built upon the bank of a stream and all refuse was washed into the stream. In course of time neighbors were inconsiderate enough to protest against the practice. Sanitary bees invaded innumerable bonnets, and a howl of protest went up against the abattoirs. It was necessary to dispose of the refuse in some fashion. Chemists were called in.

Methods for drying the refuse and extracting all grease were developed. The grease went into the manufacture of soap. The residue was converted into fertilizer. After jelly had been made from the hoofs, the hoofs and horns were used for buttons, knife handles, etc. The health of the neighborhood and the income of the slaughter men went up.

The development of the tremendous aniline color industry is altogether due to chemical experiment with waste product. In the dry distillation of coal or wood for gas, the gas passes through a succession of washers, which takes out its impurities. These impurities, including ammonia, carbolic acid, acetic acid and various nitrogen compounds were formerly waste, but are now separated and used. In fact, nearly all of the acetic acid in the market is secured from the dry distillation of wood.

Five per cent. of the coal used in gas manufacture is coal tar, and by experiment chemists found that this coal tar, always regarded as waste residue, contained substances useful in the making of dyes. Fully 10 per cent. of the weight of the coal tar is available for this purpose, and upon the basis of this discovery the enormous coal tar color industry has grown. New plants have been put into many of the coke regions to collect the coal tar liberated in coke manufacture, and it will not be long before the open coke oven will be a thing of the past. Where coal is burned in an open oven no coal tar can be collected and large profits are literally thrown away, but by burning the coal in closed retorts all the coal tar can be recovered and used.

This color industry, which chemists call the greatest of the modern chemical industries, has called for other chemical developments. It demands large quantities of sulphuric acid, of soda, etc., and chemists have sharpened their wits upon the problem of obtaining these products at a minimum expense.

Until recently the greater part of the sulphur used in this country was imported from Sicily. Now, through chemical processes, the sulphur contained in gold, silver and zinc is liberated and burnt to sulphur dioxide, from which almost all of our sulphuric acid is made.

In connection with all of our mining development, chemistry has played an important part. Ores can be mined with profit today that would have been practically worthless a few years ago. In the old days only high grade ore was profi-

table, and only a certain percentage of the gold contained in the ore was freed.

The tailings thrown aside held a considerable quantity of gold, but could not be worked by the ordinary processes, so were piled mountain high and disregarded until chemists discovered that the gold was soluble in potassium cyanide, and that by washing in a very weak solution of potassium cyanide, the tailing gold could be profitably separated from the refuse. The same process has led to the working of low grade ores, running \$4 or \$5 to the ton, which could not be profitably worked by the ordinary mining processes.

The silver contained in lead has also been freed and utilized. It was found by chemists that when the melted lead was mixed with zinc the silver formed an alloy with the zinc and floated to the surface. When this mass was taken from the lead and heated in a retort, the zinc, being volatile, was freed and left a deposit so rich in silver that it was easily purified.

The applications of chemistry to mining processes are legion, but it is in other branches of industry that practical chemistry is now making its strides. The Standard Oil Co. is a hardy exponent of the merits of industrial chemistry and has expert chemists constantly employed. As for that matter, so have all the great gas plants, coke plants, sugar refineries, starch factories, etc.

The original waste of the oil business was enormous; now it is next to nothing. Of course, the primary aim is the production of kerosene, but crude oil contains on the one side, oils lighter than kerosene, such as gasolene, naphtha, and, on the other side, products much heavier than kerosene, such as paraffin. At one time all of these bi-products were waste; now every one of them is utilized.

By first distillation, the lighter oils are freed and collected. Then the kerosene is distilled, leaving a product that is worked over into hard paraffin and soft paraffin or vaseline. A heavy oil left after the collecting of the paraffin is used for lubricating and fuel oil, much of it being made into car and axle grease. After all these processes a solid mass of carbon is

left in the retorts, and this is used to a considerable extent in making carbon sticks for electric light.

The dairy business is one of the industries with which the chemist is busying himself, and the results so far have been most satisfactory, although a much broader field for the use of casein is prophesied. The large creameries, having turned out their cream and butter, were confronted by great quantities of skim milk for which there was apparently no use. Skim milk was a drug on the market and in many cases was drained off into neighboring streams.

The chemist stepped in and changed all that. The milk is curdled with alkali and a dried product produced which is soluble in water. This casein has been used for paper sizing, kalsomining, etc., and successful experiments have been made with it in the manufacture of artificial foods. Moistened with water to a gelatinous consistency, put under a hydraulic press and then washed in acid, it forms a hard and indissoluble substance, of which buttons and similar articles are made. Chemists say that the casein powder which is like a fine tasteless flour, may be substituted for milk in cooking, and has a great future in this respect.

Chemistry applied to the sugar industry has been invaluable; and, particularly in connection with the beet sugar manufacture, has recently effected a wonderful saving. The waste in the making of beet sugar was at first enormous, because the molasses was absolute waste. It contains products from the beet roots which give it a very bitter taste, and is also rich in an alkali which spoils its flavor. So, although more than one-half of the weight of the molasses was sugar, it was unavailable save for fermentation and alcohol.

Experiment proved that dry lime, mixed with the molasses, combined with the sugar, forming a product insoluble in water. Washing the molasses would then separate this product from all the other elements. The lime and sugar product being heated with carbonic acid, the lime combined with the carbon, forming an indissoluble product, and leaving the sugar free to be easily separated. By this process today 90 per cent.

of the sugar is recovered from beet molasses and there is practically no molasses in the beet sugar factories.

In the manufacture of cane sugar the molasses is about as valuable as the amount of sugar contained in it would be, so there is no use for the process adopted in beet sugar making; but there is less weight of sugar in the molasses than there was formerly. This fact, and the fact that molasses is now made in vacuum pans and cannot be burned or thickened as it was in the old fashioned open pans, accounts for the fact that there is no more black molasses and no more black gingerbread such as mother used to make.

The glucose manufacturers have called in chemists, and found a new source of profit. The corn grain has, in addition to its starch product, a tiny germ in which lies its life principle. This germ was formerly crushed with the starch, separated and thrown aside as waste. Very lately it has been shown that this germ is rich in oil which can be utilized. The germ is now separated from the starch and crushed. The oil gathered finds a ready market, and within the last five years millions of dollars' worth of this oil has been exported to Europe, where all corn products are in great demand. After the oil is taken from the germ the gluten left in the cake is used for varnish, and the residue is used for cattle food.

The corn stalk is also ground and used for cattle food, but first the pith of the stalk is extracted and used for the lining of vessels, the theory being that if a fissure occurs in the framework of the vessel the pith lining, becoming wet, will swell and to some extent close the fissure.

The cottonseed oil industry has eliminated its waste almost entirely, although twenty years ago every part of the cottonseed save the oil was waste product. In the cottonseed oil factory now the seed is collected after coming through the cotton gin, and is first stripped of its lint, which is used in the manufacture of certain kinds of paper, felts, etc. Next the shell of the seed is removed and either ground for cattle food or used for fuel. In the latter case the ashes are collected for potash.

The kernel of the seed is ground and pressed to extract the oil, and the residue is used for cattle food. The oil in process of refining gives off a waste which enters into soap making and the making of oleomargarine.

Glycerin, used in such great quantities at present, was for years a waste product. All waste from fatty oils contains compounds of an acid with glycerin. The acid will combine with an alkali, leaving the glycerin in a watery solution, from which it is collected by evaporation and distillation. Immense quantities of this reclaimed waste product are used in the making of explosives.

When steel is melted in a Bessemer converter the phosphorus, which used to be a nuisance, is separated from the steel by the introduction of lime, with which the phosphorus combines readily. This phosphorus is then used as a fertilizer. The slag from iron furnaces is converted into cement.

The tin is taken from old tin cans by chemical process and is used over and over again.

Even the acids used for chemical purposes are not allowed to outlive their usefulness with the accomplishment of their purpose. The Standard Oil Co. formerly wasted great quantities of sulphuric acid after it had been used to remove the impurities from the oil. The acid was drained into the river. Now it is used in a fertilizer particularly adapted to soil where phosphate rock must be dissolved.

Then again in certain great galvanizing works the iron was cleaned with sulphuric acid, which was then run into the nearest river. This method of disposing of the waste was forbidden. Chemists were consulted. The solution was made stronger so that it could be clarified and used repeatedly. Finally, when it could no longer be used for washing, it was evaporated, and the sulphate of iron extracted from it. This bi-product proved so valuable that it is now the chief product of the works. From the waste product of the wine industry chemists now obtain a crude cream of tartar, which, refined to a high degree, constitutes the acid principle of the best forms of baking powder. The list might be protracted indefinitely.—*New York Sun*.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY — A REVIEW.

G. W. EDMONDSON.

To attempt an elaborate account of all the experiments made, and the search and research undertaken to discover a means of securing, photographically, the colors of nature as seen on the ground glass of the Camera, would be futile in the small space allotted to the subject in this volume.

Only a cursory glance is possible at *some* of the methods by which it was purposed, in the long past and the present day, to secure the desired end. In the days of Daguerre, report says that he and Niépce practiced, with a gaily dressed doll for a model, and not only secured the colors of the clothing, but the difference in the metallic lustre of the gold and silver lace with which the dress was trimmed. Yet they could not show their results, as, in the daylight, the colors were evanescent.

In 1810 Thomas Young, and years later Helmholtz, stated that "Color sensation was a function of retinal sensitiveness." Church, writing on Colour in 1887, says of this: "In each elementary part of the retina of the eye there is at least one set of three different nerve fibrils, each of the three fibrils of a set being especially adapted for the production of its own specific color-sensations, yet in a less degree of the two others. Thus the receptive structure of the retina as a whole may be said to consist of an immense number of nerve fibrils of three orders — what we may call red fibrils being particularly acted upon by such long light waves as those in the red, but being also stimulated in a minor degree by the shorter waves in the green and still less by the blue; the green fibrils will respond most actively to green waves, and in some measure also to red and to blue waves; while the blue fibrils will be most excited by the blue rays, though not uninfluenced by green and even by red rays."

It follows, then, that the best process of Color-Photography is that which shall cause these fibrils to give to the brain the truest sensation of the colors of Nature, in the least time, with the least labor and at the least expense.

During the first half or more of the 19th century, the many experimenters, amongst whom we find: Seebeck, Niépce, Herschel, Hunt, Becquerel, Beauregard, Poitevin, Simpson Abney, et al, whose aim was to secure photographs in Natural Colors by Chemical means, expected to obtain that result upon a Chloride, or Subchloride of Silver, print.

At the Royal Institution in London, in 1861, James Clerk Maxwell gave the result of his experiments in utilizing the Young-Helmholtz color-theory in the production of pictures in Natural Color. These experiments paved the way, in fact were the initial steps, towards the present Three-Color process — amplified and brought into practical use by Ives and now practiced in different parts of the world with yearly marked advancement towards perfection. A description of Maxwell's demonstration at the Royal Institution will be of interest and is compiled from the report of the above mentioned lecture.* He assumed that red, green and blue were the primary colors and exhibited them on a screen by means of three magic-lanterns, before which were three glass troughs containing respectively the three colors, which he obtained with sulpho-cyanide of iron for the red, chloride of copper for the green, and ammoniated copper for the blue. Three photographs of a many-colored ribbon, taken through these three colored solutions respectively, were introduced into the lantern giving images representing the red, green, and blue parts separately. When superposed on the screen a colored image was seen, which, if the red and green images had been as fully photographed as the blue, would have been a truly colored image of the ribbon.

This then, marks another Era in the search after the practical rendition of photographs in the true Colors of Nature, and has been used as the foundation upon which many

* B. J. Phot. Almanac, 1899.

processes have been built, *some* by superposition of the three colors and others by their use in juxtaposition.

Four years later than Maxwell's experiments, Henry Collen who, when miniature painter to Queen Victoria was the first to take a photograph on paper professionally, published in the pages of the B. J. of Phot. (Vol. IX 1865, p. 547) a statement, which is now regarded as an almost prophetic suggestion for the adaptation of the principles of color-vision to photographic purposes.

"Obtain a negative sensitive to the blue rays only; obtain a second negative equally sensitive to the red rays only, and a third sensitive to the yellow rays only. There will thus have been three plates obtained for printing in colours, each plate having extracted all its own peculiar colour from every part of the subject in which it has been combined with the other two colours, and being in a certain degree analogous to the tones used in chromo-lithography. Now it is evident that if a surface be prepared for a positive picture, sensitive to yellow rays only, and that the two negatives sensitive only to blue and red be superimposed either on the other, and be laid on the surface, the action of light will be to give all the yellow existing on the subject; and if this process be repeated on other surfaces, sensitive only to red or blue respectively, there will have been produced three pictures of a coloured object, each of which contains a primitive colour reflected from that object.

"Now, supposing the first great point achieved, viz., the discovery of substances or preparations, each having sensitiveness to each of the primary colors only, it will not be difficult to imagine that the negatives being received on the surface of a material quite transparent and extremely thin, and that being so obtained are used as above, i. e., each pair of superimposed negatives to obtain the colour of the third, that three positives will be obtained, each representing a considerable portion of the form of the object, but only one primary of the decomposed colour of it. Now if these three positives be received on the same kind of material as that used for the negatives, and then laid the one on the other,

with true coincidence as to the form, and all laid upon a white surface, it will not be difficult to imagine that the effect would be not only the representation of the form of the object, but that of its colour also in all its compounds."

Let us now see how the theories already mentioned have been applied by living Scientists to the practical production of actual pictures possessing the true colors of nature. And pre-eminently first place, in this connection, should be given to the name of Frederic E. Ives as the man whose researches have been of the most practical use to the workers in the photography of color, because he, of all the experimenters during the twenty-three years after Collen's suggestion in 1865, realized for the first time practically the theories of Young, Helmholtz, and Clerk Maxwell. And how did he do it? By taking advantage of a lesson taught by the Clerk-Maxwell curve measurements, which all the other experimentalists had overlooked, viz: that the retinal sensations of color are excited by *mixtures* of colors and not as claimed by Young and Helmholtz by the three primary colors.

The Lippman interference method with its ingenious manner of stopping the incoming color waves by a mirror and reflecting them back through the film of the sensitive plate, thus causing an interference of the incoming and outgoing wave lengths, which point of interference is that actually photographed, is an interesting and beautiful scientific experiment but, with Prof. Wood's defraction process must be classed as non-commercial. Ives however, has given us the halftone block and the three separate Color blocks, the negatives from which they are made being taken through complementary Color Screens; the blue negative being taken through red screen, the red negative through green, and yellow negative through blue screen. He also invented in 1878 the "Bichromate Cell" and in 1885 the sealed color screen to be used as filters in the production of the tri-color negatives, and in 1881 was one of the earliest to produce a print in three-color half-tone. In the Krōmskōp, Ives has given the world an instrument in which it may *see* the object photographed "like a reflection of the object itself in a mirror."

The description in their own words, taken from a little booklet published by the Ives Krömskōp Co., makes the process and system so easily understood that we give it verbatim.

"The Krömskōp system of color photography is based upon the fact that all the varied hues of nature are physiologically equivalent to mixtures of three simple spectrum colors, red, green, and blue-violet. The Krömskōp photograph consists of three stereoscopic pairs of images, similar in appearance to ordinary uncolored lantern slides, but which, by differences in their light and shade, represent the distribution of proportions of the respective 'primary' colors in the object photographed. The Krömskōp photograph is therefore, although not a color photograph, a *color record*, just as the cylinder of the phonograph, although not a cylinder of sound, contains a record of sounds, and the kinetoscope ribbon, although not an animated photograph, contains a record of motion. The phonograph cylinder must be placed in the phonograph before it can be made to reproduce the sounds recorded; the kinetoscope ribbon must pass through the kinetoscope in order to visually reproduce the moving scene; and the Kromogram must be placed in the Krömskōp in order to visually reproduce the object photographed, which it does so perfectly, that all suggestion of photography vanishes, and the object itself seems to stand before the eyes."

But the demand is for a picture as perfect as that *visual* one in the Krömskōp, yet one that can be seen without the aid of any instrument, and can be handled.

This requirement is obtained by the tri-color processes, more or less satisfactorily. In the printing press by the superposition of three different colored ink impressions as previously described, and in the case of lantern slides by the superposition of three transparent films *stained* to the red, green, and blue adequate for the purpose.

In fact, whether by superposition or juxtaposition, all *Color-Photography* might be called tri-color."

In the McDonough-Joly Process we have the use of the three colors in *juxtaposition*.

A glass plate is ruled with transparent color lines, 300 or

400 to the inch, of orange-red, yellow-green, and violet-blue. This plate is brought into contact, face to face with the film on the negative plate in the ordinary plate holder in the camera after removing the slide, by a simple permanent device arranged in the reversible back of the camera. The negative plate must be stained so as to be sensitive to all the colors of the spectrum. It is now evident that the light rays from the object photographed, must pass through the three different lines of color before they can reach the sensitive surface of the negative plate. It is also evident that if an unscreened lens be used, the part of the image passing through the blue lines would be very much over-exposed before the part passing through the green and red lines had made an impression. To overcome this difficulty a screen must be used stained yellow or greenish yellow, of sufficient density of color to equallize the density of the lines on the negative when photographing a white card. A transparency or lantern slide is printed from the negative, when instead of a cover glass, a screen called the Viewing Screen ruled precisely in the same guage and color as that in the Camera called the Taking Screen, with the exception that the blue line is lighter, is applied in registration to the positive image and immediately the true Colors of Nature flash out. A half-tone block may be made from the color-negative and printed in *black* ink upon paper ruled as the Viewing Screen and a color-photo on paper is obtained.

One exposure on one plate and one print, secures all the Colors of Nature.

And now at the commencement of the 20th century, we are again confronted with the statement, so many times made and so many times proved fallacious. We are told that Herr Jan Szczepanik, a Galician, has invented a loom which "will weave one's portrait almost as quickly as it is now made on photographic paper" and that he has at last solved the problem of photography in natural colors on paper with one exposure. The Editor of Penrose's Pictorial Annual, '03, '04, Mr. Wm. Gamble, assures his readers on page 1 that he has had the weaving demonstrated to him, and that he has

“handled the ingenious Camera which Herr Szczepanik has designed for taking three images on one plate with one lens.”

The Editor does not say wherein this Camera differs from, or is similar to, the one designed by Ives for the same purpose. Mr. Gamble also says that he has “tried the sensitive paper which, when exposed to light under a *colored positive*, reproduced the hues of nature by a process of printing which is no more difficult than ordinary printing.” The inventor also claims that “in another year or two he will obtain the colored image in the camera.” May it all come true.

THE CURATIVE POWER OF LIGHT.

A spectroscopical analysis of white light shows that it is composed of colored luminous radiations, of which the seven colors — violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red — are visible. But beyond violet and below red, physicists are discovering ever new radiations of various wave lengths, which are too short or too long to be perceived by the human eye, but which otherwise reveal very marked physical and chemical properties. The radiations below red are called calorific because of their action, manifested chiefly in a raising of temperature; those above violet are said to be chemical, on account of the chemical effects they produce. It is known that the solar light, which is probably the most universal and most active health producing agent, owes this property to the action of these chemical radiations, which are so destructive to the microbes. The idea, therefore, lay near that, especially in certain eruptive diseases, the application of appropriate rays might diminish the irritation of the skin, especially if the irritation has gone so far as to produce supuration; and this idea, in fact, originated the treatment of smallpox by means of red light. In this disease only the calorific radiations are allowed to come in contact with the skin, while the exciting and destructive action of the chemical

rays are entirely suppressed, and in this way the inflammatory effect of the eruption is reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, the question suggested itself whether it was not possible to cure bacteriological diseases by the exclusive employment of the violet, chemical radiations which prove so effective in the destruction of microbes.

This summary is the rationale of phototherapeutics to which Professor Finsen, of Copenhagen, was the first to call the attention of the medical world, and which he applies for the cure of various diseases. In his treatment of smallpox, the patients are kept in rooms from which all chemical rays are excluded, the light being filtered through heavy red curtains or window panes of the same color. The same method has also been applied to measles with marked success, as well as to a whole series of other chronic skin diseases, which, as regards their cause and their course, are likewise affected by the light.

To concentrate the solar rays Professor Finsen uses hollow lenses filled with water that has been colored by means of a copper ammoniac solution. This water filters the light, absorbs the calorific rays, and lets penetrate only those chemical rays which are required for the therapeutical purpose.

—Londsberg.

BEST THOUGHTS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit;
sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

—*Thomas Fuller*, 1608-1661.

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built so
many stories high.—*Thomas Fuller*, *Andronicus*.

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just!

Shining nowhere but in the dark;

What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,

Could man outlook that mark!—*Henry Vaughan*, 1621-1695.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams

Call to the soul when man doth sleep,

Some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,

And into glory peep.—*Henry Vaughan*.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

—*Francis Duc De Rochefoucauld*, 1613-1680.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we
feel than in that we inspire.—*Rochefoucauld*.

In their first passion, women love their lovers, in all others they
love love.—*Rochefoucauld*.

Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek

As naturally as pigs squeak;

That Latin was no more difficile

Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.—*Samuel Butler*, 1600-1680.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,

For every why he had a wherefore.—*Butler*, *Hudibras*.

He knew what's what, and that 's as high

As metaphysic wit can fly.—*Butler*, *Hudibras*.

And prove their doctrine orthodox,

By apostolic blows and knocks.—*Butler*, *Hudibras*.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,

By damning those they have no mind to.—*Butler*, *Hudibras*.

The world in all doth but two nations bear,

The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.

—*Andrew Marvell*, 1620-1678.

Learn to read slow; all other graces

Will follow in their proper places.—*William Walker*, 1623-1684.

Books like proverbs receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

—*Sir William Temple*, 1628-1699.

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbor's name;
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

—*Stephen Harvey, Juvenal*.

None but the brave deserve the fair.—*John Dryden*, 1631-1701.

For pity melts the mind to love.—*Dryden*.

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.—*Dryden*.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.—*Dryden*.

Beware the fury of a patient man.—*Dryden*.

And virtue though in rags will keep me warm.—*Dryden*.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.—*Dryden*.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.—*Dryden*.

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity.—*John Bunyan*, 1628-1688.

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle while his heart doth ache.

—*Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress*.

I preach as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.—*Richard Baxter*, 1615-1691.

And choose an author as you choose a friend.

—*Earl of Roscommon*, 1663-1684.

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense.—*Earl of Roscommon*.

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.

—*John Tillotson*, 1616-1704.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!—*Thomas Ken*, 1637-1711.

To their own second and sober thoughts.—*Matthew Henry*, 1662-1714.

Here is bread which strengthens man's heart, and therefore called the staff of life.—*Matthew Henry*.

The better day the better deed.—*Sir John Holt*, 1643-1709.

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.

—*Dr. Walter Pope*, 1630-1714.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.—*Richard Rumbold*, ———1685.

Let us consider the reason of the case, for nothing is law that is not reason.—*Sir John Powell*, ———1713.

Angels listen when she speaks:
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.—*Earl of Rochester*, 1647-1680.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.—*Earl of Rochester*. (*Written on the
Bedchamber Door of Charles II.*)

When change itself can give no more,
'T is easy to be true.—*Sir Charles Sedley*, 1639-1701.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
—*Sheffield*, *Duke of Buckingham*, 1649-1720. *Essay on Poetry*.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.—*Sheffield*.

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.—*Henry Aldrich*, 1647-1710.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.—*Thomas Otway*, 1651-1685.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was 't betrayed the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!—*Thomas Otway*.

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.—*Andrew Fletcher*, of *Saltoun*, 1653-1716.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

—*Nathaniel Lee*, 1655-1692.

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by him.—*Nathaniel Lee*.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;

But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;

Like angel's visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.—*John Norris*, 1657-1711.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—*Isaac Newton*, 1642-1727.

Pity's akin to love.—*Thomas Southerne*, 1660-1746.

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.—*John Dennis*, 1657-1734.

They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.

—*John Dennis*.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.

—*John Pomfret*, 1657-1703.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastisest those whom most he likes.—*John Pomfret*.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.—*Daniel Defoe*, 1663-1731.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.—*Daniel Defoe*.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.—*Richard Bentley*, 1662-1742.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.—*Matthew Prior*, 1664-1721.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.—*Matthew Prior*.

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.—*Matthew Prior*.

The end must justify the means.—*Matthew Prior*.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,

Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:

Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

—*M. Prior*, *Epitaph on himself*.

They never taste who always drink,
They always talk who never think.—*Prior*.

God save our gracious king,

Long live our noble king,

God save the king.—*Henry Carey*, 1663-1743.

Aldeborontiphoscophornio!

Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?—*Henry Carey*.

His cogitative faculties immersed

In cogibundity of cogitation.—*Henry Carey*.

So, naturalists observe, a flea

Has smaller fleas that on him prey;

And these have smaller still to bite 'em;

And so proceed *ad infinitum*.—*Jonathan Swift*, 1667-1745.

Libertas et natale solum;

Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.—*Jonathan Swift*.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,

That flattery 's the food of fools;

Yet now and then your men of wit

Will condescend to take a bit.—*Jonathan Swift*.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.—*Jonathan Swift*.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—*Jonathan Swift*.

Perish that thought! No, never be it said

That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.

Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain:

Conscience, avaunt, Richard's himself again!

Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,

My soul's in arms and eager for the fray.—*Colley Cibber*, 1671-1757.

The real Simon Pure.—*Susannah Centlivre*.—1667-1723.

Lash the vice and follies of the age.—*Susannah Centlivre*.

(Said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings.) Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her was a liberal education.—*Sir Richard Steele*, 1671-1729.

Will Honeycomb calls these ever-offending ladies the outrageously virtuous.—*Sir Richard Steele*.

'T is not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.—*Joseph Addison*, 1672-1719.

My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate

Which of the two to choose, slavery or death.—*Joseph Addison*.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty.
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.—*Joseph Addison.*

The woman that deliberates is lost.—*Joseph Addison.*

What a pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country.—*Joseph Addison.*
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.—*Joseph Addison.*

It must be so — Plato, thou reasonest well! —
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!—*Joseph Addison.*

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.—*Joseph Addison.*

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.—*Joseph Addison.*

(Speaking of pretended patriots.) All those men have their price.

Sir Robert Walpole,—1676-1745.

Anything but history, for history must be false.—*Sir Robert Walpole.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:

The mind's the standard of the man.—*Isaac Watts.—1674-1748.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one;
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.—*Isaac Watts.*

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.—*Isaac Watts.*

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.—*Isaac Watts.*

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

—*William Congreve, 1670-1729.*

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.—*Congreve*.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.—*Congreve*.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.—*Congreve*.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.—*Congreve*.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.

—*Samuel Garth*, 1670-1719.

As if misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.

—*Nicholas Rowe*, 1673-1718.

None think the great unhappy but the great.—*Young*.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day;

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

—*Bishop Berkeley*, 1684-1753.

History is philosophy teaching by examples.—*Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke*, 1678-1751.

'Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad.

—*George Farquhar*, 1678-1707.

Necessity is the mother of invention.—*Farquhar*.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,

But still be a woman to you.—*Thomas Parnell*, 1679-1716.

Let those love now who never loved before,

Let those who always loved now love the more.—*Parnell*.

The picture, placed the busts between,

Adds to the thought much strength;

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,

But Folly's at full length.—*James Brereton*, 1685-1740.

On Beau Nash's picture at full length, between the
busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,

And it stings you for your pains;

Grasp it like a man of mettle,

And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures:

Use 'em kindly, they rebel;

But be rough as nutmeg graters,

And the rogues obey you well.—*Aaron Hill*, 1685-1750.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT SCIENCE.

What are the sciences but maps of universal laws; and universal laws but the channels of universal power; and universal power but the outgoings of a supreme universal mind?—*E. Thomson.*

The person who thinks there can be any real conflict between science and religion must be either very young in science or very ignorant in religion.—*Prof. Henry.*

Every great scientific truth goes through three stages.—First, people say it conflicts with the Bible.—Next, they say it had been discovered before.—Lastly, they say they always believed it.—*Agassiz.*

Science is but a mere heap of facts, not a golden chain of truths, if we refuse to link it to the throne of God.—*F. P. Cobbe.*

In science, reason is the guide; in poetry, taste. The object of the one is truth, which is uniform and indivisible; the object of the other is beauty, which is multiform and varied.—*Colton.*

Science is the topography of ignorance.—*O. W. Holmes.*

The highest reach of human science is the recognition of human ignorance.—*Sir W. Hamilton.*

Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common sense on the ground floor.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Science corrects the old creeds, sweeps away, with every new perception, our infantile catechisms, and necessitates a faith commensurate with the grander orbits and universal laws which it discloses.—*Emerson.*

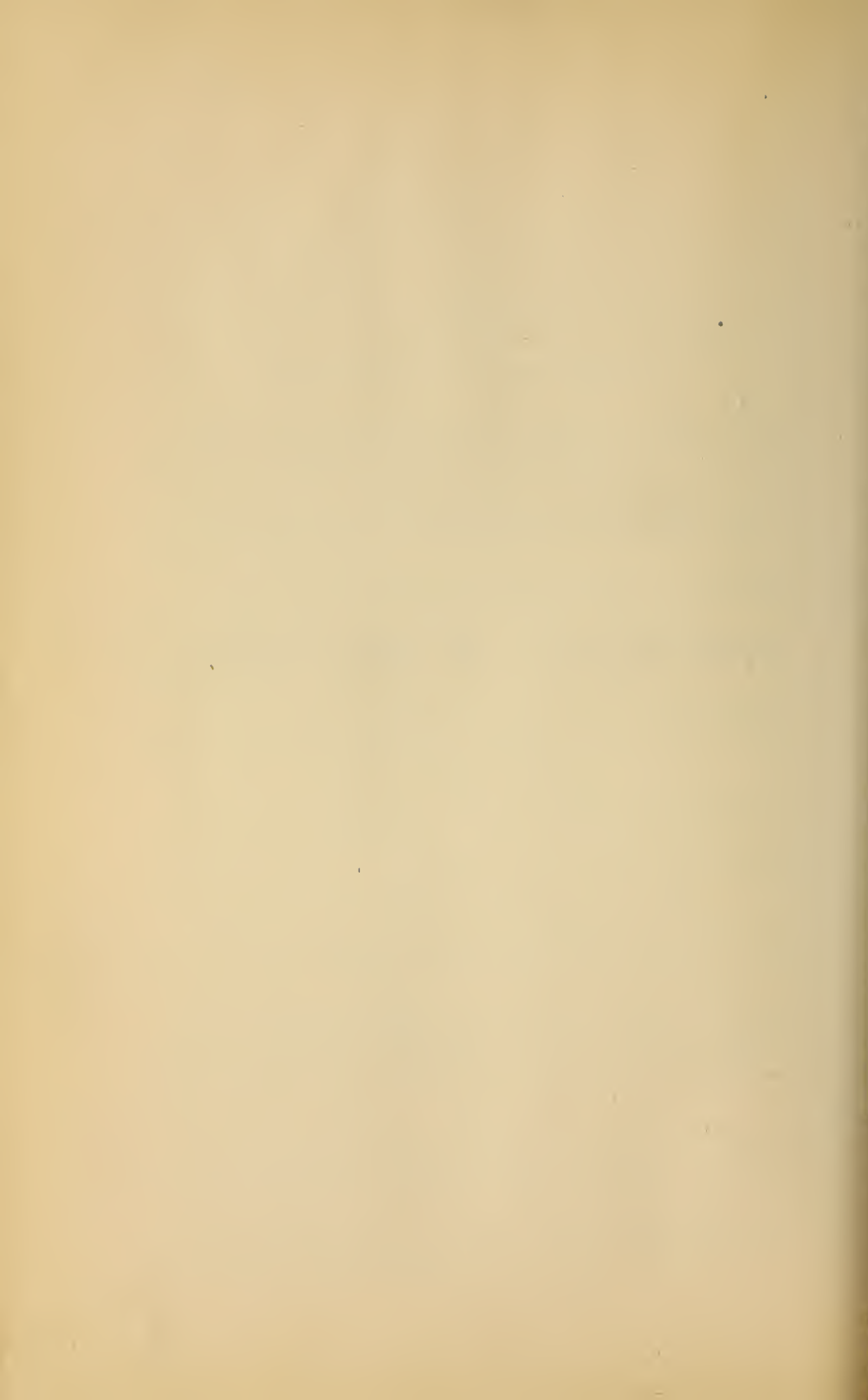
I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown.—*Agassiz.*

Art and science have their meeting point in method.—*Bulwer.*

The study of science teaches young men to think, while the study of the classics teaches them to express thought.—*J. S. Mill.*

God pity the man of science who believes in nothing but what he can prove by scientific methods; for if ever a human being needed divine pity, he does.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.



THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The word Theology, (discourse concerning God), did not come into Christian use until the fourth century. Religion "exists as an inward feeling — a sense of duty toward a Being, or beings, regarded as divine and supreme — and also as an outward expression of that feeling in acts of worship or service."—*Strong*.

The science of Religion analyzes and classifies the convictions and feelings of man's moral nature, and the various forms of worship in which these convictions are naturally expressed. Theology deals only with the facts of consciousness or of revelation out of which religion grows. Religion proceeds both objectively and subjectively to educe truths from the facts of revelation, or from the facts of consciousness. These facts and principles are then reduced to formal statements of doctrine, and as such, they constitute the science of theology. Theology is, therefore, an outgrowth of religion; not religion an outgrowth of theology.

Many of the religions of the world have almost no theology, while it is also true that many systems of theology are almost devoid of religion. Yet each is dependent upon the other *in some measure*, but in the order of development, religion comes first, theology afterwards.

Religion is the spirit, theology the formal statement in verbal creed. "The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive," and yet the spirit of religion can hardly be addressed to the understanding of the unregenerate, except by the letter of theology. To be subservient to each others best interests, care is needed that the spirit do not wander aimlessly beyond the bounds of reason, and also that the letter do not smother the spirit with formality.

In furtherance of this unity and diversity between religion and theology, we quote the best thoughts of some of the best thinkers along this line:

True religion extends also to the intellect and the heart. Intellect is in vain if it lead not to emotion, and emotion is vain if not enlightened by intellect; and both are vain if not guided by truth and leading to duty⁶²⁴—*Tryon Edwards*.

Religion is not a dogma, not an emotion but a service.— Our redemption is not of the head³⁷⁴ alone, nor of the heart³⁷⁵ alone, but pre-eminently of the life, as the only infallible criterion of what we really are. — Not belief, not emotion, but obedience is the test. — Mere belief would make religion a mere theology. — Mere emotion³⁹⁴ would make it a mere excitement. — While the true divine of it is a life, begotten of grace in the depths of the human soul, subduing to Christ all the powers of the heart and life, and incarnating itself in patient, steady, sturdy service — in doing the will⁴²¹ of God.—*R. D. Hitchcock*.

Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion. The one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning³⁹¹ being would lose his reason, in an attempt to account for the great phenomena of nature, had he not a Supreme Being to refer to; and well has it been said, that if there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine³⁸⁶ one.

—*Washington*.

Inward religion without the outward show of it, is like a tree without fruit, useless; and the outward show of religion without inward sincerity, is like a tree without heart, lifeless.—*Venning*.

If we subject everything to reason, our religion will have nothing supernatural or mysterious; if we violate the principles of reason, our religion will be absurd and ridiculous.—*Pascal*.

The faith that only reaches to the head, will never sanctify the heart. Knowledge, without experience, will no more sanctify than painted fire will burn, or the sight of water cleanse. It may do good to others, as the knowledge of

Noah's carpenters was useful to him, while they perished in the flood.—*S. H. Cox.*

We can no more have exact religious thinking without theology,⁶¹⁶ than exact mensuration and astronomy without mathematics, or exact iron-making without chemistry.

—*John Hall.*

Theology is but the science of mind³⁷⁰ applied to God. As schools change, theology must necessarily change. Truth⁴⁷¹ is everlasting, but our ideas of truth are not. Theology is but our ideas of truth classified and arranged.

—*Beecher.*

What makes a Christian is not the theology we have in our heads, but the faith and love we have in our hearts. — We must, indeed, have a clear statement of truth in orderly propositions, that is, a system of dogmas, to have anything to trust to at all. There can be no faith in an unseen person but through the medium of thoughts concerning him, and these thoughts⁴⁴⁵ put into words are a creed.⁴⁵¹—*Anonymous.*

The way to begin a Christian life is not to study theology. — Piety before theology. Right⁶³¹ living will produce right thinking. — Theologies are well in their place, but repentance and love must come before all other experiences.

—*Beecher.*

Although the term theology came into use in the fourth century, it was much restricted in its meaning, and not until the time of Abelard, (b. 1079) did its scope enlarge so as to include anything more than the doctrine of God, absolutely, and without any relative consideration as between God and man. As now used, theology includes five other branches, viz.; Cosmology, Anthropology, Soteriology, Eschatology, and Ecclesiology. These subdivisions may be briefly defined, thus:

Cosmology includes the doctrine of the world in relation to God.

Anthropology⁶⁰⁸ includes the doctrine of man in relation to God.

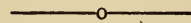
Soteriology includes the doctrine of salvation through the person and work of Christ.

Eschatology includes the doctrine of the final states of all men.

Ecclesiology includes the doctrine of the Church, its constitution and government.

Thus theology may be defined as the science which treats of God and the universe in all their known relations to each other.

As the tree is known by its fruits, so the value of the study of theology, as made manifest to the world through the leading divines who have developed the science, can only be judged by religion. Not that religion is the outgrowth of theology — it is the reverse — but religion reflects theology; and so the best thoughts of best thinkers about religion will afford us the truest estimate of theology, in its practical aspect. To this end we therefore submit the following



LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT RELIGION.

There are but two religions, — Christianity and paganism, the worship of God and idolatry. A third between these is not possible. Where idolatry ends, there Christianity begins; and where idolatry begins, there Christianity ends.—*Jacobi*.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it? —*Franklin*.

My principles in respect of religious interests are two,— one is that the church shall not meddle with politics, and the government shall not meddle with religion.—*Kossuth*.

There never was law or sect or opinion that did so magnify goodness⁶³⁰ as the Christian religion doth.—*Bacon*.

The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself.—*Beecher*.

Religion finds the love of happiness and the principles of duty separated in us; and its mission — its masterpiece is, to reunite them.—*Vinet*.

Unless we place our religion and our treasure in the same thing religion will always be sacrificed.—*Epictetus*.

The word of God proves the truth of religion; the corruption of man, its necessity; government, its advantages.—*Stanislaus*.

When the religion of the Bible is looked upon as a science, it may seem intricate and mysterious, but when received as a statement of truth and a guide to duty, it is plain to the understanding, and most reasonable in all its requirements.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Anything that makes religion a second object makes it no object.—He who offers God a second place offers him no place.—*Ruskin*.

Over all the movements of life religion scatters her favors, but reserves the choicest, her divine blessings, for the last hour.—*Logan*.

I extend the circle of religion very widely. — Many men fear and love God, and have a sincere desire to serve him, whose views of religious truth are very imperfect,⁶²² and in some points utterly false.—But may not many such persons have a state of heart³⁷² acceptable before God?—*Cecil*.

Religion, if it be true, is central truth; and all knowledge which is not gathered round it, and quickened and illuminated by it, is hardly worthy the name.—*Channing*.

All the principles which religion teaches, and all the habits which it forms, are favorable to strength of mind. It will be found that whatever purifies, also fortifies the heart.—*Blair*.

True religion teaches us to reverence what is under us, to recognize humility, poverty, wretchedness, suffering, and death as divine things.—*Goethe*.

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends toward the sun¹⁷⁶ of righteousness.—*M. Henry*.

Nothing can be hostile to religion which is agreeable to justice.—*Gladstone*.

No science⁴⁶⁰ is better attested than the religion of the Bible.—*Sir Isaac Newton*.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but live for it.—*Colton*.

A ritual religion is generally light and gay, not serious in spirit; all religions being so, which cast responsibility into outward observances.—*Martineau*.

Whether religion be true or false, it must be necessarily granted to be the only wise principle and safe hypothesis for a man to live and die by.—*Tillotson*.

I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion.—*Laplace*.

Political and professional fame cannot last forever, but a conscience void of offense before God and man is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any human character.⁶²³ There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator,⁶²⁷ and holds him to his throne. If that tie is broken or sundered, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the scriptures describe in so terse and terrific a manner, as "living without hope and without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away from the purposes of his creation.—*Daniel Webster*.

Should a man happen to err in supposing the Christian religion to be true, he could not be a loser by the mistake. But how irreparable is his loss, and how inexpressible his danger, who should err in supposing it to be false.—*Pascal*.

We know, and what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort.—*Burke*.

It is a great dishonor to religion to imagine that it is an enemy to mirth and cheerfulness, and a severe exacter of pensive looks and solemn faces.—*Walter Scott*.

Religion is equally the basis of private virtue and public faith; of the happiness of the individual and the prosperity of the nation.—*W. Barrow*.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.—*Washington*.

It was an admirable and true saying of Plutarch, "That a city may as well be built in the air, as a commonwealth or a kingdom be either constituted or preserved without the support of religion."—*Porteus*.

Religion would not have enemies, if it were not an enemy to their vices.—*Massillon*.

I have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience which three score years can give, I, now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you that health is a great

blessing, — competence obtained by honorable industry, a great blessing, — and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be a Christian.—*Coleridge*.

The Christian is the highest style of man.—*Young*.

Culture of intellect, without religion in the heart, is only civilized barbarism and disguised animalism.—*Bunsen*.

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there, and will reappear.¹⁷⁷—*Carlyle*.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble; many to the proud; insuperable ones to the vain.—*Hare*.

If I could choose what of all things would at the time be the most delightful and useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for this makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly ones vanish; throws over the decay of existence the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death; makes even torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of the future, the scrutiny of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair.—*Sir H. Davy*.

Independent of its connection with human destiny hereafter, I believe the fate of a republican government is indissolubly bound up with the fate of the Christian religion, and that a people who reject its only faith will find themselves the slaves of their own evil passions or of arbitrary power.—*Lewis Cass*.

The task and triumph of religion is to make men and nations true and upright and just in all their dealings, and to bring all law as well as all conduct into subjection and conformity with the law of God.—*H. J. Van Dyke*.

It is no good reason for a man's religion that he was born and brought up in it; for then a Turk would have as much reason to be a Turk as a Christian a Christian.⁶¹⁶—*Chillingworth*.

Religion cultivated to the absolute neglect of science, would produce a reign of superstition, tyranny and barbarism like that which covered Europe in the dark ages of the church. Science cultivated to the utter neglect of religion, would produce a reign of infidelity, impiety, and sensuality. The two interests united correct and perfect each other.—*C. W. Shields*.

The religion of the gospel has power, immense power, over mankind; direct and indirect, positive and negative, restraining and aggressive. Civilization, law, order, morality, the family, all that elevates woman, or blesses society, or gives peace to the nations, all these are the fruits of Christianity, the full power of which, even for this world, could never be appreciated till it should be taken away.—*Tryon Edwards*.

The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of light¹⁷⁷ on every page of our history, are these; Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom, none but virtue; virtue, none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue has any vigor or immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith and the sanctions of the Christian religion.—*Quincy*.

The Christian religion is one that diffuses among the people a pure, benevolent and universal system of ethics, adapted to every condition of life, and recommended as the will and reason of the Supreme Deity, and enforced by sanctions of eternal punishment.—*Gibbon*.

It was religion, which, by teaching men their near relation to God,⁶²⁷ awakened in them the consciousness⁴³¹ of their importance as individuals. It was the struggle for religious rights, which opened their eyes to all their rights. It was resistance to religious usurpation which led men to withstand political oppression. It was religious discussion⁴⁴⁹ which roused the minds of all classes to free and vigorous thought. It was religion which armed the martyr and patriot in England against arbitrary power; which braced the spirit of our fathers against the perils of the ocean and wilderness, and sent them to found here the freest and most equal state on earth.—*Channing*.

He that is a good man is three-quarters of his way toward the being a good Christian, wheresoever he lives or whatsoever he is called.—*South*.

Religion does what philosophy could never do. — It shows equal dealings of heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. — It offers to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it.—*Goldsmith*.

The writers against religion, while they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.—*Burke*.

When men cease to be faithful to God,⁶²⁷ he who expects to find them so to each other⁶²⁶ will be much disappointed.—*Bp. Horne*.

It will cost something to be religious; it will cost more to be not so.—*J. Mason*.

Depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will gentlize, if unmingled with cant; and I know nothing else that will, alone.—*Coleridge*.

We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been — what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it — not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity — not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the gospel.—*Sir A. Park*.

"Let them learn first," says Paul, "to show piety at home." Religion should begin in the family. The holiest sanctuary is home. The family altar is more venerable than that of the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity should begin and be carried on at the fireside.—*Anonymous*.

A man who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, is like¹⁵³ one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk upon thorns.—*Cecil*.

Those who make religion to consist in the contempt of this world and its enjoyments, are under a very fatal and dangerous mistake. As life is the gift of heaven, it is religion to enjoy it. He, therefore, who can be happy in himself, and who contributes all his power toward the happiness of others, answers most effectually the ends of his creation, is an honor to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.—*Addison*.

Measure not men by Sundays without regard to what they do all the week after.—*Fuller*.

The loss of popular respect for religion is¹⁶¹ the dry-rot of social institutions. The idea of God as the Creator and Father of all mankind is, in the moral world, what¹⁵¹ gravitation is in the natural; it holds all together, and causes them to revolve around a common center. Take this away, and men drop apart; there is no such thing as collective humanity, but only separate molecules, with no more cohesion than so many grains of sand.—*H. M. Field*.

The head³⁷¹ truly enlightened will presently have a wonderful influence in purifying the heart;³⁷² and the heart really affected with goodness, will much conduce to the directing of the head.—*Sprat*.

Religion is¹⁶¹ the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

—*John Newton*.

Let your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong; yet, far over the waters, its friendly light is seen by the mariner.¹⁷²—*T. L. Cuyler*.

If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true we are bound to propagate it.¹⁸⁴ ¹⁸⁵—*Whateley*.

By living according to the rules of religion a man becomes the wisest the best and the happiest creature that he is capable of being. Honesty, industry, with continual serenity, are the best preservatives, too, of life and health, so that take man as an individual, religion is his guard, his perfection, his beauty, and his glory. — This will make him a light in the world, shining brightly, and enlightening many round about him.—*Bp. Burnet*.

There are few signs in a soul's state more alarming than that of religious indifference; that is, the spirit of thinking all religions are equally false.—*F. W. Robertson*.

The best perfection of a religious man is to do common things in a perfect manner.—*Bonaventura*.

The religions we count false, may, for a time, have had their use, being in their origin, faint, though misunderstood echoes of an early divine revelation, and also as Emerson says, "Affirmations of the conscience, correcting the evil customs of their times."—*Tryon Edwards*.

What I want is, not to possess religion, but to have a religion that shall possess me.—*Charles Kingsley*.

I would give nothing for that man's religion, whose very dog and cat are not the better for it.—*Rowland Hill*.

While men believe in the possibilities of children being religious, they are largely failing to make them so, because they are offering them not a child's but a man's religion — men's forms of truth and men's forms of experience.—*Phillips Brooks*.

If we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it; we are under the burden of death, if we care only for ourselves.—*Froude*.

Religious contention is the devil's harvest.—*Fontaine*.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.—*South*.

All belief that does not render us more happy, more free, more loving, more active, more calm, is, I fear, an erroneous and superstitious belief.—*Lavater*.

The noblest charities, the best fruits of learning, the richest discoveries, the best institutions of law and justice, every greatest thing the world has seen, represents, more or less directly, the fruitfulness and creativeness of religion.—*Horace Bushnell*.

There is something in religion, when rightly apprehended, that is masculine and grand. It removes those little desires which are "the constant hectic of a fool."—*Cecil*.

If we traverse the world it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools and theaters; but a city without a temple, or that practiseth not prayer and the like, no one ever saw.—*Plutarch*.

A life that will bear the inspection of men and God, is the only certificate of true religion.—*Johnson*.

You may discover tribes of men without policy, or laws, or cities, or any of the arts of life; but nowhere will you find them without some form of religion.—*Blair*.

Religion is the final center of repose; the goal to which all things tend; apart from which man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the sibyl scattered in the wind.—*Robert Hall*.

Religious opportunities are like the books of the sibyl, more and more valuable, the fewer there are that remain.¹⁵³—*Tryon Edwards*.

Look out for a people entirely void of religion, and if you find them at all, be assured they are but a few degrees removed from the brutes.⁶¹⁰—*Hume*.

It is the property of the religious spirit to be the most refining of all influences. — No external advantages, no culture of the tastes, no habit of command, no association with the elegant or even depth of affection can bestow that delicacy, that grandeur of bearing which belong only to the mind accustomed to celestial conversation.—*Emerson.*

Our religion is one that dares to be understood; that offers itself to the search of the inquisitive, and to the inspection of the severest and most awakened reason. For being secure of her substantial truth and purity, she knows that for her to be seen and looked into is to be embraced and admired, as there needs no greater argument for men to love the light than to see it.—*Johnson.*

True religion carries health and strength into the soul. — It regulates all things; subordinates all things to their just positions; withdraws from men no faculty; ties up no power; extinguishes no instinct; imprisons no part of the mind; but only regulates and directs. — Religion is only another word for the right use of a man's whole self, instead of a use that is wrong and ruinous. — It puts men into connection with God; it brings them into harmonious relation with their fellow men; it gives them direction for the achievement of duty; it opens to them the coming world, and inspires them with ardent desires for it; it makes them love whatever is good, and abhor whatever is bad; it inspires reverence, obedience, and love toward God; it inculcates justice, mercy and benevolence toward men; it endows us with courage, with patience, with contentment; it commands industry, frugality and hospitality; it enjoins honesty, truthfulness, uprightness, simplicity, and integrity; and that men, in their ignorance and weakness, may feel the importance of virtue and true piety, it reveals the immortality of man's nature, the glory of the heavenly state, and the sympathy of God with the struggles of human life; and above all, it sets before men, in a perfect pattern, the example of Christ, who was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin, teaching us both by precept and by his example to be like him.^{74 83 149 151}

—*H. W. Beecher.*

It has been said that true religion will make a man a more thorough gentleman than all the courts in Europe. And it is true that you may see simple laboring men as thorough gentlemen as any duke, simply because they have learned to fear God; and fearing Him, to restrain themselves, which is the very root and essence of all good breeding.

C. Kingsley.

Religion is intended for both worlds, and right living for this is the best preparation for the next. — Character is decisive of destiny.

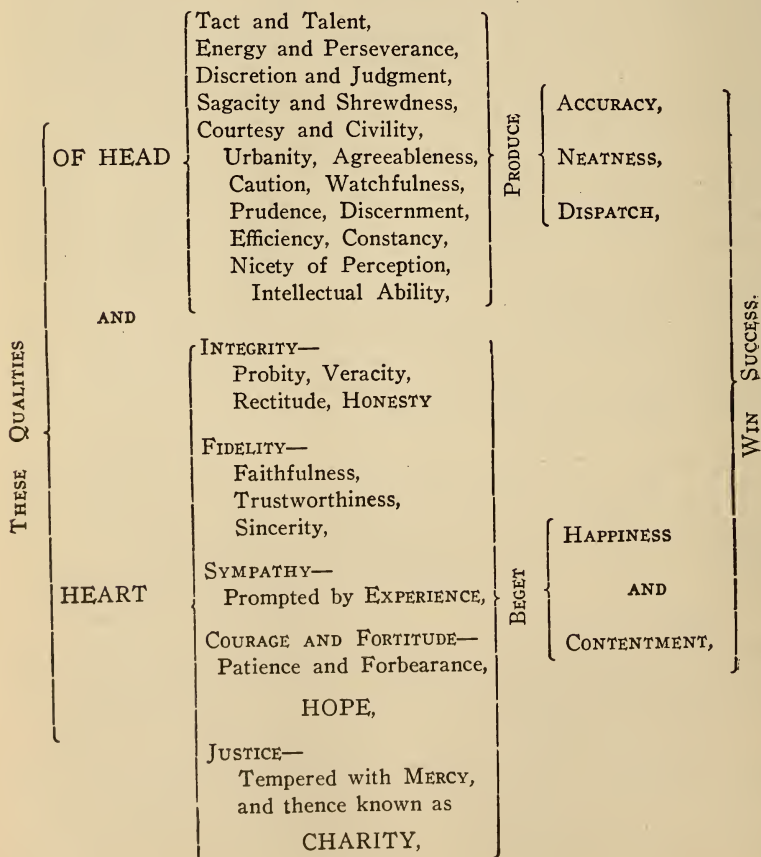
—*Tryon Edwards.*

Nowhere would there be consolation if religion were not.—*Jacobi.*

I have now disposed of all my property to my family. — There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. — If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would have been rich, and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.—*Patrick Henry.*

QUALITIES OF HEAD AND HEART.

We insert here a topical analysis of Prof. H. D. Gould's lecture on "What Qualities of Head and Heart are Essential to Success." Teachers and preachers will find this synthetic view of the elemental relations of the attributes of character a scientific working basis for much valuable instruction. Almost any one accustomed to public speaking can easily develop this classification into an interesting and profitable address.



THE NEW BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

BY W. W. DAVIES, PH. D., (HALLA). PROFESSOR OF HEBREW,
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Scarcely any greater harm could befall the Church of God in any age or clime, than to cut off freedom of speech and of thought, from those set apart to teach the people in Christian doctrines and truth. Sober and intelligent criticism should never be made difficult, much less impossible. Few things have ever impeded either mental or spiritual growth more than a blind adherence to tradition without inquiry and reflection. Passive indifference, arising from moral inertia and intellectual stagnation, should always be deprecated; but an intelligent study of the Word of God, such as would enable one to give a reason for the hope that is within him, should be encouraged at all times and everywhere, by every lover of Jesus Christ. Wherever the possibility of temperate criticism has ceased, religious decay and moral relaxation have resulted.

On the other hand, reckless criticism, rash speculation and disregard for the most sacred traditions are to be deplored no less than blind subscription to articles of faith or systems of creeds. In Biblical Criticism, as in most all else, there are two extremes, and it is just as easy to err at one extreme as at the other. Therefore, he who keeps near the middle of the road, as far as possible from the precipices on either side, will be in a position to benefit men and glorify God more than the most brilliant extremist on either side.¹⁴⁵

The past few years have been years of unrest and agitation in the entire Christian Church. This is especially true of more than one of the large evangelical bodies among the Protestants. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that wherever agitation arising from questions involving the

New Criticism has been most pronounced, the spiritual growth has been correspondingly small. The real cause of such spiritual decline or numerical decrease will be explained variously, depending largely upon individual sympathy. The time must come when the Church must look into these things. The superficial observer, — and this class is exceedingly large — will indifferently overlook the real causes of these disturbances, and like the average correspondent of the daily press, will, if at all, refer to them in a semi-humorous manner, as questions hardly worth the consideration of thoughtful men; or he may sneeringly ask, like Pilate of old, "What is truth?" or, like Gallio, will regard the whole subject as "a question of words and names," a mere matter of Jewish or other obsolete laws. Unfortunately, there are too many inside our churches, who have no idea of the magnitude of the questions at issue. Many Christian ministers pay no attention to Biblical Criticism and the questions involved, virtually saying, "None of these things move me." And yet, a still smaller number, though almost entirely ignorant of Biblical Criticism, as taught by destructive critics, lose no opportunity to lampoon the "narrow, old-fashioned theologian," and to proclaim the benefits of untrammelled criticism.

The evangelical churches should know several things concerning these latter-day utterances of the New School, whose disciples are variously known as "Critics," "Historical Critics," "Higher Critics," "Destructive Critics," etc.,

One of the principal errors of the school is to brand all those who disagree with them as either unscholarly, willfully blind, or hopelessly ignorant. They loudly preach that all the scholarship of Christendom is on their side, and that no scholar can be found among what they contemptuously call the "traditionists." A professor in one of our American Theological schools said at a gathering some time ago, that it would be a difficult thing to find a competent Orientalist under forty-five in the camp of the Orthodox. If this were true, it would be a very sad truth; for certainly, more than ninety per cent. of the ministers in the so-called evangelical churches of England and America, have not accepted the

teachings of the "Critics." All scholars have not abandoned the old way. Indeed, the great majority of evangelical Christians — many of them eminent as theologians, literary men, jurists and statesmen — are still true to the ancient landmarks; and their writings show just as much logic, scientific culture and ability, as do those of the new school of Biblical Critics. And why not? Why should the orthodox critic have the least desire to disparage or discard the established conclusions of science or literary criticism? Another truth should be emphasized: the self-styled Biblical Critic, whether in Germany, England, or America, is not so infinitely removed from the average intelligent minister of the gospel, or trained logician in any literary pursuit, that these cannot follow him into the niceties of historical criticism.

The next mistake of the new critics is to regard their method as purely scientific, and to represent their dicta as being the result of rigid inductive reasoning, founded upon the solid rock of logic. Let him who doubts this statement refer to any Dictionary of the Bible. Let him, for example, read Dr. George Adam Smith's article on Isaiah, in Hastings; or select articles at random from the *Encyclopedia Biblica* by Cheyne. Even a cursory examination of these will convince the most sceptical that the most mature writings of the newer critics are not characterized by an unswerving loyalty to scientific principles, and that many a very advanced critic possesses a most vivid imagination, and that they are far from agreeing among themselves. Take the *Polychrome Bible*, not yet completed, we believe, — who can possibly call such a work either critical or scientific? Even as liberal a scholar as A. B. Davidson, in speaking of this work, says that here "individual subjectivity operates uncontrolled." Let no one be deceived: the stamp of science cannot be honestly impressed upon everything written by this new school.

Again, the new criticism not only overestimated the validity of its conclusions, but it underestimates the great harm done to the Church of God by insisting upon promulgating theories which are nothing but unproved hypotheses.

This is especially true of their views regarding the authorship of various books of the Bible. It is not yet demonstrated that Moses did not write the Pentateuch. In short, the story that Moses could not have written the five books bearing his name, because writing of documents was not known as early as the time he is said to have lived, received a severe shock when the Tel-el-amarna tablets were discovered; and still a ruder shock when the Hammurabi code was brought to light some four years ago. This code, written according to all schools of critics, about 2250 B. C., or not far from eight hundred years before the time of Moses, has a very large number of laws, almost identical with that we find in the Mosaic legislation, as recorded in Exodus and Leviticus. And yet, how have the critics answered us that the age of Moses was not far enough advanced to produce such legislation as is found in the Pentateuch? While there may be some interpolations in the Pentateuch, and some portions of it may show the hand of a late reviser, we are not willing to follow Wellhausen and Cheyne, and brand the whole book as uninspired, or even unhistorical, consisting mostly of myths and legends, the work of cunning priests and shrewd political prophets. One has well said, "The Scriptures, it is true, have a human side, but it has been left to these critics to charge upon not a few of its writers conscious trickery and imposition." Let the reader, once for all dismiss the silly idea that newer criticism concerns itself chiefly with literary criticism, with dates and authorship. These would be comparatively harmless. We shall not charge all the newer critics with a positive desire to deny the supernatural, prophetic and miraculous elements in the Bible, but is it not true that they all minimize the supernatural as much as possible? Do not the leaders boldly teach that the Old Testament is in no sense a revelation from God? but rather a record of the opinions of men, sadly groping in the dark after the truth, just like ourselves. Do they not deny the historical character of the ancient Hebrew patriarchs? Abraham, Moses, Isaac; Jacob and his twelve sons, had no real existence, but were mythical personages, typical impersonations of religious

Israel. The prophecies and miracles, if we believe the critics are inventions of the post-Mosaic ages. Professor Cheyne, though a canon in the English Church, boldly declares that it is "no longer possible for the modern mind to believe in miracles."

The best specimens of the teachings of this school of critics in the English language is found in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*. An editorial in the *British Weekly* referring to this work has the following to say: "The principle of Dr. Cheyne's criticism, so far as we can deduce it, is that all statements in the Old Testament, and in the New Testament, as we have them, are, to say the least, probably false." Yes, the supernatural element in the Bible must be totally rejected as utterly unworthy of the serious consideration of any critic. Dr. Cheyne and his school dispose of all the miracles and prophecies of the Old Testament. Now, whoever can do this will have no difficulty in denying the divine nature or deity of Jesus Christ. Indeed, the authenticity and genuineness of the gospels are boldly denied. The gospels, according to Schmiedel, a Zurich professor, are a bad mixture of fiction, allegory and metaphor, containing less than half a dozen passages about Jesus which are absolutely credible. (Mark X, 18; Matthew XXI, 31; Mark III, 21; XII, 32; Matthew XXVI, 46.) Should the reader examine these passages, he will see that, read out of their proper connection, they seem to deny the deity of our Savior. I suppose that is why Schmiedel regards them as genuine. Take, again, the article on "Mary the Mother of Jesus." The principal aim of the writer is to dispose of the "virgin birth" of our Lord. Witness after witness is called to substantiate this view. He then calls our Savior himself, as well as Paul, as witnesses. and yet we cannot see any use of calling these two, for we are assured in the article on Paul, that this great apostle never wrote any of the articles bearing his name, or anything else, as far as the "critics" know. The Celsus and the Talmud bear testimony. These great authorities say that Jesus was the child of the adulterous intercourse of Mary

with a soldier, Stada or Pandera. The object of the above article is to show that Christ was a mere man.

Let us now turn our attention to the Acts, and the Epistles. To begin with the Acts: Professor Van Manen, of Leyden, standing on the shoulders of Bruno Bauer (whose theories have been thoroughly exploded) who flourished in the first part of the second half of the last century, tells us that the book of the Acts "professes to be a sequel to the third gospel. * * * But we cannot regard the contents of the Acts as a true and creditable first-hand narrative of what had actually occurred, nor yet as the ripe fruit of earnest historical research. * * * The book bears, in part, a legendary-historical, in part an edifying and apologetic character." The Acts, we are told, was written between 130-150 A. D. in order to encourage some persecuted converts, and to show how favorable the Roman authorities were to the new religion.

What of the Epistles? Let Professor Van Manen reply in his own words. He says: "With respect to the canonical Pauline Epistles, the later criticism here under consideration has learned to recognize that they are none of them by Paul. * * * They are all, without distinction, pseudepigrapha (this, of course, not implying the least deprecation of their contents). * * * They contain simply historical data from the life and labors of the apostle * * * at least, for the most part borrowed from the Acts of Paul; which also underlie our canonical book of Acts." This learned Dutch professor, having, to his own satisfaction, proved that Paul did not write anything whatever, as far as the "critics" know, then proceeds to enlighten us, by saying that these so-styled Pauline epistles were first not sent to private parties, or churches: they were pretendedly written during the lifetime of Paul, Timothy, Silvanus and others. Indeed, they were not letters at all, but treatises. They bear no resemblance whatever to real letters. Take; for instance, the first letter to the Corinthians: this was not written at one gush, or even at intervals, but it is rather an aggregation of fragments which had not originally the same destination."

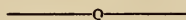
Romans, likewise, is of composite origin, patched up of older writings, epistles, and possibly various oral traditions. Galatians is "an adaptation of a letter previously read at a circle of the Marionites, although we are no longer in position to restore the older form."

Thus we might go on at great length, but our space forbids. Let us however, in conclusion, assure our readers that the promoters of this newer criticism, in many cases, strike at the very foundations of the Christian faith. Were they content to stop with making Moses, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, Saul, David, etc., lunar or solar heroes, clan names or tribal gods, and not real personages, we might overlook their unscientific proceedings, but when we are assured by them that Peter, James, Paul, and even Jesus Christ were more symbolic than real, it is time for us to call a halt, and request the ministers of the so-called orthodox churches to examine their positions, before they foist the newer criticism upon their busy congregations. Indeed, it is inconceivable to us, how some clergymen who have solemnly taken upon themselves the vows of the church, and have subscribed to the creed of their denomination, can yet, in fairness to themselves and the church they serve, deny a large part of what they are supposed to believe. In cases of this kind, it is no longer a case of orthodoxy, but rather of morality.

Let no one think that new critics concern themselves chiefly about words and dates, style and textual criticism. It is not whether Genesis and several books of the Old Testament are history or myth, whether or no Israel was in Egypt, or whether the tabernacle with its extensive ritual during the wilderness journey had any existence save in the brain of some fanatic or pious fraud who wished to give authority to the temple service; but whether the doctrine of the Incarnation, the miraculous birth, the resurrection and the ascension of Jesus Christ can be accepted as facts worthy of a sane, intelligent man's faith.

The kind of criticism indulged in by Schmiedel, Van Manen, Cheyne and those of like views "has no end save a complete destruction of the Bible and its religion, — in

other words, it moves onward, and still onward, to nihilism." What Dr. Dale said years ago is true to-day. His words are: "It is not a theory of ecclesiastical polity which is in danger, it is not a theological system, it is not a creed, it is not the Old Testament or the New, but the claim of Christ himself to be the Son of God and the Savior of mankind. The real question is, *Is Christendom to believe in Christ any longer, or no?*"¹²⁹



LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT FAITH.

Faith affirms many things respecting which the senses are silent, but nothing which they deny. It is superior to their testimony, but never opposed to it.—*Pascal*.

Faith and works are as necessary to our spiritual life as Christians as soul and body are to our life as men; for faith is the soul of religion and works, the body.—*Colton*.

All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as a ruined edifice, before one single word — faith.—*Napoleon*.

Some wish they did, but no man disbelieves.—*Young*.

In actual life, every great enterprise begins with and takes its first forward step in faith.—*Schlegel*.

Faith must have an adequate evidence, else it is mere superstition.

—*A. A. Hodge*.

Faith marches at the head of the army of progress. It is found beside the most refined life, the freest government, the profoundest philosophy, the noblest poetry, the purest humanity.—*T. T. Munger*.

Faith makes the discords of the present the harmonies of the future.

—*Collyer*.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the divine word which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the designs and passions.—*Coleridge*.

Faith is not reason's labor, but repose.—*Young*.

Man is not made to question, but adore.—*Young*.

Faith evermore looks upward and describes objects remote: but reason can discover things only near — sees nothing that's above her.

—*Quarles*.

The errors of faith are better than the best thoughts of unbelief.

—*Thomas Russell*.

Science has sometimes been said to be opposed to faith, and inconsistent with it. But all science, in fact, rests on a basis of faith, for it assumes the permanence and uniformity of natural laws — a thing which can never be demonstrated.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Faith in order, which is the basis of science, cannot reasonably be separated from faith in an ordainer, which is the basis of religion.

—*Asa Gray*.

Naturally, men are prone to spin themselves a web of opinions out of their own brain, and to have a religion that may be called their own. They are far readier to make themselves a faith, than to receive that which God hath formed to their hands; are far readier to receive a doctrine that tends to their carnal commodity, or honor, or delight, than one that tends to self-denial.—*Baxter*.

While reason is puzzling herself about the mystery, faith is turning it into her daily bread and feeding on it thankfully in her heart of hearts.—*F. D. Huntington*.

It is faith among men that holds the moral elements of society together, as it is faith in God that binds the world to his throne.

—*W. M. Evarts*.

I prefer a firm religious faith to every other blessing. — For it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when those of the world vanish; throws over the decay of life the most gorgeous of all lights; and awakens life, even in death.—*Sir Humphrey Davy*.

Ignorance as to unrevealed mysteries is the mother of a saving faith; and understanding in revealed truths is the mother of a sacred knowledge. Understand not therefore that thou mayest believe, but believe that thou mayest understand. Understanding is the wages of a lively faith, and faith is the reward of an humble ignorance.

—*Quarles*.

Faith is like love: it cannot be forced. As trying to force love begets hatred, so trying to compel religious belief leads to unbelief.

—*Schopenhauer*.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.—*Bulwer*.

All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions.—*J. F. Clarke*.

"Faith is the pencil of the soul that pictures heavenly things.

—*T. Burbridge*.

There is one sure criterion of judgment as to religious faith in doctrinal matters: can you reduce it to practice? If not, have none of it.—*Hosea Ballou*.

Faith in an all-seeing and personal God, elevates the soul, purifies the emotions, sustains human dignity, and lends poetry, nobility and holiness to the commonest state, condition and manner of life.

—*Juan Valera*.

Faith is not only a means of obeying, but a principle act of obedience; not only an altar on which to sacrifice, but a sacrifice itself, and, perhaps, of all, the greatest. It is a submission of our understandings; an oblation of our idolized reason to God, which he requires so indispensably, that our whole will and affections, though seemingly a larger sacrifice, will not, without it, be received at his hands.—*Young*.

Much knowledge of divine things is lost to us through want of faith.—*Heraclitus*.

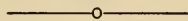
There is a limit where the intellect fails and breaks down, and this limit is where the questions concerning God, and free will and immortality arise.—*Kant*.

We cannot live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing.—*Froude*.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman.—*Alexander Smith*.

Epochs of faith are epochs of fruitfulness; but epochs of unbelief, however glittering, are barren of all permanent good.—*Goethe*.

Faith makes all evil good to us, and all good better; unbelief makes all good evil, and all evil worse. Faith laughs at the shaking of the spear; unbelief trembles at the shaking of a leaf: unbelief starves the soul; faith finds food in famine, and a table in the wilderness. In the greatest danger, faith says, "I have a great God." When outward strength is broken, faith rests on the promises. In the midst of sorrow, faith draws the sting out of every trouble, and takes out the bitterness from every affliction.—*Quarles*.



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT DOUBT.

The doubter's dissatisfaction with his doubt is as great and widespread as the doubt itself.—*J. Dewitt*.

A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?" is worse to man than worse necessity.—*Coleridge*.

Doubt, indulged and cherished, is in danger of becoming denial; but if honest and bent on thorough investigation, it may soon lead to full establishment in the truth.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.—*Shakespeare*.

Who never doubted, never half believed. Where doubt is, there truth is — it is her shadow.—*Bailey*.

In the hands of unbelief, half truths are made to do the work of whole falsehoods. The sowing of doubts is the sowing of dragon's teeth, which ere long will sprout up into armed and hostile men.

—*E. B. Burr*.

When you doubt, abstain.—*Zoroaster*.

Beware of doubt — faith is the subtle chain that binds us to the infinite.—*E. O. Smith*.

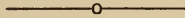
Give me the benefit of your convictions, if you have any, but keep your doubts to yourself, for I have enough of my own.—*Goethe*.

The doubts of an honest man contain more truth than the profession of faith of people under a worldly yoke.—*G. Saville*.

Doubt is hell in the human soul.—*Gasparin*.

Misgive that you may not mistake.—*Whately*.

Doubt is brother devil to despair.—*O'Reily*.



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT HUMILITY.

Humility, that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.—*Moore*.

Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues.—*Confucius*.

Humility is the root, mother, nurse, foundation and bond of all virtue.—*Chrysostom*.

Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.—*Thoreau*.

Humbleness is always grace, always dignity.—*J. R. Lowell*.

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—*Zimmerman*.

After crosses and losses, man grows humbler and wiser.—*Franklin*.

The street is full of humiliations to the proud.—*Emerson*.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is humility.—*Ruskin*.

It is in vain to gather virtues without humility; for the spirit of God delights to dwell in the hearts of the humble.—*Erasmus*.

To be humble to superiors, is duty; to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; to all, safety; it being a virtue that, for all its lowliness, commandeth those it stoops to.—*Sir T. Moore*.

True humility is not an abject, groveling, self-despising spirit; it is but a right estimate of ourselves as God sees us.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Humanity cannot be degraded by humiliation. It is its very character to submit to such things. There is a consanguinity between benevolence and humility. They are virtues of the same stock.—*Burke*.

Sense shines with a double lustre when set in humility.—*Penn*.

Humility is to make a right estimate of one's self.—*Spurgeon*.

It is no great thing to be humble when you are brought low; but to be humble when you are praised is a great and rare attainment.

—*St. Bernard*.

The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.—*Augustine*.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.—*Peterborough.*

The fullest and best ears of corn hang lowest toward the ground.

—*Bp. Reynolds.*

The richest pearl in the Christian's crown of graces is humility.

—*Good.*

Humility is not a weak and timid quality; it must be carefully distinguished from a grovelling spirit. There is such a thing as an honest pride and self-respect. Though we may be servants of all, we should be servile to none.—*E. H. Chapin.*

Humility is the truest abstinence in the world. It is abstinence from self-love and self-conceit, from vaunting our own praise and exploits, from ambition and avarice, the strongest propensities of our nature, and consequently is the noblest self-denial.—*Delany.*

Truly, this world can get on without us, if we would but think so.

—*Longfellow.*

Humility is to have a right estimate of one's self — not to think less of himself than he ought. The higher a man is in grace, the lower will he be in his own esteem.—*Spurgeon.*

Nothing sets a person so much out of the devil's reach as humility.

—*Jonathan Edwards.*

True dignity abides with him only, who, in the silent hour of inward thought, can still suspect, and still revere himself, in lowliness of heart.—*Wordsworth.*

The casting down of spirits in true humility is but like throwing a ball to the ground, which makes it rebound the higher toward heaven.

—*J. Mason.*

It was pride that changed angels into devils; it is humility that makes men as¹⁵³ angels.¹⁸⁴—*Augustine.*

Epaminondas, finding himself lifted up in the day of his public triumph, the next day went drooping and hanging down his head; and being asked what was the reason of his so great dejection, made answer: "Yesterday I felt myself transported with vainglory, therefore I chastise myself for it to-day.—*Plutarch.*

Trees that, like the poplar, lift upward all their boughs, give no shade and no shelter, whatever their height. Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us when, like the willow, the higher soar their summits, the lowlier droop their boughs.—*Bulwer.* [Sounds like a simile but is not, all the words being used literally.] See 152.

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees.—*J. Webster.*

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,

In deepest adoration bends;

The weight of glory bows him down

The most when most his soul ascends.

Nearest the throne itself must be

The foot-stool of humility.—*J. Montgomery.*

THE NATURE AND METHOD OF THE HIGHER
CRITICISM.BY PROF. HERBERT L. WILLETT, DIRECTOR OF BIBLE STUDY,
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The Holy Scriptures were written at various times and in divers portions through a period covering many centuries. They appear in three different languages which, though admirably suited to be the media of these messages, were not created for that purpose, but had each its own history antecedent to such employment, and its close relations with a national life in the light of which the biblical utterances are alone capable of adequate comprehension. In most instances the records apparently preserve their original linguistic form, while in a few there have been thought to be indications of translation from the earlier tongue. Moreover, the frequent marks of the ordinary literary methods found in all records, the use of antecedent documents or traditions, the numerous instances in which the text as it has survived to us fails to yield a satisfactory meaning, disclose the fact that the scriptures share the human characteristics of all literature, and have passed through the usual vicissitudes attending the transmission of the records of the past.

The discovery of these facts, once unrecognized, but now patent to every student of these documents, imposes the duty of careful investigation by the use of all methods by which, first, the precise language of the original writers may be discovered, and, second, the exact conceptions which the writer intended the words to convey may be reached. Hence arises the need of laborious comparison of texts and versions in the hope of arriving at an approximately correct text and then upon the basis of this critically verified text, to prosecute the further inquiries as to dates, authorship, in-

tegrity, literary form and trustworthiness. These two departments of study, comprising textual criticism, usually called the Lower Criticism, and literary and historical criticism, generally denominated the Higher Criticism, together comprise the various elements of inquiry included under the more comprehensive term Biblical Criticism

In this classification of the two departments of the work as lower and higher respectively, there is, of course, no disposition to assert the superiority of the one to the other. Textual criticism is not less important than its literary and historical colleague, but the appropriateness of the term grows out of the necessary priority of the Lower Criticism as a foundation upon which the Higher Criticism may be built.

Such investigation is at once seen to be necessary and desirable. It is the test of the certainty of knowledge; the method of the verification. It is as active a force in the domains of general literature, art, science, and history, as in that of the scriptures; and because of the universally recognized legitimacy of the method in these disciplines, it is both unavoidable and highly desirable that it should also be applied to the Bible. If in the other departments of study it is discovered that ancient documents have suffered through imperfect transmission and inadequate or uncritical theories of their authorship, date, and interpretation, it is at least supposable that the application of the same careful methods which have given these other writings a new and transcendent value may be profitably used in the illumination of Holy Scripture.

There is a sense in which all critical work is destructive. If properly performed it is certain to reveal the inaccuracies and blemishes incident to all products in whose making and preservation men have had a part. It is the kind of destruction witnessed in the cleansing of a palimpsest, in which some part of a rare and precious manuscript has been over-written and obscured. It shares the destructive characteristics of those artistic processes by which the crude retouching of a less skillful hand is removed from the canvas of a master, in order that what remains may at least be the sole work of the

original painter. Thus the work of the critic finds ample justification in the results achieved and indicates its right to the free exercise of its prerogative in the realm of biblical literature, while at the same time it merits the careful consideration of every student who desires to make full inquiry into the character of the Bible. Happily, in this process the materials in which criticism dealt may be preserved for future comparison. While the scribe must destroy the overwriting in order to come at the more precious script beneath, or the artist must remove what he considers the work of a later hand in order to reveal the masterpiece, the biblical critic need but point out what appear to him to be scribal errors or traditional misconceptions, leaving the materials for fresh comparisons, and submitting his results to verification or disproof, and he may be full sure that every step of his work will be inspected by searching eyes, and every hypothesis subjected to the severest tests. By such processes truth is certain to be attained sooner or later. The process merely signifies the removal of those things that are shaken, as of things that men have made, that those things which are not shaken may remain. There need be no disquietude as to the results, though there may be a natural disinclination to accept a view at variance with former opinions. This is likely to be the most serious obstacle to the progress of a competent method of Bible study, and yet whatever measure of truth may inhere in a given method may be trusted to assert its supremacy at least, even in circles the most reluctant to receive it. Beyond this nothing can be asked. No fairer test could be desired than the appeal to truth, which is always capable of self-vindication to honest men. At this point the destructive element falls out of view, and the constructive factor appears to complete the process of building upon the true foundation of belief.

Considering, therefore, the value of the Higher Criticism, it may be noted that at the very point where the lower criticism stops in its examination of the text in the light of all the available apparatus of manuscripts and versions, there is need of another and higher order of scrutiny to determine

whether or not certain portions of the text which receive ample support from the oldest documents, and yet which apparently interrupt the thought, are not to be adjudged interpolations, or displacements, upon grounds as valid as those which determine most of the textual emendations. In some cases the internal sense and feeling of a passage constitute more adequate criteria for its determination as genuine or spurious, properly or improperly located, than any external data of manuscripts. This judgment lies clearly within the domain of the Higher Criticism, and yet so near the border that the textual critics have not hesitated to employ it upon occasion, which proves that the line dividing the two types of criticism is not always distinct, and one field tends at times to a slight overlapping of the other. Then come the more characteristic questions of the Higher Criticism as to integrity, authenticity, literary form and reliability. These are the questions which reflection suggests to the reader of any document.

1. *Integrity.* Is the work by a single author, as Tennyson's "Princess," or is it a collection of writings by different authors, as the volume, "Book by book?" Is it in its original condition, as the Pilgrims Progress, or has it suffered editing and interpolation by later writers, as the Westminster Confession of Faith? If the latter, may the different parts be discriminated, the original portion be determined, and the stages of addition traced, as in the various editions of the Book of Common Prayer; or is this process practically impossible, as in the Apostle's Creed, and the Arabian Nights? These are questions which the study of all literature suggests: why may they not legitimately arise in the study of portions of the Bible like the Proverbs, the Psalms, the book of Isaiah or of Genesis? and the answers cannot be given solely on the ground of *a priori* or traditional considerations, but only after careful investigation of the literary phenomena which these books disclose. There is nothing impossible or improbable in the appearance of any or all of these elements in the writings named, on the other hand they may none of them be found. The question is one of fact,

discoverable in accordance with the regular canons of literary investigation.

2. *Authenticity.* Does the writing bear, not as an editorial title, but in the text itself, the name of the author, as the Prophecy of Amos, or the Epistles of Paul? Is the name genuine, coming from the writer himself, as in the case of the Epistle of James, or is it the conjecture of some other editor, as in the case of the book of Hebrews? Is the work a forgery, as the Epistles of Phalaris, or have the contents, the hero and heroine, rather than the author, suggested the name, as in the books of Job, Esther, and Ruth? Is the writing without a name attached, as the Kings, and Chronicles, or is it pseudonymous, as the letters of Junio, and the Apocalypse of Baruch? There is no apparent reason why the biblical writers should decline to make use of any literary method which has been employed in writings of ethical and religious character, and for the highest purposes. What, therefore, are the facts as to authorship of the books of the Bible? How came the name of Moses to be attached to the first five books of the Old Testament as author? Is there any ground for this theory? How is the book of Daniel related to the prophet whose name it bears? Upon what grounds is the book of Canticles ascribed to Solomon, or the fourth Gospel to the apostle John? These inquiries are not only legitimate, they are essential. No student is prepared to endorse any view of these facts which he has not examined with the apparatus at his disposal. It is not only unscholarly but immoral to give the weight of one's influence to views, *either old or new*, which have not been subjected to such tests as may be commanded for the purpose.

3. *Literary Form.* The character of a given book or portion of a book as to style of composition is also important, not only as a means of classification, but as an aid to exegesis. Does the author write in prose or poetry? If the former, is it history, treatise, oratory or epistle? If the latter, is it epic, lyric or dramatic, and what is its structure? The change from one form of writing may be the indication of a change of theme, or of author, or of a quotation from another work.

Is the style easy and flowing, forceful and brilliant, rapid and energetic, stiff and pedantic, or laborious and dull? In all literature these elements are among the criteria of authorship, and it is natural that they should have due consideration in the study of the Bible. The application of such tests requires a high degree of skill, and a wide and intimate acquaintance with literary work. A decision in this field is necessarily in large degree a matter of subjective literary instinct, and attended with no little danger of error, especially in matters of detail, because of elements of personal bias which are likely to enter into the problem. Nevertheless, the reasonableness of the attempt, and the comparative harmony of the results attained demonstrate the value of the method. This is especially true in general literature, in music, and in art. To deny the legitimacy of this test is to disavow the possibility of such a science as criticism. Nor can any number of individual errors of judgment in the application of the method invalidate the method itself. These only emphasize the need of caution and the danger of excessive confidence in subjective judgments. But the process supplies its own safeguards and correctives, for every result is examined with minute and exhaustive search for weaknesses, by other students of the subject, and only that which can abide the test of severe scrutiny may hope to survive. These tests are applied to the Bible as to all other literature, and the results obtained constitute an essential aid in interpretation. The discovery that Hebrew poetry has certain marks which clearly distinguish it from prose made possible the separation of the two forms of writing in the Old Testament, and disclose the imaginative and figurative nature of many passages, upon which a less critical exegesis had imposed a literalness of interpretation which entirely obscured their artistic form and purpose.

It is not merely a question of proper classification which confronts the student. Were it so, it might be dismissed with small attention, for few save mere pigeon-holers and label-writers would care to spend time at such tasks. But when it is discovered that the literary form determines in no small degree the meaning and purpose of a given writing, and con-

stitutes the essential criterion by which particular passages are to be judged and interpreted, the importance of the inquiry becomes apparent. Are the early chapters of Genesis poetry or prose? No one need be told that the answer to this question will affect profoundly one's point of view. Are works of the imagination confined to such portions of the Scriptures as the fables of Jotham and Jehoash, and the parables of Nathan and Jesus, or are more extended narratives like the books of Ruth, Esther, and Jonah to be similarly classified? No one will claim that the answer is unimportant, nor that it does not profoundly affect the interpretation of these portions of the Bible. At the same time, the question of legitimacy is the same in either case. If fable and parable be approved as vehicles for ethical and religious teaching, there is no *a priori* consideration which would prevent the composition of more extended works of the imagination for similar purposes. The question is one of fact not to be prejudged; and it can only be decided by careful study of such portions of the Bible in the light which the recognized canons of literary and historical criticism supply.¹²⁶

4. *Credibility.* The problem which next confronts the student relates to the reliability of a writing, when subjected to all tests afforded by a knowledge of the age from which it purports to have come. Is it in accord with the facts as they are learned from other sources. What are the characteristics of the author as to good judgment, fairness, accuracy? Is he writing with the simple purpose of telling the facts, or has he in view constantly some one element of the narrative on which particular stress is laid? If so, is this emphasis of a character to give a bias to his work, and how far will this bias affect the reliability of the record? These and similar tests are applied to all other literature; is it possible or desirable that the Scriptures shall be withheld from such examination? Rather it is of the utmost importance that they should be judged by the same laws which apply elsewhere.

Interesting examples of mistakes corrected are found in the clear demonstration of the sub-apostolic character of the so-called apostle's creed, by Dr. Schaff, and the equally con-

vincing disproof of the authenticity of the epistles of Phalaris, by Bentley, who showed that they were the forgeries of a sophist living subsequent to the age of Phalaris. On the constructive side equally valuable and convincing work has been done in fields of both classical and biblical literature. The vindication of the most important writings of Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, Dante, and a long list of the world's most important makers of literature, is no more notable and valuable than the similar recognition of the reliability of the most important sections of the Bible. That which was once the assertion of tradition is now known to be buttressed by scientific demonstration.

It must be remembered that these principles may be used by men of all shades of thought and all attitudes toward the Bible. They may be reverent and spiritual with a deep interest in promoting the understanding of these writings because of their religious value, or they may be purely indifferent to the love and purpose of Holy Scripture, and only actuated by the scientific impulse which sees in this book a subject for the exercise of a faculty which with equal zeal might expend itself upon similar work in any other literature; or they may be, from conviction, habit of mind or association, deeply hostile to the word of God, and desirous of its overthrow. These various attitudes will affect the results of their work within certain limits. But in the last analysis the great body of results reached will be harmonious, and capable of articulation in a consistent and convincing whole, provided all have applied in an honest and fearless manner the scientific method in their investigations. Truth is bound to be self-evidencing in the end.⁴⁷¹ The believer has no right to demand that all who handle the Bible shall be first submissive to its teachings or convinced by its statements. What he *does* demand, however, and what he has a right to demand, is that it shall be handled honestly, and given a fair field for self-attestation. So studied, by men of whatever school of belief; friendly, impartial, or hostile, it has no reason to decline the issue of criticism. But accepting or declining, the criticism is inevitable, and it is the mark

of the true believer that he waits with confidence and satisfaction the most searching tests of its claims.

Against the results of the Higher Criticism numerous objections are raised.

1. The Bible is a divine book and above criticism. To apply to it the tests used in the case of other literatures would be to dishonor it. But how is one to know a book is divine, unless its claims to this character be tested? The Koran makes far more ambitious claims for itself than does the Bible. Are these therefore to exempt it from an examination which reveals its ethnic, imperfect and unspiritual character as truly as the same process applied to the Bible shows it to be beyond all classification with other human literature? The doctrine of "hands off" is the cry of little faith. One who is confident that the Bible is the word of God rejoices to see it tested, as the armorer eagerly devises new and harder tests to apply to an exquisitely wrought steel blade.

2. It is often said that the founders of the Higher Criticism were skeptics and infidels. The names of Voltaire, Hume, Paine, Astruc, and Porphyry are often heard in the discussion. It would be quite easy to show that holy and devout men have had far more to do with the work than have unbelievers. Far more vital to this work at the very opening of its history were the labors of Bishop Lowth and Father Simon, of the Roman Catholic church, Herder the reverent poet, and Clerious the protestant scholar; and through the entire history of the science men highest in the church and most active in christian work have been its advocates and workmen, as the mere remembrance of such names as Neander, Schleiermacher, Tolluck, Luthardt, Weiss, Preuss, Westcott, Hart, Lightfoot, Delitzsch, Bruce, Robertson Smith, Dean Farrar, Canon Driver, and George Adam Smith will abundantly prove. But even were it conceded that the Higher Critics are universally infidels (and the equation seems fixed in the minds of some), what is the value of the contention? The matters with which the Higher Criticism deals are matters of fact. If these facts are capable of demonstration as they prove themselves to be, and they are left

for unbelievers to discover, it is only another verification of the often asserted statement that the church is compelled to learn from her enemies. It must be recognized that the assertion of heretical or sceptical tendencies on the part of all critics has great weight with a certain type of mind. There are those to whom the statement that Astruc raised certain questions regarding the Pentateuch, or that the Macabean date of Daniel was suggested by Porphyry is an end of all argument. No theory, it is asserted, can have any truth when announced from such sources. Most people will, however, still prefer to ask not, who advocates this view? but is it in accordance with the facts? We do not disregard the warnings of the most disreputable tramp, when he stops a train because of a broken bridge ahead, nor will we fail to heed all hints of unsubstantial theories regarding the Bible, while we are pressing forward to the fair goal of its complete comprehension.

3. It is often said that the purpose of the Higher Criticism is to remove the miraculous elements from the Holy Scripture, and reduce all to the dead level of rationalism, with no place for a divine revelation. The criticism is first as it relates to some workers in this field. But, if as claimed, the method itself was devised to eliminate from credible history the miraculous elements of biblical writings, it has signally failed. Such is neither its logic nor its effect. There are to be found no more confident believers in the wonderful works of prophets in the Old Testament, or the disclosure of our Lord's divine character through his works of healing in the New, than among those who have found the Higher Criticism a solvent of biblical difficulties. No more untenable ground could be taken than that indicated by the objectors.

These and other objections which are often made are seen to rest upon misapprehension of the real character and effects of the Higher Criticism, and lose their force when carefully considered. The results of criticism, so far as they have justified themselves, are a part of the church's permanent possession as aids in the interpretation of Holy Script-

ure. The measure of agreement already reached in the essentials of the theme is proof of this fact. If these conclusions were fundamentally unsound, we should be equally sure that they would pass away, and should equally rejoice. The proof which truth demands is the test of use and experience, and in the last analysis this test must approve itself to the individual soul. There is a certain value, perhaps, in accumulating authorities upon a given subject. It is possible to point out the geographical supremacy which a truth has gained, or the list of distinguished men who adhere to it, indicating its present acceptance, and future permanency. All these things might be asserted with reference to the Higher Criticism, and yet they have but little significance save as general indices of current thought. One must work through the problem for himself. Most foolish would he be who, at the behest of any teacher or group of teachers, abdicated his own right of private judgment by the rash adoption of any theories, new or old. It is only the most careful investigation of the facts in the light of both critical and conservative views, with the prayerful attitude of mind that seeks the guidance of the divine spirit in the great quest, that can bring over assured convictions. To such convictions every man must assert his right. If he be true to himself he must be consistent with those laws of thought by which his whole intellectual life is shaped. Humble he ought to be as well in the face of all which he cannot know, and asking evermore for new light, above all, he needs the power and grace of God to preserve him loyal to the spirit of the Master, amid conflicts of opinion. There is a heresy of belief, an infidelity of intellect, against which no warnings can be too sharp; but even worse is the heresy of spirit, the infidelity of temper, which may overshadow and darken any orthodoxy of opinion.

In the future as in the past there will be tides of criticism in flow and in ebb. The pendulum will swing to extremes either radical or conservative, but each swing lessens the arc, and the result which will at last enter into the basis of Christian belief will be neither the old traditional theories

of extreme conservatism, nor the fantastic guesses and grotesque conceits of the ultra radical criticism, but the safe and conservative middle ground. Already this is beginning to be realized. The Higher Criticism will be pursued in the future only in a diminishing degree as the details of the process, left over in earlier investigations, wait for consideration. Already Biblical Theology is building on the foundations supplied by it, displacing the older dogma resting on isolated proof-texts, and inadequate for further service. When Biblical Theology has solved its problem, we may expect to see its results in turn used as a truer and more lasting dogmatic, the crowning work of Christian thought, the queen of the sciences.

Meantime the results of criticism are quickening the church in a variety of ways. They are giving us a new and powerful apologetic, which is rendering futile and childish the arguments of infidelity, especially against the Old Testament. They are entering the field of Bible teaching and giving us a new era in Sunday School work. They are creating an interest in the Scriptures in circles to which they were before a stranger. They are giving, and are destined still more to give, us a new evangelism which shall lose none of the fervor of the old, but shall supply elements of instruction never sufficiently recognized. Criticism is doing these things to-day, and when it has done its work, it will pass away — pass away as does the water poured upon the roots of a plant to enter into its life; pass away as does the cloud when it has discharged its shower; pass away as does the workman who has removed the accumulated debris from a monument of the past. But the Church remains, the Christ abides, and the Holy Scriptures, the inspired word of God, wrought by human workers, but impelled by the Eternal Spirit, shall never pass away. For all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man is as the flower of the field. The grass withers, the flower fades, but the word of our God shall stand forever.^{150 151}

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT BELIEF.

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head or a very short creed.—*Colton*.

Remember that what you believe will depend very much upon what you are.—*Noah Porter*.

There are many great truths which we do not deny, and which nevertheless we do not fully believe.—*J. W. W. Alexander*.

A man may be a heretic in truth; for if he believes things only on the authority of others without other reason, then, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes heresy.—*Milton*.

There are three means of believing, by inspiration, by reason, and by custom. — Christianity, which is the only rational system, admits none for its sons who do not believe according to inspiration.—*Pascal*.

Nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self; for what we wish, that we readily believe.—*Demosthenes*.

We are slow to believe that which if believed would hurt our feelings.—*Ovid*.

In belief lies the secret of all valuable exertion.—*Bulwer*.

Newton, Pascal, Bossuet, Racine, Fenelon, that is to say some of the most enlightened men on earth, in the most philosophical of all ages, have been believers in Jesus Christ; and the great Conde, when dying, repeated these noble words, "Yes, I shall see God as he is, face to face!"—*Vauvenargues*.

The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness.

—*Froude*.

Some believe all that parents, tutors, and kindred believe. — They take their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their estates, because they are born heirs to them.—*Watts*.

It is a singular fact that many men of action incline to the theory of fatalism, while the greater part of men of thought believe in a divine providence.—*Balzac*.

He who expects men to be always as good as their beliefs, indulges a groundless hope; and he who expects men to be always as bad as their beliefs, vexes himself with a needless fear.—*J. S. Kieffer.*

I am not afraid of those tender and scrupulous consciences who are ever cautious of professing and believing too much; if they are sincerely wrong, I forgive their errors and respect their integrity. — The men I am afraid of are those who believe everything, subscribe to everything, and vote for everything.—*Shipley.*

A sceptical young man one day, conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, observed, that he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know." —

Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is the other man's doxy.
—*Bishop Warburton.*

THE UNIFICATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

BY AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D.

More than at any time in recent years and perhaps more than ever before, the question of the reunion, or unification of Christendom is before the minds and on the hearts of Christian people. It is easy to understand why this subject has assumed such importance. Two, at least, of our religious bodies have made distinct overtures looking toward this end. The Bishops of the American Episcopal Church and of the Anglican Church have united in putting forth the four propositions which are known as the Chicago-Lambeth Articles; and the Church of the Disciples of Christ has issued its declaration as to what is essential to Christian Unity. The latter may be condensed as follows: The Union of Christendom on the basis of "The primitive Creed," namely, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God;" "The Primitive Sacraments;" Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and "The Primitive Life, or the life that was in Christ." The Chicago-Lambeth Articles are as follows:

I. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as containing all things necessary to salvation, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.

II. The Apostles' Creed, as the Baptismal Symbol, and the Nicene Creed, as the sufficient standard of the Christian faith.

III. The two Sacraments ordained by Christ himself; Baptism and the Supper of the Lord, ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution, and of the elements ordained by Him.

IV. The Historic Episcopate, Locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and the peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.

It would be too much to presume that the publication of these suggestions has created the interest in this subject which now exists, for the subject itself inspired the articles. It is idle to try to conceal the fact that there is a widespread and deep-seated dissatisfaction with the present constitution of the Christian Church and the mode of its administration. Those who assume the championship of the Church as an institution try to laugh this feeling down, or worse still, to put it down by use of hard names. Some men who are not Christians have denounced the Church, and it is straightway presumed that all who criticize are going into their company; but there is a vast difference between the denunciation of enemies and the criticism of friends, — the one proceeds from hostility, and the other is the truest indication of loyalty. It is now several years since the Chicago-Lambeth Articles were given to the world, and they have steadily attracted increased attention. I do not at this time propose to discuss these articles. I desire, however, to call attention to two or three facts in connection with this subject which seem to be of great importance. First; The fact that our churches are so largely rivals rather than friends and allies is a shame and disgrace. It misrepresents our Christian life, and gives in many communities at least, a totally false impression of what our Master teaches and is. Work which could be well done if all were united is neglected because of division. Second: The missionary boards of all our churches are issuing piteous appeals in behalf of their treasuries, when if there were co-operation instead of competition there would be money enough in the treasuries and men enough for all the pulpits. There is no need of more churches in the United States. Statistics have shown that there are churches enough for all the people. And yet, because we are denominationalists rather than Christians, we are wasting money, keeping our treasuries depleted, issuing appeals for contributions

which really are not much needed. Third, the denominations have ceased to have any vital differences. If we select three or four, and ask for what they distinctly stand, we find that they are not distinguished by anything essential. For instance the Congregationalists represent the independence of the local Church, and the right of each man to form his own opinions, led by the Spirit of God. The Baptists especially emphasize the importance of "Believers' Baptism," the Presbyterians the Calvinistic doctrines, and the Episcopalians the Historic Episcopate. Now, as a matter of fact, not one of these articles has any vital relation to the work of the salvation of men, or is even understood by most converts. They do not need to be mentioned when we are leading men to Christ. Furthermore we all acknowledge by our example that they are of secondary importance. Churches often cooperate; ministers preach in each other's pulpits, and all work together enough to show that we do not hold as vital the things which divide us. The majority of our people practically say that they do not care very much for the fences which separate the sects. Local churches are made up of members of almost all denominations. Most city and suburban pastors would testify that they receive members from various communions into their fellowship, and that often those who are the most efficient have come from other denominations than the ones in which they are working. These are singular and serious facts. They ought not to be evaded and their significance cannot be exaggerated. Many Christian people are in advance of their leaders. They are pushing on toward unity faster than those whom they are supposed to follow. Moreover, there is abroad an unwonted interest in the affairs of the Kingdom of God, and men are finding that they can work together for the Kingdom when they are not able to agree upon any sect. Consequently there is growing up, so to speak, a church outside the church, which is doing the work of Christ and presenting the very essence of Christianity to those who are longing for pure and undefiled religion.

This tendency is seen in various charities, in the Young

Men's Christian Association, in the so-called "labor-churches" in "Bible Readings," in many of the lodges, and in different ways not commonly discovered.

When we come to a discussion of the remedy for our divided Christendom the difficulty begins. The most earnest Christians recognize the evils, but few are willing to make the sacrifices necessary in order that those evils may be remedied; indeed, perhaps as yet we hardly know what sacrifices are best for us to make. For myself I am not satisfied with the Chicago-Lambeth Articles. I do not see how they are likely to produce anything more than a formal unity. The real obstacle in the way of Unity is our imperfect appreciation of the teachings of Christ. We import our own personalities into the circle which belongs to Him alone. When He reigns supreme, and His principle of self-sacrifice for the good of the Kingdom prevails, there will be as much effort on the part of denominations to give up non-essentials for the general welfare as there must be always among individual Christians. When individuals are unloving, formal declarations of harmony are to little purpose. The unification of Christendom is not to be promoted by the advocacy of any special form of policy. That is beginning from the outside and working inward, whereas the process should be that which was always emphasized by our Master, — making the heart right in order that the life may be. I am aware that these statements are common-places, and yet the more I study this question the more fully I am convinced that expedients looking toward union are all likely to fail unless they begin with the recognition that denominational selfishness is as wicked as individual selfishness; that nothing is made good by being done in the name of the Lord, when the spirit tends to defeat that which He is trying to do.

When His work is held to be supreme everything else will be of comparatively little importance, and we shall not ask concerning Baptism, or the Episcopate, or Independency, or special speculative doctrines, but only, how may His work be advanced? Just now those writers who are lifting "the Kingdom" into greater prominence are in the line most

likely to help in the realization of the end which we so much covet. Work for denominations is not always work for the Kingdom. That which promotes sectarianism inevitably tends to defeat the Kingdom. The Master spoke of the Church but twice; with Him the Kingdom was everything. We have too long given the first place to that which He made of comparatively little importance. To be sure the Apostles more frequently referred to the Church, but never in a way which indicates that the Kingdom is to be interpreted by the Church. Christ's use of the words indicates that the Church is always to be interpreted by the Kingdom. The Kingdom is the end and the Church only an instrument for its advancement, and that instrument is best which best does the work for which it is designed.

Organic unity may be neither possible nor desirable; spiritual unity is imperative. Organic unity would necessitate agreement in outward symbols; spiritual unity can be realized in co-operation for the service of humanity. Why should uniformity of thought, expression, and worship be sought? Individuality means diversity, and diversity necessitates beauty and power. Uniformity can be realized only in the solemn desolation of death; but co-operation is the condition for useful work for the Kingdom of God. Why should there be competing sects? The Christian world contains no sadder picture than that of small towns where money and strength are wasted, not in order that souls may be saved, and the human condition bettered, but that sects may win proselytes. All denominations are about equally sinners in this matter. A new church is needed, and those already existing hold no conference, make no mutual plans, never ask, Who can do the work best? but the one which happens to have the money in hand rushes in and pre-empt the field. Missions are needed to the heathen, and in too many instances there is offered to those who know not how to distinguish, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and Episcopalian forms of Christianity; and the poor heathen make the best bargain by going to the highest bidder. Think of rival religious societies when poverty and crime are rising like a flood!

Think of a Zulu trying to understand the immense significance of the difference between immersion and sprinkling! Think of a Sioux Indian seeking to fathom the mystery of the Historic Episcopate! Think of street children growing to be criminals, while Christian ministers are actually wrangling over the question as to whether Moses wrote the books that contain no mention of his authorship! Sects are the products of intellectual differences. They will exist as long as men differ, which will probably be forever.

But is there no basis for co-operation among Christians? There is; and it will be realized when there is unity of the Spirit. Let the sects keep apart as much as they choose in the making of their theologies, but let them come together in the service of humanity. Is a new Church needed? Why should any other question be asked then. What will suit this particular field best? And why should not all help as if it were their own? Is a mission required? Or a home for those who have no homes? Why should not all consider the question and help according to their ability? Nothing less than this can meet the problem of the modern city. Not only is the need too great for money to be wasted but the ignorance of the people is such that they should not be confused with unessential speculations. A denominational mission in Africa or in Whitechapel is poor generalship. More and more christians are realizing that the first thing to be done for millions is to get them into conditions in which intelligent convictions are possible. The time is coming when instead of rivalry in reaching the people there will be conference and co-operation. If there can be a federation of States, why not of churches? The Time-Spirit, which in this case is the Spirit of God, is at work among the denominations; and the day is not far distant when there will be a federation of the States of the world for the government of the world, and of all Christian denominations for hastening the day in which sectarianism shall disappear and the Kingdom of God prevail.¹⁴²

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT UNITY.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set with one another, and all against evil only.—*Carlyle*.

By uniting we stand; by dividing we fall.¹⁹⁰—*John Dickinson*.

What science calls the unity and uniformity of nature, truth calls the fidelity of God.—*Martineau*.

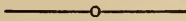
The union of Christians to Christ, their common head, and by means of the influence they derive from him, one to another, may be illustrated¹⁵³ by the loadstone. It not only attracts the particles of iron to itself, by the magnetic virtue, but by this virtue it unites them one to another.—*Cecil*.

Union does everything when it is perfect. It satisfies desires, simplifies needs, foresees the wishes, and becomes a constant fortune.—*Senacour*.

The great unity which true science seeks is found only by beginning with our knowledge of God, and coming down from him along the stream of causation to every fact and event that affects us.—*Howard Crosby*.

The multitude which does not reduce itself to unity, is confusion; the unity which does not depend upon the multitude, is tyranny.—*Pascal*.

The number two hath by the heathen been accounted accurst, because it was the first departure from unity.—*J. Trapp*.



BEST THOUGHTS ACROSTICALLY ARRANGED.

TO bear injuries is more than taking a city.—*Simmons*.

ERR you must, but never be ashamed to own it.—*Pope*.

IS it not the greatest of faults to be conscious of none?—*Carlyle*.

HUMAN bodies are the holiest temples.—*Novalis*.

TO love is to place our happiness in that of another.—*Leibnitz*.

FORGIVE many things in others; nothing in yourself.—*Ausonius*.

DIVINE harmonies result from life's discords.—*Gould*.

ALL CHURCHES DOING THE SAME WORK.

BY REV. CHARLES BAYARD MITCHELL, D. D.

"I rejoice in these different Christian denominations. They are natural and proper. No set form of church government is arbitrarily given in the New Testament. I have no quarrel with the Roman Catholic, who wants his Pope, nor with the Quaker, who seems satisfied with nothing. Many of the denominations have their rise in the peculiar social constitution of those who compose them. We are all soldiers in the same great army, having subordinate organizations after our own peculiar tastes.

"Many of these churches are due to the fact that we cannot all see the same truth from the same angle of vision. Dogmas and creeds are the fruitage of the human vision of the divine truth. With so many eyes to see, it is no wonder we tell different stories of what we behold. But we all see Christ, and that vision saves Protestant and Catholic alike. We are saved by faith in him, not by what we may be able to formulate about him.

"There are unseemly rivalries and needless differences between many Christian churches, but when we wisely study the situation we will discover more similarities than differences, and that in the vital essentials we are all one. There are excellent features in all the churches. Each one may possess some excellency which may be lacking in all the others. Surely no one has all the truth, and in each one there is more or less of error diluted. Each has been more or less affected by the others through the years, and we are all bound together like the different parts of the same body.

"We Methodists owe much to the Church of England, our good mother. Wesley and all our first ministers came from that church. We are indebted to her, not to the Protestant Episcopal Church, for she is our younger sister, born of the same mother some months later. For our liturgy we owe much to the Lutheran Church, for it was that church which led John Wesley to know that he was already converted. We owe much to the Moravians, for they led John Wesley into a deeper spiritual life. We are indebted to the Presbyterians, for they defended us in times when we were persecuted, and afforded us places to worship. We are indebted to the Congregationalists for our appreciation of an educated ministry, their controversies with us showing us the need. We are indebted to the Roman Catholic Church, for they have given us thirty of the hymns in our hymnal. We are indebted to the Baptists, for they have been in closest sympathy with us in all our evangelistic labors.

"I like the Roman Catholic Church because she believes in the religious training of her children, and at great sacrifice of time and money does it. I like it because it stands for the purity of the home life and the sanctity of the marriage vows. Thank God for that church's strong and clear protest against the cheap divorce mills which disgrace our American civilization! I honor that church for what it is doing in the building and maintenance of hospitals and asylums. I honor it for its defense of the Bible, and I especially thank God for the stand that church takes in this land against anarchy on the one hand and a godless socialism on the other. When I think of the seething masses of foreigners of a certain type in these cities, which the Protestants have thus far at least, been unable to touch, I thank God for a Christian church which does touch them, and exerts its potent influence over them in such ways as to keep them from the wild vagaries of the godless Socialist, and also from the destructive tendencies of the wild-eyed Anarchist. I go to sleep every night with a firmer feeling of security because

we have in this city a branch of the Christian church known as the Roman Catholic Church.

"I like the Protestant Episcopal Church because in its theology it is like my own, and what forms of liturgy we have we got from the source it did. I like the emphasis that church puts upon worship and an orderly service. I thank God for its great philanthropies carried on in all our great cities.

"I like the Baptists because they are so evangelistic and dead in earnest. The Baptist always stands for something. He generally knows what he belongs to when he has been taken into church. He has joined something different from an old-fashioned New England town meeting. I like him for his very consistency, and that is what makes me patient with him when he keeps me away from his communion table. He does not want to appear so narrow, but his very consistency, his adherence to what he believes to be the truth, compels him to appear so unbrotherly, and I honor him for it, while I do not believe in the premises which drive him to such hard conclusions.

"I like the Disciples, because they are so energetic and earnest. I like their loyalty to our dear old Bible, and, while I do not accept all their reasons for it, I do accept with gladness the fact that they do magnify the word of God. I like them for their evangelism and their devotion to the Sunday school. Those two facts explain their marvelous growth in recent years. I have much to hope of a people who are doing these three things — making great sacrifices for their mission fields, building up great Sunday schools in city and country, and getting the larger vision of truth from such congresses as we had a sample of lately in this city.

"I like the Presbyterians because they breed such a noble type of Christians. Say what you please of their hard doctrine (it is getting softer), it has developed the sturdiest characters known in the Christian church. I remember Scotland with its hard doctrine, if you please, but with its noble

army of Presbyterian ministers and laymen who have honored the name they have borne. It cannot be so bad a creed that engenders such deeds! It cannot be so hard a doctrine that has produced such tender, faithful, and loving hearts! That noble church has always stood in this land especially, for two things, namely, the development of Christian character and higher education. In other words, their task has been to educate the head and sanctify the heart. God bless that church, and if its revised creed should result in producing a less virile and Christ-like manhood, we Methodists will quit boasting that we compelled them to change their preaching.

“Let us thank God for all these various branches of the Holy Catholic Church, which really means the communion of saints. Let us no longer face each other, as ancient foemen did, each regarding the other as a foe to be vanquished, but rather let us stand back to back, Protestant and Catholic alike, facing our common enemy and go forth to bring quickly this lost world to the feet of our common Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.”

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS FROM FAMILIAR TEXTS.

- There is death in the pot.—2 *Kings*, IV, 40.
- Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided.—2 *Samuel*, I, 23. (Spoken of Saul and Jonathan.)
- A man after his own heart.—1 *Samuel*, XIII, 12.
- The apple of his eye.—*Deut.*, XIX, 22.
- A still small voice.—1 *Kings*, XIX, 12.
- Escaped with the skin of my teeth.—*Job* XIX, 20.
- Spreading himself like a green bay tree.—*Psalms* XXXVII, 35.
- Hanged our harps upon the willow.—*Psalms* CXXXVII, 2.
- Riches certainly make themselves wings.—*Proverbs* XXII, 5.
- Heap coals of fire upon his head.¹⁷⁶—*Proverbs* XXV, 22.
- No new thing under the sun.—*Ecclesiastes* I, 9.
- Of making many books there is no end.—*Ecclesiastes*, XII, 12.
- Peace, peace, when there is no peace.—*Jeremiah* VIII, 11. (Made famous by Patrick Henry.)
- My name is legion.—*Mark* V, 9.
- To kick against the pricks.—*Acts* IX, 5.
- There were giants in the earth in those days.—*Gen.* VI, 4.
- Darkness which may be felt.—*Ex.* X, 21.
- I am going the way of all the earth.—*Josh.* XXIII, 14.
- He kept him as the apple of the eye.—*Deut.* XXXII, 10.
- Thou art the man. —2 *Samuel* XII, 7.
- He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.—*Job* V, 13.
- There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.—
1 *Kings* XVIII, 24.
- How are the mighty fallen.—2 *Samuel* I, 25.
- A proverb and a by-word.—1 *Kings*, IX, 7.
- I would not live alway.—*Job* VII, 16.
- Great is truth and mighty above all things.—1 *Esdras* IV, 41.
- He will laugh thee to scorn.—*Ecclesiasticus* XIII, 7.
- These were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times.—*Ecclesiasticus* XLIV, 7.
- Left a name behind them.—*Ecclesiasticus* XLIV, 8.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable unto him.—*Ecclesiasticus IX*, 10.

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered.—*Wisdom of Solomon II*, 8.

Righteousness exalteth a nation.—*Proverbs XIV*, 34.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it.—*Proverbs XI*, 15.

His enemies shall lick the dust.—*Psalms LXII*, 9.

Vain is the help of man.—*Psalms LX*, 11; *CVIII*, 12.

Miserable comforters are ye all.—*Job XVI*, 2.

In the place where the tree falleth there it shall be.—*Ecclesiastes II*, 3.

A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.—*Ecclesiastes X*, 20.

Terrible as an army with banners.—*The Song of Solomon VI*, 4, 10.

Grind the faces of the poor.—*Isaiah III*, 15.

The nations are as a drop of a bucket.—*Isaiah XL*, 15.

Prisoners of hope.—*Zechariah IX*, 12.

We all do fade as a leaf.—*Isaiah LXIV*, 6.

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel.—*Ezekiel X*, 10.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.—*Joel II*, 28.

The thing is true according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.—*Daniel VI*, 12.

I have multiplied visions and used similitudes.—*Hosea XII*, 10.

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.—*Habbakuk II*, 2.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.—*Ecclesiastes XIII*, 1.

I said in my haste, all men are liars.—*Psalms CXVI*, 11.

I am fearfully and wonderfully made.—*Psalms CXXXIX*, 14.

Thy children like olive plants round about thy table.—*Psalms CXXVIII*, 3.

We hanged our harps upon the willows.—*Psalms CXXXVII*, 2.

The stone which the builders refused has become the head of the corner.—*Psalms CXVIII*, 22.

Put not your trust in princes.—*Psalms CXLVI*, 14.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.—*Psalms CXXXIII*, 1.

Wisdom is better than rubies.—*Proverbs VIII*, 11.

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.—*Proverbs IX*, 17.

As an ox goeth to the slaughter.—*Prov. VII*, 22; *Jer. XL*, 19.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.—*Psalms XLV*, 1.

From the strife of tongues.—*Psalms XXXI*, 20.

I may tell all my bones.—*Psalm XXII*, 17.

Every man at his best is altogether vanity.—*Psalm XXXIX*, 5.

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.—*Psalm XXIII*, 4.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.—*Psalm XXIII*, 1.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor.—*Psalm XLI*, 1.

Little lower than the angels.—*Psalm VIII*, 5.

I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.—*Job XXIX*, 13.

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?—*Job XXXVIII*, 2.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.—*Ps. LIII*, 1;
XIV, 1.

Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.—*Job XIV*, 1.

Oh . . . that mine adversary had written a book!—*Job XXXI*, 35.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT CREED.

The weakest part of a man's creed is that which he holds for himself alone; the strongest is that which he holds in common with all Christendom.—*McVickar*.

A good creed is a gate to the city that hath foundations; a misleading creed may be a road to destruction, or if both misleading and alluring it may become what Shakespeare calls a primrose path to the eternal bonfire.—*Joseph Cook*.

If you have a Bible creed, it is well; but is it filled out and inspired with Christian love.—*J. F. Brodie*.

In politics, as in religion, we have less charity for those who believe the half of our creed, than for those who deny the whole of it.—*Colton*.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT CREDULITY.

Charles the Second, hearing Vossius, a celebrated free-thinker, repeating some incredible stories about the Chinese, said, "This is a very strange man. He believes everything but the Bible!"

Credulity is belief on slight evidence, with no evidence, or against evidence. In this sense it is the infidel, not the believer, who is credulous. "The simple," says Solomon, "believeth every word."—*Tryon Edwards*.

Generous souls are still most subject to credulity.—*Davenant*.

Your noblest natures are most credulous.—*Chapman*.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Credulity is perhaps a weakness, almost inseparable from eminently truthful characters.—*Tuckerman*.

Credulity is the common failing of inexperienced virtue; and he who is spontaneously suspicious may justly be charged with radical corruption.—*Johnson*.

You believe easily that which you hope for earnestly.—*Terence*.

I cannot spare the luxury of believing that all things beautiful are what they seem.—*Halleck*.

The general goodness which is nourished in noble hearts, makes everyone think that strength of virtue to be in another whereof they find assured foundation in themselves.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

The remedy for the present threatened decay of faith is not a more stalwart creed or a more unflinching acceptance of it, but a profoundly spiritual life.—*Lyman Abbott*.

We believe at once in evil, we only believe in good upon reflection. Is this not sad?—*Madame Deluzy*.

The most positive men are the most credulous, since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer and worst enemy—their own self love.—*Pope*.

It is a curious paradox that precisely in proportion to our own intellectual weakness, will be our credulity as to the mysterious powers assumed by others.—*Colton*.

O credulity, thou hast as many ears as fame has tongues, open to every sound of truth, as falsehood.—*Harvard*.

Some men are bigoted in politics, who are infidels in religion. Ridiculous credulity!—*Junius*.

To take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others, is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.—*Jane Porter*.

Beyond all credulity is the credulousness of atheists, who believe that chance could build the world, when it cannot build a house.—*Clarke*.

CREEDS AND REASONS.

RELIGIOUS LEADERS ANSWER SHARP QUESTIONS AS TO WHY
THEY BELIEVE AS THEY DO.

BAPTIST.

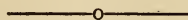
By Dr. L. A. Crandall: "Briefly stated, the conditions for membership in the Baptist church are, belief and baptism; the acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal savior, and the public declaration of such through the ordinance of baptism. • As we understand the teachings of the New Testament, this is no more and no less than our Lord required of his disciples when he was here upon earth. The belief required is not simply an intelligent conviction that Jesus was a Messiah, but such as involves personal love and obedience to God. Finding belief and baptism intimately and constantly associated in the New Testament record, we hold both to be essential to obedient discipleship, and hence require both as conditions to church membership. We do not desire to receive into church relations either baptized nonbelievers or nonbaptized believers. Our views regarding the scriptural mode of baptism are too well known to require re-stating here. In order to harmonious church life it is desired that the members be in substantial agreement concerning questions of doctrine. A confession of faith has therefore been adopted as expressive of the general doctrinal belief of the church. Subscription to this confession, however, is not made a condition of church membership. We are satisfied that divergent views concerning questions of minor importance are not necessarily detrimental to the interests of the church. On the other hand, it is not at all clear that uniformity secured by means of an enforced credal statement is conducive to the development of spiritual power."

CONGREGATIONALIST.

By Rev. H. M. Tenny: "It will be rather difficult for me to tell why I am a Congregationalist without going into detail; there is so much ground to cover. However, I may say it is from a principle of polity rather than of doctrine, for our doctrine does not differ much from the Presbyterians. The authority is in the hands of the people of the church. It is absolutely democratic, as far as the local church is concerned, while a close fellowship exists with the united church. The Congregational church is not independent entirely, but the local church is allowed to govern itself independent of the converts and conferences. We recognize no lead but Christ. That principle is Biblical, we think, and governed the church in the beginning. At the same time we do not disfellowship other denominations. Our principle of polity has an influence on the people to educate them in self-government. The United States government got its idea practically from the Congregational churches. There is an individual responsibility within the church and an intellectual vigor which shows itself in the history of the Congregational church. The great colleges of the country are very largely the outgrowth of the Congregational church — that is, the idea came from the Congregational people. The influence of the church on the educational interests of the country has been great. I do not claim that nobody else has done anything of the kind, but the Congregationalists have led the way. Under our government there is less temptation to personal jealousy between the ministers and the churches. Every minister stands on his own merits and has no ecclesiastical body to look to. On that account there is very little jealousy in the ministry. And then, in consequence of the freedom of speech in our church, there is more life to the work. And what is true of this church is true of our missionary work. The people have a more intelligent knowledge of the need of this world. The amount given per capita for missionary work is greater than in any other church."

DISCIPLE.

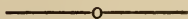
By Rev. Harris R. Cooley: "It is not possible to give fully my reasons for being a member and minister of the Disciple church in a few words. That which christians hold in common is to me far above all that is distinctive. I am not a member of the Disciple church because I believe that in any exclusive sense it is the only way to heaven. Our religious movement is an attempt to get nearer in teaching and life to Jesus and the apostles. We have no written creed to be subscribed, but simply ask for faith in the divine Christ, believing that those who sincerely come to Him and learn will not go far from the truth or from a right life. This does not compel the holding of the words of old dogmas in new and accomodated meanings. It ensures freedom for growth and enlargement. Much is left to the individual heart and conscience. To the communion service, all christians are invited. Each is to examine his own heart and life and to his own master he is to stand or fall. The ideal of the church is a body bound together, not by external ties, but because each member is sincerely trying to follow and obey the shepherd of us all."



EPISCOPALIAN.

By Rev. Y. P. Morgan: "The reasons for being a churchman have been placed before the public by the Rev. Dr. Bates in a manner so forcible and logical that the best statement I can make is to endorse his. I am an Episcopalian, so called, because the polity of that church is unmistakably the polity of primitive christianity. It is the polity that antedates both papalism and Protestantism, and contains within itself a potency that is adapted to all ages. In a word, the Episcopal church is historic from the days of Christ, and I can find a history of no such legitimate claim for any other religious body. If I were not a churchman I would not be

a member of any denomination. This conclusion I have reached after much consideration, and it appears to me to be the only logical conclusion from the facts of history viewed from the standpoint of faith in the divine character of Jesus Christ. I was not always a churchman, but have been led into my present belief from the considerations just mentioned. My conviction as to the true polity laid down and practiced by the apostles does not, however, prevent my respect and regard for the personal holiness of those who interpret history on different lines."



GERMAN LUTHERAN.

By Dr. Charles M. Zorn: The chief reason why I am a Lutheran is because I firmly believe that the Lutheran church in her creed does not deviate from the word of God in a single word. There are many branches of the Lutheran church. I belonged to a branch of the Lutheran church in Germany, but I left it, and when I came here, I joined that branch of the church known as the Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other states. Knowing by experience that this branch follows the true word of God strictly and verbally, I preferred it to all others and joined it. Another reason why I am a member of the Lutheran church is because she does not go any further in her teachings than is defined in the book of God. The church has her liturgy, form of service and ceremonies, which congregations may observe or not as they choose, all of which is conformity with God's book. The star that leads us in the Lutheran church is justification by faith alone, and being led, not by our own reason, but by the word of God alone. We follow that outline in every respect. We think that in our position lies the one possibility of a union of all the churches. Strictly clinging to the written word of God concerning doctrine, and by being liberal in all external matters such as church government, ceremonies, service, etc., which are not ordered or taught by the word of God."

METHODIST.

By Rev. Homer J. Smith: "I am a Methodist because Methodism had its origin in the necessity of a spiritual revival in the christian world, and because it has laid special stress in its preaching on the necessity of a clear spiritual conversion and the necessity of a holy life. It has not only taught a higher standard of christian life as the privilege and duty of its members, but its influence in bringing all other evangelical churches to the same faith and practice has been greater than is generally known, and than most of them are willing to acknowledge. To its influence may be justly attributed a large share in the maintenance of the high standard of doctrine in the churches of to-day. I am a Methodist again because it has done so much for all grades of society. It has been recognized by the people as being not for some one class, but for all. In its communion are found many of the richest and many of the poorest, and each is made equally welcome. I am a Methodist because it has the best form of church government. It is the one nearest that of the apostolic church. While it is episcopal in form, and in fact, it is modeled more nearly after the New Testament than any other. I am a Methodist because of its itinerant ministry, which has proven to be the best to meet the wants of our country. While we move often, it is by regular rule, and our pastoral terms are longer now than the average in other communions. With us there is no need for any trouble between pastor and people. If either party is not satisfied, a change is made under the law and no harm is done. None of our pastors are idle, and none of our churches are without pastors. In a word, I prefer the Methodist Episcopal church because I believe it to be the best in the world for the purpose for which the church was established."

PRESBYTERIAN.

By Rev. Dr. C. S. Pomeroy: "I deem the order of the Presbyterian church to be more conformable to early and scriptural precedent than the order of any other christian body. That which distinguishes us is, first, the doctrine of a plurality of congregations, joined organically in subordination to one common ecclesiastical rule; and second, an ascending series of four courts from lowest to highest, based on that rule, and compacting the whole church in complete unity. This is best suited to maintain the personal rights of all members, the unity, peace and purity of the church. The people are the basis of the whole structure. They delegate legislative and executive authority, elect their ministers, ruling elders and deacons. The Presbyterian church has an unmatched record of fidelity to truth. Those churches which were faithful witnesses amid anti-christian apostacy, like the Waldensian, the Albigensian, and other martyr churches, were Presbyterian.

The sacraments are administered agreeably to God's word. Adults are baptised on confession of their faith in Christ; birthright members are baptized on their parent's faith. We have no altar, because the sacrament is not a sacrifice, but an ordinance commemorating Christ's sacrifice. The Presbyterian church has been a generous friend of missionary effort, of education, a learned ministry and popular elevation everywhere. No church is more liberal in temper or more staunch in principle."

 SWEDENBORGIAN.

Rev. P. B. Cabell: "I am a member of the Church of The New Jerusalem on account of the doctrines. The fundamental doctrine of the New Church, as we often call it, is the doctrine concerning the Lord, which is that God is one in essence and person, and that the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is that God. We believe that the Father is in him,

and the Holy Spirit proceeds from him. We believe that the trinity of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost is a trinity not of persons but of attributes. This is the corner stone of the New Jerusalem, that Christ is the proper object of christian worship.

“Our second doctrine is concerning the sacred scriptures. It teaches that the Bible is the very word of God, holy and divine in letter and spirit. There is contained within the sense of the letter a spiritual sense deducible therefrom by the law of correspondence between natural and spiritual things. There is beneath the surface meaning of the scriptures a divine meaning which is the fountain of wisdom. The word was dictated by the Lord to the prophets and evangelists and will remain fixed and true, not one jot or tittle of which shall pass till all be fulfilled. We believe that a man must shun evils as sins against God, and live a life according to the ten commandments.

“Another important principle is that immediately after death man rises from the grave of his natural body, which he never resumes, in a spiritual body; that he at first finds himself in the world of spirits, a place or state intermediate between heaven and hell, and there he undergoes his final preparation for the one or the other. Man’s spiritual state, however, is fixed forever at death and is determined by the character of his life in this world; that whether he had been christian or pagan, Mohammedan or heathen, if while in this world he had feared the God whom he worshipped and worked righteousness according to the light that was in him, he readily receives instruction in heavenly truth, and is admitted to the abodes of the blessed. While we believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was the Saviour of men, and that without his coming as God manifest in the flesh, no soul could have been saved, yet we do not believe in the doctrine of vicarious atonement or in predestination of any soul to perdition, or in the resurrection of the material body. We believe that the last judgment has already taken place in the spiritual world and that now is the time of the second coming of the Lord foretold in the book of Revelation, and that it con-

sists of a revelation of the true meaning of the sacred scriptures, wherein dwells the Lord, and whose inmost life is the Lord himself. According to the statement in the gospel of John, In the beginning was the word and the word was God."

WHAT INGERSOLL BELIEVED.

The Ingersoll legend will now begin. It is curious how, the moment a man dies, and only then, the myth of him is born. Nevertheless, this story is true. When Colonel Ingersoll was trying his last case in June — it was the famous Rogers will case — he felt the strain of his work as never before. Perhaps this partially opened his eyes to his physical condition. At any rate, he said that night to a friend, who in turn has written the words to a Philadelphian; "I should like a quick death, but for one thing. I want to show people that I can die calmly, in my own faith or non-faith. It's a vanity, no doubt, yet I should want to go that way. But my heart is bad, and I may perhaps go quickly. I want my friends to remember now that I say privately, and with no reason to boast, when my mind is clear, since I may die too suddenly to repeat it later. People have unjustly misunderstood me. I am sincere. I never quarrelled with the good side of established religion. I have never said there is no God; I have only said there is no anthropomorphic God. I believe — I hope — that immortality is within the bounds of possibility. I should like people to see I could die an agnostic in the true sense of the word. Anyhow, that is my mature position, and while my brain is clear, I shall never depart from it."—*Philadelphia Press*.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT DOCTRINE.

Doctrine is the framework of life—the skeleton of truth, to be clothed and rounded out by the living grace of a holy life.—*A. J. Gordon.*

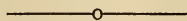
Pure doctrine always bears fruit in pure benefits.—*Emerson.*

Say what men may, it is doctrine that moves the world. He who takes no position will not sway the human intellect.—*W. G. T. Shedd.*

Doctrine is the necessary foundation of human duty; if the theory is not correct, the practice cannot be right. Tell me what a man believes and I will tell you what he will do.—*Tryon Edwards.*

The question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful but whether it is true. When we wish to go to a place, we do not ask whether the road leads through a pretty country, but whether it is the right road.—*Hare.*

The doctrine that rectifies the conscience, purifies the heart, and produces love to God and man, is necessarily true, whether men can comprehend all its depths and relations or not. If it destroys sin, and makes happiness grow out of right living and right loving, it is the truth of God.—*J. B. Walker.*



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT DOGMATISM.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any subject. When men are the most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken and have there given reins to passion without that proper deliberation and suspense which alone can secure them from the grossest absurdities.—*Hume.*

Those who refuse the long drudgery of thought, and think with the heart rather than the head, are ever most fiercely dogmatic.—*Bayne.*

It has been said of dogmatism, that it is only puppyism gone to its full growth, and certainly the worst form this quality can assume is that of opinionativeness and arrogance.—*S. Smiles.*

A dogmatical spirit inclines a man to be censorious of his neighbors. Every one of his opinions appears to him written as with sunbeams, and he grows angry that his neighbors do not see it in the same light. He is tempted to disdain his correspondents as men of low and dark understandings because they do not believe what he does.—*Watts.*

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT THE WORLD, THE FLESH
AND THE DEVIL.

I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and I appraise them at their real worth, which is, in truth very low; those who have only seen their outside always overrate them, but I have been behind the scenes, I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.—*Chesterfield*.

"The world," is a conventional phrase, which being interpreted, signifies all the rascality in it.—*Dickens*.

Everyone would have something, such perhaps as we are ashamed to utter. The proud man would have honor; the covetous man, wealth and abundance; the malicious, revenge on his enemies; the epicure, pleasure and long life; the barren, children; the wanton, beauty; each would be humored in his own desire, though in opposition both to God's will, and his own good.—*Bishop Hall*.

The reason that so many want their desires, is, that their desires want reason. He may do what he will, who will do but what he may.—*Warwick*.

The passions and desires, like the two twists of a rope, mutually mix one with the other, and twine inextricably round the heart; producing good, if moderately indulged, but certain destruction, if suffered to become inordinate.—*Burton*.

Unlawful desires are punished after the effect of enjoying; but impossible desires are punished in the desire itself.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

As no good is done or spoken, or thought by any man without the assistance of God, working in and with those that believe in him, so there is no evil done, or spoken, or thought without the assistance of the devil, who worketh with strong though secret power in the children of unbelief. All the works of our evil nature are the works of the devil.—*John Wesley*.

He that would fight the devil with his own weapons, must not wonder if he finds him an overmatch.—*South*.

What, man! defy the devil! Consider he's an enemy to mankind.—*Shakespeare*.

The devil knoweth his own, and is a particularly bad paymaster.—*F. M. Crawford*.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
 That would travel the wide world through,
 I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
 And speak to men with gentle might,
 And tell them to be true;
 I would fly, I would fly over land and sea
 Wherever a human heart might be,
 Telling a tale or singing a song,
 In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong—
 I would fly, I would fly, I would fly over land and sea.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
 I'd fly on the wings of the air;
 The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
 And calm and truthful words I'd speak
 To save them from despair.
 I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
 And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
 Into the hearts of suffering men
 And teach them to look up again—
 I would fly, I would fly, I would fly o'er the
 crowded town.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
 I'd travel with the wind.
 And wherever I saw the nations torn
 By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
 Or hatred of their kind,
 I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,
 And into their blinded bosoms flash;
 Then, with their evil thoughts subdued,
 I'd teach them Christian brotherhood—
 I would fly, I would fly, I would fly on the thun-
 der crash.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
 I would fly the earth around;
 And wherever man to his idols bowed,
 I'd publish in notes both long and loud
 The Gospel's joyful sound;
 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
 Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
 Bidding the saddened earth rejoice—
 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day.

I. Woodbury.

[This, poem with considerable difference in the last two stanzas, has appeared over the name of Chas. Mackay.]

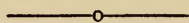
CREEDS AND REASONS.

CONTINUED.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

By Father McMahon: "Why am I a Catholic? Because it's the only church that traces her history back to the time of Christ. She is the only church that has its origin from Christ, while all the others, except the Jewish, have a modern and human origin. Christ promised his church permanency; he promised to his church also infallibility; that the Holy Ghost is the teacher of all truth and abides with her forever. There are in religion certain mysteries that transcend the scope of human reason, and man cannot accept them on mere human authority. In the Catholic church we have divine authority and the promise of Christ. It is sometimes said that Catholics do not act rationally in matters of religion, and submit themselves too entirely to the church, giving up their own freedom of thought. The Catholic is assured in the first place of the historical fact that the Catholic church is the church of Christ and the church presents her credentials as the ambassador of our Lord, she takes the place as his representative on earth, and when we obey her, we obey God. Our Lord says: 'He that hears the church hears me, and he that will not hear the church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican.' Christ placed the church on earth to teach men, to continue his divine mission, teaching what they should know, what they should do, and what they should believe in order to be saved. He has left in the church the sacraments as a means to assist men to keep his commandments, and to divine his will. Our Lord said: 'Without me ye can do nothing;' for that reason he desires men to have recourse to the fountains of divine grace in order

to avoid evil and do good. Our Lord also said to his church: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be condemned.' It is absurd to call upon an intelligent man to believe that churches that teach contradictory doctrines can be guided by the Holy Ghost, the fount of truth. Our Lord gave distinctive marks to his church by which it might be known, the marks of unity, sanctity, catholicity and apostolicity. No other church possesses these but the Catholic church, therefore the Catholic church alone is the true church."



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By Judge Joseph R. Clarkson. "To Scientists, Jesus' teachings, joined with his demonstrations, point to the obvious fact that man, the man made in the image and likeness of God, has an eternal, harmonious existence in God, is God expressed, manifested, and can no more actually die, be extinguished, be sick, suffer or sin than can God.

"Utterances from the pulpit and the religious press indicate a recognition by the religious world that a religious revolution is impending. The cry from all quarters seems to be for a more spiritual religion; one that is more satisfying; one that does not seem so tainted with the world; one that is not so devoted to material — to pomp, to pageantry, display, ceremonial, formal, perfunctory observances; one that is not so unhappily by, and of, and for the flesh; one that approaches nearer to the Christianity formulated and practiced by Jesus; one that brings us nearer to God. Such a religion is the inexorable demand of the times.

"Through Christian Science there have been, as well as can be estimated, nearly 2,000,000 cases of healing from sickness. In a majority of these cases relief by other means had failed. Christian Scientists say that God is to-day performing so-called miracles of much the same character as those which some nineteen hundred years ago startled the world and roused its opposition, and that the only limitation

on the ability to reveal God as he was revealed in those days is the limitation which men place on their willingness to implicitly believe and understand God as universal, eternal, spiritual intelligence, power and presence, and to obey his commandments as they have come to us through the sacred word.

"In 1866 Mary Baker Eddy, a cultured woman of middle age, who all her life had been a close student of the Scriptures and a devoted church woman, lay helpless, wounded, and pain-racked on a bed from which it was thought she would never rise. Left for a few moments alone, she, as had been her habit, lifted her thought to God. The Bible was always with her. She read of what Jesus did. As she read, the principle of divine healing came. She felt the power of God, and, a perfectly well woman, she rose from her bed and walked into the presence of her relatives. At the end of three years she had satisfied herself that she had discovered the principle of Christian, spiritual healing and regeneration, and was prepared to put to exacting test before the world, the conclusions she had reached. She at once began healing the sick, and from that moment was persecuted.

"Everything that the world could do to oppose the expansion of the Christian Science faith the world has done, Ridicule, malignment, falsehood, threats of violence, arrests of practitioners, cruel contempt expressed towards its followers, adverse legislation, have all been marshaled against its advance, but to no purpose.

"It cannot be stayed so long as it is what it is — the truth and the practice of the truth. Under Mrs. Eddy's God-directed guidance the Christian Science movement, step by step, has gained ground, until its host reveals the most enlightened of this era's thought, and that host, trusting in God with all its heart, leaning not unto its own understanding, acknowledging him in all its ways, is panoplied, lovingly and prayerfully, to do its part towards forwarding the redemption of its opponent, its enemy — the world."

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL IN MEDICINE.

BY WILLIAM M. POLK, M. D., DEAN OF CORNELL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The history of medicine shows that man's conceptions of the limits separating the two influences, spiritual and material, which govern his ailments, have shifted their position; the material having gained ground, so that now medicine faces and overcomes conditions which formerly were abandoned as beyond it. The improvements in the handling of epidemic and contagious diseases fully exemplify my assertion, rendering needless any citation of the advances in surgery, for instance, with which all are familiar.

Admitting that medicine, like all material agencies, has its limits, we come to the question immediately before us. Does the spiritual, as manifested in Christian Science, so-called, occupy a field not covered by medicine, or which cannot be better covered by it?

Medicine ever seeking to push further and further its domain over disease and death, has constantly before it new remedies — large sums in energy, education, intellect and money are being expended the world over in this direction, and every measure of relief or cure is promptly heralded and tested by eager experts.

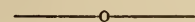
It is true that certain claims are viewed with less favor than others, because of their origin, and to this class Christian Science belongs. But in spite of even this drawback, sooner or later all are taken up and tested; and so it has been with Christian Science.

Medicine has always recognized that the mental state of a patient influenced the course of his disease; that optimism aided him more than pessimism, and while it would not overcome organic changes it would lighten his sufferings and add to his ability to curtail the crippling influence of disease.

But the role which optimism must play in any given case is to be determined by the inherent forces possessed by the patient — those with which his optimism can be backed

up in the contest waging — and so to-day a man paralyzed from a blood clot on his brain is encouraged to be up and about as soon as he has recovered from the initial shock of the injury and another with certain forms of heart disease is put to exercise so as to strengthen what heart he has, but with each some limit is set to be determined by a careful estimate of the structural strength involved, which estimate is based upon the investigation of a qualified expert in such matters.

Push mental or spiritual therapeutics further, push it to the point of commanding these people to get up, walk, run — do anything which a state of mental exaltation may suggest — and you soon find that the line of safety has been passed.



SPIRITUALIST.

By Mr. Thomas Lees: “Why am I a Spiritualist? Because I can’t help it. My belief is the result of investigations into the phenomena of Spiritualism extending over a period of twenty-five years. It took just that time to convince me of the fact of a future existence, and the possibility of communication between us and our departed friends. I was convinced in my own family relations — receiving communications from departed relatives which none but they could have thought of sending. My belief is based on indisputable facts. I rarely consult a medium on matters of business, believing that I know as much of the affairs of the world as the spirits do. I believe in Spiritualism as you or any one believes in established scientific facts, and for the same reasons. It is a matter of logic and scientific research. I am proud of being an Englishman by birth, prouder of being an American by adoption, and proudest of being a Spiritualist from conviction. To tell you all the reasons why I am a Spiritualist would involve descriptions of phenomena and deductions from experience almost without end.”

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT SIN.

The recognition of sin is the beginning of salvation.—*Luther*.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.—*Owen*.

I fear nothing but doing wrong.—*Sterne*.

Bad men hate sin through fear of punishment; good men hate sin through love of virtue.—*Juvenal*.

The deadliest sin were the consciousness of no sin.—*Carlyle*.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some glory in that shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion of their souls.—*Fuller*.

No sin is small. It is against an infinite God, and may have consequences immeasurable. No grain is small in the mechanism of a watch.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

How immense appear to us the sins we have not committed.—*Madame Necker*.

I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.—*George Eliot*.

There is no fool equal to the sinner, who every moment ventures his soul.—*Tillotson*.

If I grapple with sin in my own strength, the devil knows he may go to sleep.—*H. G. J. Adams*.

Every sin is a mistake, as well as a wrong; and the epitaph for the sinner is, "Thou fool!"—*A. Maclaren*.

There is more bitterness in sin's ending than there ever was in its acting. If you see nothing but good in its commission, you will suffer only woe in its conclusion.—*Dyer*.

If I were sure God would pardon me, and men would not know my sin, yet I should be ashamed to sin, because of its essential baseness.—*Plato*.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.—*Shakespeare*.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT PUNISHMENT.

It is as expedient that a wicked man be punished, as that a sick man be cured by a physician; for all chastisement is a kind of medicine.—*Plato.*

God is on the side of virtue; for whoever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.—*Colton.*

The exposition of future punishment in God's word is not to be regarded as a threat, but as a merciful declaration. If in the ocean of life, over which we are bound to eternity, there are these rocks and shoals, it is no cruelty to chart them down; it is an eminent and prominent mercy.—*Beecher.*

The existence of future punishment and everlasting destruction is an evidence of the goodness, the justice and the wisdom of God: of goodness, in that it is a motive to prevent sin and turn men from evil; of justice, in that it is the righteous doom of irreclaimable sinners; and of wisdom, in that God can thus make the penalty of sin a motive to deter from sin.—*J. B. Walker.*

Don't let us rejoice in punishment, even when the hand of God inflicts it. The best of us are but poor wretches just saved from shipwreck. Can we feel anything but awe and pity when we see a fellow passenger swallowed up by the waves?—*George Eliot.*

The object of punishment is the prevention of evil; it can never be made impulsive to good.—*Horace Mann.*

One man meets an infamous punishment for that crime which confers a diadem upon another.—*Juvenal.*

We will not punish a man because he hath offended, but that he may offend no more; nor does punishment ever look to the past, but to the future; for it is not the result of passion, but that the same thing may be guarded against in time to come.—*Seneca.*

Faults of the head are punished in this world; those of the heart in another; but as most of our vices are compound, so is their punishment.—*Colton.*



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT HELL

The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.—*Milton*

If there be a paradise for virtues, there must be a hell for crimes.—*Caussin.*

Divines and dying men may talk of hell,

But in my heart her several torments dwell.—*Shakespeare.*

Hell is truth seen too late—duty neglected in its season.—*Tryon Edwards.*

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.—*Herbert.*

Hell is as ubiquitous as condemning conscience.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Hell is full knowledge of the truth, when truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe, and calls eternity to do her right.—*Young.*

Tell me not of the fire and the worm, and the blackness and darkness of hell. To my terrified conscience there is hell enough in this representation of it, that it is the common sewer of all that is abominable and abandoned and reckless as to principle, and depraved as to morals, the one common eddy where all things that are polluted and wretched and filthy are gathered together.—*Beaumont.*

Men might go to heaven with half the labor they put forth to go to hell, if they would but venture their industry in the right way.—*Ben Jonson.*

A guilty conscience is a hell on earth, and points to one beyond.—*Anon.*

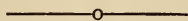
Hell is but the collected ruins of the moral world, and sin is the principle that has made them.—*Anon.*

When the world dissolves, all places will be hell that are not heaven.—*Marlowe.*

In the utmost solitudes of nature the existence of hell seems to me as legibly declared, by a thousand spiritual utterances, as that of heaven.—*Ruskin.*

Character is not changed by passing into eternity, except in degree. The wilfully wicked on earth will continue so in the other world.

"Hell is paved with good intentions," says Johnson.—Better say the way to it is.



OLD BUT GOOD.

A German, addressing his dog, said:

You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit de bed in, you shust durn round dree times und lay down. Ven I go mit de bed in, I haf to lock up de blace, und vind de clock, und put de cat oud, und undress myself, und my vife vakes up und scoles me. Den de baby cries und I haf to valk him up and down; den maype ven I shust go to sleep, it's time to get up again. Ven you get up you shust scratch yourself a couple o' times und stretch, und you vas up. I haf to quick lite de fire, und put de kittle on, scrap mit my vife already, und maype get some breakfast. You play all tay und haf plenty of fun. I haf to vork all tay und haf plenty of drouble. Ven you die, you's dead; ven I die, I haf to go to hell yet.—*Found Floating.*

CREEDS AND REASONS.

CONTINUED.

UNITARIAN.

Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker, D. D.: "I am a Unitarian because the Unitarian Gospel began with the discovery that we live in a *Universe*. Its original affirmation was the unity of God. The great teachings of science respecting the unity of energy, the unity of life, the unity of humanity, are confirmations of that early conviction.

The prophetic writings, such as those by Amos, Hosea, Micah, and Isaiah, represent the spiritual and enduring elements in the Old Testament. In their protest against sacrifice, idolatry, formalism, injustice, and selfishness, and in their teaching of the unity, holiness, and goodness of God, they set forth what are now the essential Unitarian principles. Their plea that righteousness is what God demands and what man needs, — that righteousness is blessedness, — is our plea.

We claim to teach what was central and essential in the message of Jesus. We lay our emphasis on the Beatitudes, the Golden Rule, the law of Love (Matt. xxii. 34-40). We find the way of salvation described in his parables, where purity is set forth as the condition, growth the method, love the motive, character the fruitage, and service the expression of Eternal Life, or the kingdom of heaven.

We do not appeal to the New Testament as a document of final and infallible authority, and we do not claim that the Unitarian Gospel is merely an echo of apostolic Christianity. But we do claim to represent its spirit and ideal. When Peter declared, "Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh

righteousness is accepted with him," he proclaimed the Unitarian faith. When he described the ministry of Jesus to consist in "turning every one of you from his iniquities," he spoke like a Unitarian. See Acts iii. 26; x. 34, 35.

When Paul preached, "In God we live and move and have our being," and when he wrote, "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." he stood on ground now occupied by Unitarians. See Acts xvii. 28; 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

And when it was written by John or in the name of John, "Let us love one another, for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God" (1 John iv. 7), the writer defined the Unitarian position. There are other things in the New Testament, but these teachings made the glory and strength of early Christianity, and they are the things that are eternal and that we lay to heart.

In the primitive churches there were beliefs in respect to the messiahship and second coming of Jesus, superstitions respecting baptism, and uses of the Old Testament, which are no part of our religion. But it is generally conceded by modern scholars that the original Christianity was not the acceptance of a creed but the adoption of a spirit like that of Jesus, and that the early churches were democratic in form, each independent, with no elaborate ceremonials and no radical distinctions between clergy and laity.

Great scholars representing many different denominations agree to-day that the *deification* of Jesus, as found in the Nicene and trinitarian creeds, has no adequate warrant in Scripture, and does not represent the original faith, but that it was a slowly developed philosophical *afterthought*, which was rooted, not in the words of Jesus or the beliefs of his disciples, but in the mystical speculations of Alexandria.

It is also admitted that the so-called "Apostles' Creed" does not accurately report the ideas of primitive Christianity. It was not set forth by the Apostles themselves, but was slowly evolved under the stress of many controversies, and reached its present shape after the fourth century.

No modern church exactly reproduces the original Christian faith, polity, or ritual (it is not necessary that they should be reproduced); but what we claim is, (1) That many of the dogmas made prominent in the creeds of Christendom have no warrant in the teachings of Jesus; (2) That the spiritual and eternal elements of primitive Christianity are affirmed by Unitarians.

There are many religious bodies in general sympathy with the Unitarians who do not take our name. The Universalist churches in America are almost identical with the Unitarian in religious position and theological teaching. The Hicksite Quakers and Progressive Friends, carrying out the spirit of William Penn (who forcibly opposed trinitarian and dogmatic Christianity in "Sandy Foundation Shaken," 1668) are in general harmony with the best Unitarian thought. The Liberal Protestants in France and Switzerland have practically the same beliefs. In Germany there are many Liberals among Lutherans and Evangelicals, associated in the *Protestanten Verein*, who are in general agreement with Unitarian views. The progressive movement among the Jews, Reformed Judaism, is in substantial accord with the Unitarian spirit. There is a large and influential party in Holland, with the University of Leiden as its centre of culture, which is Unitarian in everything but name. The Brahmo Somaj of India, a noble band of Theists who represent the advance guard of religious progress in that land, are in closest fellowship with English and American Unitarians.

It would be easy to make a long list of eminent men and women from all parts of the world who have shown great appreciation of the Unitarian movement or who have occupied a similar position. Dean Stanley, of Westminster, wrote some twenty years ago: "The Unitarian church, including within itself almost all the cultured scholarship of America in the beginning of this century, was unquestionably at the summit of the civilized Christianity of the western continent."

The great Spanish reformer and statesman, Castelar, made this declaration: "The simple religion of the future

will be a religion whose dogmas are summed up in the two fundamental ones of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, completed by the purest morality, which breathes forth a disinterested love of goodness for its own sake," — precisely the spirit and ideal of Unitarians.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, used these words to Professor Kovacs, his fellow-countryman, a Unitarian: "I rejoice over your connection with the English and American Unitarians. Spread their ideas and faith as widely as you can in Hungary. Their faith is the only faith which has a future; the only one that can influence the intelligent and interest the indifferent."

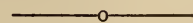
Prof. David Swing represented a large multitude who have never taken our name but who share our general views of religion and life. His own words were just what are preached from every Unitarian pulpit: "From such a dark estimate of God and Christ as this old notion [of Calvinism] involves, it is sweet to return to the thought that the law of salvation by morality is not a lottery, but, like the law of industry, it lies open for all."

The interpretations of life and religion set forth in the great works of fiction by George Eliot and Mrs. Humphrey Ward — the greatest novelists among women — are essentially Unitarian. Both of these distinguished authors have been very closely associated with the Unitarians. Many eminent clergymen in Scotland, nominally Presbyterian, practically occupy our ground, — such men as Rev. Dr. George Macdonald in his stories, Rev. Dr. Robert H. Story in his sermons, and Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith in his poems. Two of the greatest literary influences during the last century among English-speaking peoples were Thomas Carlyle and Matthew Arnold; and both, while they cannot be called Unitarians, were, in the essence of their messages, really pleading for the things central in our Gospel. Three of the men who, in various ways, have most adorned and enriched the life of the Orient in recent years have been our approving friends, — Ram Mohun Roy, founder of the Brahmo Somaj, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the

celebrated Parsee philanthropist, and Yukichi Fukuzawa, "the grand old man" of Japan.

The four men, all profoundly religious, who were the greatest interpreters of human life among our poets during the nineteenth century were in general harmony with our spiritual ideals, — in fact, their words have contributed to the making of modern Unitarianism, — Goethe and Victor Hugo, Browning and Tennyson. We would not try to narrow these great geniuses to any sectarian position; but we do claim that the great essentials in their messages are the things that we emphasize.

Count Tolstoi, the greatest living literary genius at the present time, has recently given expression to the following views: "It is true I deny an incomprehensible Trinity and the fable regarding the fall of man, which is absurd in our day. It is true I deny the sacrilegious story of a god born of a virgin to redeem the human race. But God-Spirit, God-Love, God the sole principle of all things, I do not deny. I believe in eternal life, and I believe that man is rewarded according to his deeds here and everywhere, now and forever. I believe that the will of God was never so clearly, so precisely explained as in the doctrine of the man Christ. But one cannot regard Christ as God, and offer prayers to him, without committing the greatest sacrilege." This is really a summary of the Unitarian faith.



UNIVERSALIST.

By Rev. Dr. Marion D. Shutter: 1. Let me begin this statement by presenting what we believe concerning the Bible. We believe that it contains a revelation from God. I do not mean by this that we hold the book to be infallible in its history and science; not that we believe it to be free from human limitations and mistakes; not that we believe it to be an inerrant oracle of Deity. But we find here the ideas of a people dowered beyond any other with a genius for religion; we find here the records of experiences in which God spoke

to their inmost souls; we find here the truths that guided those who tried them and trusted them to the highest and holiest developments of character. All these ideas and experiences and precepts speak to us to-day. They guide and inspire and transform us. We can no more ignore the results of the Hebrew genius for religion than we can drop Greece from the history of art, or Rome from the development of law. Those prophets and singers and apostles are our teachers and leaders to-day. But we do not confine the spirit of inspiration to the Hebrews. We realize that God has spoken to us in all history and in the noblest literature of modern, no less than of ancient, times. He has revealed himself in the results of science, and in the deeper study of human nature itself. From the alphabet of man's struggles and achievements in the past, of his struggles and aims in the present, we spell out the larger revelation of the ages.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves or leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it—
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit."

OUR BELIEF ABOUT GOD.

The next great question is, What do the Universalists believe concerning God? The word is too large for minute definition; but we believe (1) that God is One, as opposed to any doctrine of the Trinity, (2) that He is immanent in his universe, as the soul within the body, in opposition to the old view that regarded Him "as an individualized, outlined, limited being, who had planned and made the universe in six days, and who ruled it from without as a despot governs a kingdom." (3) We believe that He exists, not as impersonal force, but as intelligence, purpose and love, as well as power. To many minds, the idea of personality is objectionable because it seems to imply limitation, to make God simply a magnified man, and to localize him somewhere in the universe. In other words, they think that if the idea of personality be re-

tained, we have made no advance in our conception of God. Without sanctioning anything like restriction or localizing, it seems true that whether we use the word "personal" or not, — and I do not insist upon the word, — there are yet certain elements of personality which we necessarily ascribe to God in all our discussions concerning Him. Everywhere we see signs of what, in man, we should call intelligence; everywhere a tendency to righteousness and retribution that, in man, we should say, betokened a moral nature; everywhere a purpose prevailingly beneficent that, in man, we should say, indicated goodness. Judged, therefore, by the only standard we possess, our reason, according to the only data we have, the Bible, history and human nature, we should say that the power back of the universe and back of ourselves, which we call God, is also a power that works toward an end; works for righteousness, works for human perfection. We, therefore, believe that, however we may at last define God, he is supremely good — as against the old ideas of his hate and vengeance! Indeed, we may compress the whole of our thought upon this subject into the apostle's matchless sentence, "God is Love," and set it brilliant as a star in the midnight of the world's theology.

BELIEF CONCERNING CHRIST.

We do not believe that he was God; we do not believe that he belonged to some race or order of beings above the human; but that he was one with us, our brother, our friend, our teacher, our leader. The common distinction between human and divine is fictitious and arbitrary. When, therefore, the question is asked, "Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?" we ask in return, "What do you mean by divinity?" (1) If you mean to ask, "Do you believe that Christ was God?" we answer, "No." (2) If you mean to ask, "Do you believe that Christ belonged to some supernatural rank and order — that he was a being neither God nor man, but between the two?" again we answer, "No." If either of these things be held to constitute divinity, then we

do not believe in his divinity. (3) But, if by divinity be meant qualities that are godlike, exalted character, marvelous spiritual endowment, wonderful power of moral inspiration, a sense of oneness with the life and the goodness and the purpose of God, — if these things be meant, then we believe that Jesus was divine! The record of his life on earth is embalmed in the fragmentary sketches that we find in the Gospels and is to be read in the light of modern criticism and established scientific principles. But when all deductions are made, when all allowances for the growth of myth and legend are made, — and that myth and legend mingle with the facts of his life related in the gospels, cannot be doubted, — there still remains the figure of the supremest Son of Man, the sublimest Son of God. We revere him to-day for the spirit he manifested and the ideals he created. We accept him as our Saviour — not by virtue of any bloody sacrifice, but because he saves us from sin by the inspiring qualities of his teaching and the power of his own character and example. There are differences of opinion among us upon many questions about Jesus; but that we are to reverence his goodness, to cultivate his spirit, to follow his teachings of love to God and Man, — upon these points there is unity. We are all agreed that these are the essential things; that he who thus finds Christ is the real Christian! If Jesus was a man like us, let us strive to become such men as he! He who thus finds Christ is the real Christian, whatever he may think about his rank and miracles.

OUR BELIEF ABOUT MAN.

Over against the idea that he is a fallen being we set the belief that he has risen and is still rising. Over against the doctrine that he is totally depraved, we set the facts of human nature, which show us that there are germs and possibilities of good in his heart. (1) Even among those who are regarded as filling out the conception of total depravity to completion, we sometimes find most astonishing exhibitions of nobility and disinterested kindness. (2) And when we study human nature in the average type of mankind, in

addition to actual virtues, we must take account of ideals. We all look forward and upward. We all see something before us that we know we ought to attain. We have all had experiences, too, that, for the moment, lifted us above the earth. There are times when we feel at peace within and with all the world; times when we are generous, unselfish, loving, prayerful; times when we feel that heaven is very near. What are these moments but intimations of states that may yet become permanent with the spirit? (3) We must also study human nature in the exceptionally good and great of earth. They are men. They show what human nature is capable of. The loftiest is linked to the lowest, — the consummate blossom that disports in the sun from the loftiest bough, is brother of the unsightly root that delves in the dark and dampness. Christ himself is the great revealer of the divinity that inheres in human nature. He prays that his followers may be one with God as he is one with the Father. We believe that every man is a son of God and an heir of eternity; that it is his chief concern to develop the germs of that which is godlike within him. The only thing he shall take with him from this world, when the summons comes, is his character. When a new building is being erected, it is covered with rude posts and boards which form the scaffolding upon which the workmen stand. One does not see the real nature of the work until these have been removed. Who would insist upon leaving these scaffoldings after the building is completed? Now, our business, our professions, our daily toils, — these are the scaffoldings upon which we stand to build the temple of God in our hearts and lives. These are the external means; not the moral and spiritual end. Let us not become absorbed in the scaffolding. Let us not stop with that. When death takes it down at last, may the Lord and Ruler of Life behold, in the light of eternity, a fair and beautiful structure of character, whose spires shall catch the light and reflect the glory of God!

OUR MESSAGE CONCERNING DESTINY.

We believe in the life hereafter, in the continued identity of the spirit. We believe that we are saved or lost here and now as well as beyond. Salvation is righteousness, damnation is sin. Righteousness will bring peace of conscience in the next world as well as here; and this peace of conscience is heaven. Sin will bring misery and remorse in the next world as well as here; and this misery and remorse is hell. So long as there is sin, so long there will be suffering, in this world or any world. But this suffering, we believe, will be remedial and disciplinary. Every soul will at last repent and turn to God. The old doctrine of endless torment we reject. It has been the nightmare of theology, the blight and bane of intellectual freedom. Suffering there will be, retribution will overtake the evil-doer, justice will be done. But beyond the penalty and the woe, beyond the anguish of remorse and the pangs of guilt, there arises the vision of ultimate deliverance and gladness! This vision throws a rainbow's arch over every life and lights a star of hope over every grave. We affirm that the only reasonable outcome to those who believe in immortality at all, is the triumph of good over evil in every soul and throughout the universe. We affirm that the spirit of love which is manifested in all human relationships, that is especially manifested in such souls as Xavier, Paul and Jesus, will search every wilderness on every planet, will scour perdition itself, to find the last lost sheep. We believe that the cry of the Lost Soul, in Whittier's poem, will sooner or later be the humble and honest prayer of every one who has wandered from God and righteousness:

"'Father of all,' he urges his strong plea,
'Thou lovest all; thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to thee!

'All souls are thine; the wings of morning bear
None from thy presence which is everywhere;
Nor hell itself can hide; for Thou art there.

'Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on thy creature still.

'Wilt thou not make, Eternal source and goal,
In thy long years, life's broken circle whole?
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?'"

And only when the cry of that soul is changed to praise,
will the universe ring with the final shout of victory "God is
all and in all!"

"We are told of a God who acts for his own benefit abstractly from his creation; and that in millions of cases he finds it most to his glory to make his rational, hoping, waiting creatures miserable; and this is called goodness. We are likewise told of a devil, who acts for his own gratification and who delights in making God's creatures miserable, and this is called badness. But for my part, according to such statements the difference between goodness and badness is so small I can hardly distinguish it. It is profane, in my opinion, to attribute a disposition to the Almighty which we can justly condemn in ourselves."—*Hosea Ballou*.

"Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*.

JEWISH.

By Rabbi M. Machol: "Judaism is the oldest and most sensible religion and the most tolerant religion since it advocates the common fatherhood of God and the common brotherhood of man. The Jewish religion does not consist merely in belief and practice of ceremonies, but is more a religion of deed than of creed. Ours are the predictions of the prophets. All the writings made use of by other religions were originally Jewish. But most important of all is the fact that the influence of the Jewish life is such as to prevent vices from our race, since we find very few in penitentiaries and prisons. Why, therefore, should we not be Jewish?"

A SOUL'S APPEAL.

Where is God? I seek the clue.
I am weary of the blue
Heaven of silence overhead;
Must I wait till I am dead,
Till my life lamp cease to glow,
Ere I know?

Where is God? I need him so!
Not a pathway can man show;
I am only told to look
At his precepts in a book,
Written very long ago,
Past the snow

Of dumb centuries. I have faith,
But it is a shadow wraith,
To the Presence that I crave,
Wise and splendid, sweet and grave,
And I plead from earth's scarred sod,
Where is God?

Nature, in her garments fair,
Wrought of glittering worlds and air,
Oftentimes my spirit chides;
I can see where she abides,
In her rainbow-tinted chair,
God is—where?

It has not my soul sufficed,
That there was a heavenly Christ;
That he sighed as mortals sigh,
That he died as mortals die,
His divineness I adore,
More and more.

Yet I ask this side the tomb,
More, O God, than faith's white bloom.
Must I wait till angels fling
Wide the palace gates, my King?
Tread the death path always trod,
To find God?

—*Laura Rosamond White.*

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT FORGIVENESS.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.—*Pope.*

We pardon as long as we love.—*Rochevoucauld.*

We forgive too little; forget too much.—*Madame Swetchine.*

They never pardon who commit the wrong.—*Dryden.*

We hand folks over to God's mercy and show none ourselves.—*George Eliot.*

Life that ever needs forgiveness has for its first duty to forgive.—*Bulwer.*

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass, if he would ever reach heaven; for every one has need to be forgiven.—*Herbert.*

Forgiveness is the most necessary and proper work of every man; for, though when I do not a just thing, or a charitable, or a wise, another man may do it for me, yet no man can forgive my enemy but myself.—*Herbert.*

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.—*Richter.*

When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm, that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.—*Richter.*

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work is begun: forgive, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—*Quarles.*

Who from crimes would pardoned be,
In mercy should set others free.—*Shakespeare.*

The more we know, the better we forgive,
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all that live.—*Madame De Stael.*

Of him that hopes to be forgiven it is required that he forgive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Savior of the world has been born in vain.—*Johnson.*

Pardon is the virtue of victory.—*Mazzini.*

Pardon others often, thyself never.—*Publius Syrius.*

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT ETERNITY.

What is eternity? was asked of a deaf and dumb pupil, and the beautiful and striking answer was, "It is the lifetime of the Almighty."

Eternity is a negative idea clothed with a positive name. It supposes in that to which it is applied, a present existence, and is the negation of a beginning or end of that existence.—*Paley*.

The infinite past and the infinite future meet in the present moment, and we live in eternity now.—*Hjalmer D. Gould*.

No man can pass into eternity, for he is already in it.—*Canon Farrar*.

Eternity looks grander and kinder as time grows meaner and more hostile.—*Carlyle*.

The thought of eternity consoles for the shortness of life.—*Malesherbes*.

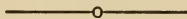
Eternity, thou pleasing, dreadful thought! through what variety of untried being! through what new scenes and changes must we pass! The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me; but shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.—*Addison*.

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence, and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.—*Cicero*.

The grand difficulty is so to feel the reality of both worlds as to give each its due place in our thoughts and feelings—to keep our mind's eye, and our heart's eye ever fixed on the land of promise, without looking away from the road along which we are to travel toward it.—*Hare*.

All the past is ours, because the present is the summation of the past; while all the future is ours by reason of immortality.—*Hjalmer D. Gould*.

Every natural longing has its natural satisfaction. If we thirst, God has created liquids to gratify thirst. If we are susceptible of attachment, there are beings to gratify that love. If we thirst for life and love eternal, it is likely that there is an eternal life and an eternal love to satisfy that craving.—*F. W. Robertson*.



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT HEAVEN.

If ever I reach heaven, I expect to find three wonders there: first, to meet some I had not thought to see there; second, to miss some I had expected to see there; and third, the greatest wonder of all, to find myself there.—*John Newton*.

The love of heaven makes one heavenly.—*Shakespeare*.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.—*Moore*.

My chief conception of heaven, said Robert Hall, is rest. Mine, said Wilberforce, is love. Southey looked to it as a place of intellectual activity and enjoyment; Foster, as unfolding all the mysteries of truth and providence; Leighton, as the world of spirituality and holiness; Payson, as where he should see Christ, and be with, and serve, and enjoy him forever. Unite them all, and add all that heart can wish, or thought conceive, or we receive for eternity, and is not this heaven?—*Tryon Edwards*.

Heaven will be the endless portion of every man who has heaven in his soul.—*Beecher*.

The kingdom is within you.—*Bible*.

Every man is received in heaven who receives heaven in himself while in the world, and he is excluded who does not.—*Swedenborg*.

Heaven must be in me before I can be in heaven.—*Stanford*.

No man will go to heaven when he dies who has not sent his heart thither while he lives. Our greatest security is to be derived from duty, and our only confidence from the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ.—*Bishop Wilson*.

We are as near to heaven as we are far from self, and far from the love of a sinful world.—*Rutherford*.

He who seldom thinks of heaven is not likely to get there; the only way to hit the mark is to keep the eye fixed upon it.—*Bishop Horne*.

It is heaven only that is given away—only God may be had for the asking.—*James Russell Lowell*.

There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, temperance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death when he leaves this world.—*Buddhist Scriptures*.

Every saint in heaven is a flower in the garden of God, and holy love is the fragrance and sweet odor that they all send forth, and with which they fill the bowers of that paradise above. Every soul there is a note in some concert of delightful music, that sweetly harmonizes with every other note, and all together blend in the most rapturous strains in praising God and the Lamb forever.—*Jonathan Edwards*.

If God hath made this world so fair,

Where sin and death abound,

How beautiful, beyond compare,

Will paradise be found.—*Montgomery*.

One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer to my home to-day than I've ever been before;
Nearer my Father's house, where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne, nearer the jasper sea;
Nearer the bound of life, where I lay my burden down;
Nearer leaving my cross; nearer wearing my crown.

—*Phoebe Carey*.

Go wing your way from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
 One minute of heaven is worth them all.

"Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" said one friend to another. "Yes," was the answer, "do you think we shall be greater fools than here?"—*Evans*.

Where is heaven? I cannot tell. Even to the eye of faith, heaven looks much like a star to the eye of flesh. Set there on the brow of night, it shines most bright, most beautiful; but it is separated from us by so great a distance as to be raised almost as high above our investigations as above the storms and clouds of earth.—*Guthrie*.

To us who are Christians, is it not a solemn thought, but a delightful thought, that perhaps nothing but the opaque bodily eye prevents us from beholding the gate which is open just before us; and nothing but the dull ear prevents us from hearing the ringing of those bells of joy which welcome us to the heavenly land.—*Beecher*.

THEOSOPHY.

"He who does not practice altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation, or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

Theosophy is that ocean of knowledge which spreads from shore to shore of the evolution of sentient beings; unfathomable in its deepest parts, it gives the greatest minds their fullest scope, yet, shallow enough at its shores, it will not overwhelm the understanding of a child. It is wisdom about God for those who believe that he is all things and in all, and wisdom about nature for the man who accepts the statement found in the Christian Bible that God cannot be measured or discovered, and that darkness is around his pavilion.

It is not a belief or dogma formulated or invented by man, but is a knowledge of the physical, astral, psychical, and intellectual constituents of nature and of man. The religion of the day is but a series of dogmas man-made and with no scientific foundation for promulgated ethics; while our science as yet ignores the unseen, and failing to admit the existence of a complete set of inner faculties of perception in man, it is cut off from the immense and real field of experience which lies within the visible and tangible worlds.

That man possesses an immortal soul is the common belief of humanity; to this Theosophy adds that he is a soul; and further that all nature is sentient, that the vast array of objects and men are not mere collections of atoms fortuitously thrown together and thus without law evolving law, but down

to the smallest atom all is soul and spirit ever evolving under the rule of law which is inherent in the whole. And just as the ancients taught, so does Theosophy; that the course of evolution is the drama of the soul and that nature exists for no other purpose than the soul's experience. The Theosophist agrees with Prof. Huxley in the assertion that there must be beings in the universe whose intelligence is as much beyond ours as ours exceeds that of the black beetle, and who take an active part in the government of the natural order of things.

The most intelligent being in the universe, man, has never been without a friend, but has a line of elder brothers who continually watch over the progress of the less progressed, preserve the knowledge gained through æons of trial and experience, and continually seek for opportunities of drawing the developing intelligence of the race on this or other globes to consider the great truths concerning the destiny of the soul. These elder brothers also keep the knowledge they have gained of the laws of nature in all departments, and are ready when cyclic law permits to use it for the benefit of mankind. They have always existed as a body, all knowing each other, no matter in what part of the world they may be, and all working for the race in many different ways. In some periods they are well known to the people and move among ordinary men whenever the social organization, the virtue, and the development of the nations permit it.

REINCARNATION.

Alone in reincarnation is the answer to all the problems of life, and in it and Karma is the force that will make men pursue in fact the ethics they have in theory.

Some urge that Heredity invalidates Reincarnation. We urge it as proof. Heredity in giving us a body in any family provides the appropriate environment for the Ego. The Ego only goes into the family which either completely answers to its whole nature, or which gives an opportunity for the working out of its evolution, and which is also connected with it by reason of past incarnations or causes mutually set up. Thus the evil child may come to the presently good family

because parents and child are indissolubly connected by past actions.

Heredity provides the tenement and also imposes those limitations of capacity of brain or body which are often a punishment and sometimes a help, but it does not affect the real Ego. The limitations imposed on the Ego by any family heredity are exact consequences of that Ego's prior lives.

Suffering comes to nearly all men, and a great many live lives of sorrow from the cradle to the grave, so it is objected that reincarnation is unjust because we suffer for the wrong done by some other person in another life. This objection is based on the false notion that the person in the other life was some one else. But in every life it is the same person. When we come again we do not take up the body of someone else, nor another's deeds, but are like an actor who plays many parts, the same actor inside though the costumes and the lines recited differ in each new play. Shakespeare was right in saying that life is a play, for the great life of the soul is a drama, and each new life and rebirth another act in which we assume another part and put on a new dress, but all through it we are the self-same person. So instead of its being unjust, it is perfect justice, and in no other manner could justice be preserved.

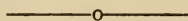
Memory of a prior life is not needed to prove that we passed through that existence, nor is the fact of not remembering a good objection. We forget the greater part of the occurrences of the years and days of this life, but no one would say for that reason we did not go through these years.

Many persons do, however, remember that they have lived before. Poets have sung of this, children know it well, until the constant living in an atmosphere of unbelief drives the recollection from their minds for the present, but all are subject to the limitations imposed upon the Ego by the new brain in each life. This is why we are not able to keep the pictures of the past, whether of this life or the preceding ones. The brain is the instrument for the memory of the soul, and, being new in each life with but a certain capacity, the Ego is only able to use it for the new life up to its capacity.

That capacity will be fully availed of or the contrary, just according to the Ego's own desire and prior conduct, because such past living will have increased or diminished its power to overcome the forces of material existence.

By living according to the dictates of the soul the brain may at last be made porous to the soul's recollections; if the contrary sort of a life is led, then more and more will clouds obscure that reminiscence. But as the brain had no part in the life last lived, it is in general unable to remember. And this is a wise law, for we should be very miserable if the deeds and scenes of our former lives were not hidden from our view until by discipline we become able to bear a knowledge of them.

The appearance of geniuses and great minds in families destitute of these qualities, as well as the extinction from a family of the genius shown by some ancestor, can only be met by the law of rebirth. Napoleon the First came in a family wholly unlike him in power and force. Nothing in his heredity will explain his character. He said himself, as told in the Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand, that he was Charlemagne. Only by assuming for him a long series of lives giving the right line of evolution or cause for his mind and nature and force to be brought out, can we have the slightest idea why he or any other great genius appeared at all. Mozart when an infant could compose orchestral score. This was not due to heredity, for such a score is not natural, but is forced, mechanical, and wholly conventional, yet he understood it without schooling. How? Because he was a musician reincarnated, with a musical brain furnished by his family and thus not impeded in his endeavors to show forth his musical knowledge.—*William Q. Judge, Ocean of Theosophy.*



The "struggle for existence" applies to the physical, never to the moral plane of being.—*H. P. Blavatsky.*

The world is my country, to do good my religion.—*Thomas Paine.*

As the years roll on and human life unfolds, Christ, the friend of all humanity, should be revealed in a new and clearer light to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.—*Katherine Tingley.*

Those of us who think knowledge can be acquired without pursuing the path of love, mistake. The soul is aware of what it requires. It demands altruism, and so long as that is absent, so long will merely intellectual study lead to nothing.—*W. Q. Judge.*

Let me say one thing I know; only the feeling of true brotherhood, of true love towards humanity, aroused in the soul of some one strong enough to stem this tide, can carry us through. For love and trust are the only weapons that can overcome the real enemies against which the true lover of humanity must fight. If I, or you, go into this battle from pride, from self-will, from anything but the purest motive, we must fail.—*W. Q. Judge.*

Men are beginning to realize that their divine birthright is no dream. The utterance of the statement brings with it a living power reviving the embers in the heart. We have but to take the first step in the true spirit of brotherliness, and all other steps will follow in natural sequence. We have to be warriors and fight the old fight unceasingly, but leagued with us in this ancient fight are all the hosts of light. Behind man, back of all things, broods the eternal spirit of Compassion.—*Katherine Tingley.*

There is no individual who cannot become a center for the restorative forces of nature, no individual who cannot become a world of light in miniature in which the radiance of hope will go out into all other worlds which are, or may be, in the darkness of dread and despair. Let us believe in justice and the triumph of right. Let us be assured that the oversoul of humanity is alive forevermore, that it has the keys of fate within its hands and that it will subdue all insurrection from below, imposing at the last its utmost perfect peace upon all turbulences and upon all violences.—*New Century Path.*

The ultimate origin or beginning of man is not to be discovered, although we may know when and from where the men of this globe came. Man never was not. If not on this globe, then on some others, he ever was, and will ever be in existence somewhere in the Cosmos. Ever perfecting and reaching up to the image of the Heavenly Man, he is always becoming.—*William Quan Judge.*

Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age.—*Katherine Tingley.*

To live to benefit mankind is the first step.

Step out from Sunlight into Shade, to make more room for others.

Learn that no efforts, not the smallest—whether in right or wrong direction—can vanish from the world of causes.

If thou wouldn't reap sweet peace and rest, Disciple, sow with the seeds of merit the fields of future harvests.

Sow kindly acts and thou shalt reap their fruition.

Guard thou the lower lest it soil the higher.

Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the Lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

Have perseverance as one who doth for evermore endure.

The way to final freedom is within thy Self.

—*Voice of the Silence.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF RIGHT THINKING.

BY REV. T. S. McWILLIAMS, D. D.

This second discourse upon "The Springs of Character" brings us to consider Character and the Mind, or the importance of right thinking. Looking at the body we were filled with wonder, and I hope were led to worship the God who has so marvellously fashioned these material frames. But far more wonderful than the body is the *mind* of man. Indeed as Shakespeare says, "Tis the mind that makes the body rich." Think of the faculties of reason, of memory, of imagination.

We wonder at the products of the looms, but what are those yards of silk or satin compared with the songs, the poems, the orations, the conversations — the countless fabrics, some of them immortal, woven by the brain of man.

The Bank of England has a mechanism that tests coins and throws out all light weights; but man's judgment is a mechanism by which things invisible such as arguments, motives and principles may be weighed and tested.

Many and marvellous are the pictures in the world's great galleries, but more numerous and more marvellous are those that hang upon the walls of memory. Think of a faculty by which the scenes, the faces, the thoughts, the feelings, — all one's past may be made to march before the mind in solemn procession.

More marvellous still to me is the faculty of imagination, by which things that never existed are called into being and made to pose as models or serve as patterns of things that man's hands may fashion. "*Each thing was first a thought.*" A loom is Arkwright's thought dressed up in iron clothes. Books are the scholar's thoughts caught and fastened upon

the white page." All our commerce, as well as our conversation and books, commenced with ideas. Our houses and ships and cities and institutions are man's inner thoughts taking on outer and material embodiment. When we think of an Agassiz dredging the Atlantic and telling us what forms of life were there a million years ago; when we think of a Tyndall reading off from the rocky page long-buried secrets of the past; of a Herschel stepping from star to star and exploring the heavenly world; we are ready to exclaim with Shakespeare, "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of a world! The paragon of animals!" Referring to Herschel studying the stars, a philosopher said: "The greatest star is the one at the little end of the telescope. The one looking, not the one looked at or looked for."

If our contemplation of the human body led us with the Psalmist to adore and worship the Creator, much more should our contemplation of the human mind. It was thinking of the human mind, and man's ability to make use of powers outside himself that led the Psalmist to exclaim "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!" Physical man compared with the physical universe, the moon and the stars which God had ordained, seemed utterly insignificant. He marvelled that God should take knowledge of him or visit him. His dominion over the works of God's hands is not due to physical superiority; the deer is more fleet, the lion more powerful. Physical man is one of the weaklings of God's creatures. But possessed of mind and the ability to make use of "powers not himself," he is lord of creation, but little lower than God.

If the marvels of the body make it impossible for us to be atheists and compel us to praise God because we are so wonderfully and fearfully made, much more should the marvels of the mind. If the fact that the body is a mechanism so complicated and important should make us attentive to its development, and careful against its injury, much more the

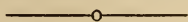
mind. Surely a poet is more than a pugilist; an astronomer than an athlete. Surely the question of what we shall eat or drink or wherewithal we shall be clothed is not so important as the question of food for the mind and enrichment of the inner man.

That mind is one of the "Springs of Character" must be at once evident. The text teaches this. "As He Thinketh in His Heart So Is He." The Spanish proverbs expand the same idea: Thought is the seed from which character grows. Our thoughts determine our acts; our acts groove the brain as some psychologists tell us, and oft repeated become second nature or habits; habits thus formed make character; and character determines destiny. "As he thinketh in his heart so is he." *The thoughts that travel through the brain leave their tracks behind.* We talk about things passing in at one ear and out at the other, as if we were not affected by them in the least; but we are. If the stream of thought be pure, it will to some extent purify the mind through which it passes; if it be impure, it will leave a deposit behind that will eventually harden into character.

When you think of that do you wonder that we want to dam up the stream of impure literature that, fed by the rills from a thousand presses is flooding this fair land of ours? You cannot read the immoral book or listen to low conversation without injury. *The thoughts that travel through the brain leave their tracks behind.*

Notice the expression, — "In his heart." The Bible way of speaking of the heart may not be scientific, but it is very suggestive. The heart, by the Ancients, was regarded as the seat of the affections; while the head was the seat of the intellect. The "thoughts of the heart" therefore, meant the thoughts that are loved or cherished; the things that one wanted to think. This fact throws light upon an expression like that in Psalm 14: 1, "The fool hath said in his heart, No God." That does not mean that all atheists are fools. It means that the one who wishes there were no God; is unwilling to believe in God if he could, who says in his heart "No God," is a fool. As well might the flower wish

that there was no sun in the heavens. The man who is like the flower whose sunshine is cut off; the man whose view of God is obscured by enveloping mists or intervening clouds is to be pitied more than blamed. But the Psalmist says the man who wishes God could be forever hidden from his view, is a fool. But the text goes beyond the teaching that the passing current of thought permanently affects the character. It does more than assert that the thoughts that travel through the brain leave their tracks behind. It teaches that the thoughts we welcome and cherish will shape our character. Men say it matters little what creed one subscribes to if one's life is all right. A creed merely subscribed to with the hand does make little difference; but the creed cherished in the heart will express itself in the life, for "As he thinketh in his heart so is he." Men become like the God in whom they believe. "They that worship them are like unto them." That is why the Bible lays such emphasis on faith. — Not that God cares so much what we think of Him, but what we think of Him will determine our attitude and conduct toward Him. It matters little what creeds hang like weavers' patterns upon the wall. But it matters immensely what creeds we put into the actual loom of life, for these determine the very warp and woof of character.



BEST THOUGHTS ON CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

A man is what he is, not what men say he is. His character is what he is before God. That no man can touch; only he himself can damage it. His reputation is what men say he is. That may be damaged. Reputation is for time; character is for eternity.—*John B. Goff.*

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and angels know of us.—*Paine.*

See that your character is right, and in the long run your reputation will be right.—*Anon.*

One may be better than his reputation, but never better than his principles.—*Latena.*

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates.*

A proper self-regard becomes improper as soon as we begin to value reputation more than real character.—*Morning Star.*

The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity, is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any man can leave to the youth of his native land, is that of a shining, spotless example.—*R. C. Winthrop*.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.—*Humboldt*.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the¹⁷⁶ stormy billows of the world.—*Goethe*.

Men best show their characters in trifles, when they are not on their guard.—*Schopenhauer*.

Character and personal force are the only investments that are worth anything.—*Whitman*.

A man's character is the reality of himself. His reputation is the opinion others have formed of him.⁴⁷ Character is in him;—reputation is from other people—that is the substance, this is the shadow.—*Beecher*.

Whatever ignominy or disgrace we have incurred, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation.—*Roche foucauld*.

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.—*Colton*.

The purest treasure mortal times afford

Is spotless reputation; that away,

¹⁶¹Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.—*Shakespeare*.

¹⁵³As the sun is best seen at his rising and setting,¹⁶⁴ so men's native dispositions are clearest seen when they are children, and when they are dying.—*Boyle*.

¹⁵³As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.—*Coleridge*.

Every man, as to character, is the creature of the age in which he lives. Very few are able to raise themselves above the ideas of their times.—*Voltaire*.

¹⁶¹A fair reputation is a plant delicate in its nature, and by no means rapid in its growth. It will not shoot up in a night, ¹⁵³like the gourd of the prophet, but¹⁶² like that gourd, it may perish in a night.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

¹⁵³Good will, like¹⁵⁵ a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.—*H. W. Beecher*.

¹⁹⁶Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself; and what remains is bestial.—*Shakespeare*.

Character is a diamond that scratches every other stone.—*Bartol.*

Character is perfectly educated will.—*Novalis.*

¹⁵³The reputation of a man is like his shadow, gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.—*Talleyrand.*

He who acts wickedly in private life, can never be expected to show himself noble in public conduct. He that is base at home will not acquit himself with honor abroad; for it is not the man, but only the place that is changed.—*Æschines.*

¹⁵³As they, who for every slight infirmity take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they, who for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.—*J. Mason.*

Characters do not change. Opinions alter, but characters are only developed.—*Disraeli.*

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choices of good and evil we have made through life.—*Geike.*

Thoughts of virtue lead to virtuous action; acts of virtue ripen into virtuous habits; and the goodly and permanent result is, the formation or establishment of a virtuous character.—*Chalmers.*

Every thought willingly contemplated, every word meaningly spoken, every action freely done consolidates itself in the character, and will project itself onward continually.—*H. Giles.*

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce

Of that¹⁷⁷ serene companion, a good name,

Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,

With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.—*Wordsworth.*

The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket.—*Johnson.*

In all the affairs of this world, so much reputation is, in reality, so much power.—*Tillotson.*

My name and memory I leave to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and to the next age.—*Bacon.*

There are two modes of establishing our reputation:¹⁸⁴ to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will invariably be accompanied by the latter.—*Colton.*

Reputation is sometimes as wide as the horizon, when character is but the point of a needle. Character is what one really is; reputation what others believe him to be.—*H. W. Beecher.*

¹⁶¹Truthfulness is the corner-stone in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a¹⁶¹ weak spot in the foundation.—*J. Davis.* (B)

¹⁹⁰If you would create something, you must be something.—*Goethe.*

All the little vexations of life have their use as a part of our moral discipline. They afford the best trial of character. Many a man who could bow with resignation, if told that he was to die, is thrown off his guard and out of temper by the slightest opposition to his opinions or his projects.—*Anonymous*.

¹⁵³Character is like stock in trade; the more of it a man possesses, the greater his facilities for making additions to it. Character is power—is influence; it makes friends; creates funds; draws patronage and support; and opens a pure and easy way to wealth, honor and happiness.—*Hawes*.

Experience serves to prove, that the worth and strength of a state depend far less upon the form of its institutions than upon the character of its men; for the nation is only the aggregate of individual conditions, and civilization itself is but a question of personal improvement.—*Smiles*.

Wherever you find patience, fidelity, honor, kindness, truth, there you find respectability, however obscure and lonely men may be.—*Beecher*.

All that makes men true, pure and godly, goes with them everywhere. All that makes them false, impure, wicked, abides with them. Every man goes to his own place.—*Golden Rule*.

A tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself is this: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God or away from him?"—*J. J. Gurney*.

Character is built out of circumstances. From exactly the same materials one man builds palaces, while another builds hovels.—*G. H. Lewes*.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.—*Socrates*.

The best part of human character is tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others¹⁸⁷—minutiae of the social virtues.—*Emerson*.

Nothing is so uncertain as general reputation.²³⁸ A man injures me from humor, passion or interest; hates me because he has injured me; speaks ill of me because he hates me.—*Home*.

He that tears away a man's good name, tears the flesh from his bones, and by letting him live, gives him only a cruel opportunity of feeling his misery, of burying his better part and surviving himself.—*South*.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition, oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.—*Shakespeare*.

Some men's reputation seems¹⁵³ like seed wheat, which thrives best when brought from a distance.—*Whately*.

No man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.—*Monk*.

A man's reputation is not in his own keeping, but lies at the mercy of the profligacy of others. Calumny requires no proof.—*Hazlitt*.

Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; it is better to be alone than in bad company.—*Washington*.

A reputation once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the¹⁷⁷ spot where the crack was.—*Anonymous*.

Garments that have once one rent in them are subject to be torn out on every nail, and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken. Such is man's good name when once tainted with reproach.—*Bishop Hall*.

There are few persons of greater worth than their reputation;¹⁹⁶ but how many are there whose worth is far short of their reputation!—*Stanislaus*.

Reputation is rarely proportioned to virtue. We have seen a thousand people esteemed, either for the merit they had not attained or for what they no longer possessed.—*Evremond*.

The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the¹⁷⁷ tinkering.—*Jerrold*.

There is a broad distinction between character and reputation, for one may be destroyed by slander, while the other can never be harmed, save by its possessor. Reputation is in no man's keeping. You and I cannot determine what other men shall think and say about us. We can only determine what they ought to think of us and say about us.—*J. G. Holland*.

He who tries to injure another, injures himself more. No man can be permanently injured, except by his own acts.—*Hjalmer D. Gould*.

Do what you know, and perception is converted into character.—*Emerson*.

A man may be outwardly successful all his life long and die hollow and worthless as a puff-ball; and he may be extremely defeated all his life long, and die in the royalty of a kingdom established within him. A man's true estate of power and riches, is to be in himself; not in his dwelling or position, or external relations, but in his own essential character.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

Character must stand behind and back up everything,—the sermon, the poem, the picture, the play. None of them is worth a straw without it.—*J. G. Holland*.

To judge human character rightly a man may sometimes have¹⁸⁴ very small experience provided he has a very large heart.—*Bulwer*.

Make but few explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating.—*F. W. Robertson*.

No more fatal error can be cherished than that any character can be complete without the religious element. The essential factors in character building are religion, morality, and knowledge.—*J. L. Pickard*.

Character is higher than intellect.—*Emerson*.

Should one tell you that a mountain had changed its place, you are at liberty to doubt it; but if any one tells you that a man has changed his character, do not believe it.—*Mahomet*.

Nothing can work me damage, except myself. The harm that I sustain, I carry about me, and am never a real sufferer but by my own fault.—*St. Bernard*.

When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.—*Tillotson*.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we are, as in what direction we are moving.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—*Richter*.

To be worth anything, character must be capable of¹⁷⁶ standing firm upon its own feet in the world of daily work, temptation and trial; and able to bear the wear and tear of actual life. Cloistered virtues do not count for much.—*S. Smiles*.

¹⁹⁰If I do take care of my character, my reputation will take care of itself.—*D. L. Moody*.

O! reputation,¹⁹⁶ dearer far than life, thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell, whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand, not all thy owner's care, nor the repenting toil of the rude spiller, ever can collect to its first purity and native sweetness.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

Good character is human nature in its best form. It is moral order embodied in the individual. Men of character are not only the¹⁶¹ conscience of society, but in every well governed state they are its best motive power, for it is moral qualities which, in the main, rule the world.—*S. Smiles*.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must¹⁷⁷ hammer and forge one for yourself.—*Froude*.

The best tendencies are made by vigorous and persistent resistance to evil tendencies; whose amiability has been built upon the ruins of ill-temper, and whose generosity springs from an over-mastered and transformed selfishness. Such a character, built up in the presence of enemies has far more attraction than one which is natively pleasing.—*Dexter*.

¹⁸⁴A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and¹⁸⁴ loving favor rather than silver and gold.—*Solomon*.

As there is nothing in the world great but man, there is nothing truly great in man but character.—*W. M. Evarts*.

You may esteem it great to be a leader in one phase of life or another; to be rich or to be learned; to advocate a certain cause, to champion a new philosophy, or to promulgate a particular faith, but remember,⁸⁶ it is greatest to be a man.—*Hjalmer D. Gould*.

HAVE THE ANIMALS SOULS.

For that which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; *yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity.*

Who knoweth the *spirit* of man that goeth upward, and the *spirit* of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?—*Ecclesiastes*, iii, 19-21.

The surface of the earth, the air as high as we can study it, the depths of the sea, swarm with animal life.

The earth rolls around the sun, bathed in its warm light. Tens of millions of creatures die with every revolution of the little planet which is their home. And man "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it" rules the little animals and the big ones and calls himself sole heir of immortality. He says: "For *me* this earth was made and balanced in its wonderful journey; for *me* alone the marvels of future life are reserved."

He digs up the strange creatures from the slimy depths of the ocean, studies and labels them. He dissects one animal to study his own diseases. He skins another to cover his feet with leather. He eats one ox and hitches its brother to the plough. He uses nature's explosive forces to bring down the bird on the wing. He sweeps the rivers with his nets.

The stomach of the well fed man is the graveyard of the animal kingdom. When his dinner is finished, the man well fed strokes his stomach contentedly and says to himself: "All is well. For I have a soul and they have none. They have died to feed me. I am happy and they should be satisfied."

What is the nature of the spirit that directs our humble animal brothers and sisters? They cover the earth so long as we let them, give place to us as the human race increases

and without any thought of organized resistance, die, that we may live. Have these animals souls?

From many points of view that question may be studied. In this column and on this day let it be studied in the light of Christianity's teachings. Wasting no time in discussion of the nature of the soul, let us study the teachings of exact orthodoxy.

"I know all the fowls of the mountains; and the wild beasts of the field are mine."—*Psalms*, i, 11.

There distinctly is the statement that the animals are under God's care, as we are. He who slays one of the fowls of the mountains, or one of the wild beasts of the field, destroys a life that is individually known to God.

"That which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts."

Does not this intimate that the soul force that exists in animals is preserved as is the imperishable spark in man?

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

Here is the distinct statement that in man and beast a spirit exists.

May we properly believe in the light of this text that man's spirit, having reached its limit, leaves the earth at death, whereas the spirit of the beast, still imperfect and doomed to further earthly experience, "goeth downward to the earth" to reappear here again in higher form?

Can we not see throughout the Bible personal, divine interest in everything that lives? Is it not just to conclude that life in itself indicates the existence of spirit, and hence of divine care and guidance?

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God."—*Luke*, xii, 6.

You have seen the bird grieving over the destruction of its nest. You have studied the pathetic eyes of the lost dog, and the sad submission of the tired beaten horse. Is there not soul in those stricken creatures, and spiritual feeling deeper than that displayed by many men? In that immortality for

which men long, what part have the animals? Is there hope for them?

"And the four-and-twenty elders and the four beasts fell down and worshipped God that sat on the throne, saying Amen; Alleluia."—*Revelation*, xix, 4.

Clergymen recently have discussed the existence of soul life in animals. Such discussion is recommended to our readers. First came all animal life, as we know it, and then came man. Science and religion agree on this point, at least.

All owe their being to the same eternal force. On this point again religion and science agree. Is the life in animals merely a passing dream, or does it express in its humble way the promise of life eternal?

In Italy a scientific villain experimented on a dog to ascertain the power of maternal affection. The dog was most cruelly tortured. Its new-born puppy was beside it. Its nerves were wracked, its spine tortured, but whenever permitted to do so, the poor tortured animal mother turned its head toward its whining child and licked it affectionately. Until it died there was nothing that could overcome maternal love in the heart of that poor dumb mother.

Is there not some soul in such love as that?

We believe that there is. What do you think?

—*Cleveland Press*.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND RELIGION.

As a result of the many attacks that have recently been made upon the American public-school system by prominent religious teachers, the whole subject of religious education is just now attracting unusual attention. The sentiments of Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N. J., expressed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the occasion of the consecration of the new bishop of Buffalo, have been widely quoted:

"The public schools, at the present constituted, are detrimental to church and state. Eminent non-Catholic educators are gradually perceiving that 'intellectual cultivation has no effect in arresting the sources of evil in the human heart; that it alters the direction of crime, but not its amount.' Teaching religion in the church and the home is not sufficient; the absence of such teaching in the school is rapidly leading youth into indifference and thus dechristianizing America."

In even more emphatic language, Cardinal Gibbons stated his views, a few days ago, to a correspondent of the *Newark* (N. J.) *News*:

"The system of public education in this country is imperfect and vicious, and undermines the religion of our youth. We want our children to receive an education that will not only make them learned but pious men and women.

"We want them to be not only polished members of society, but also conscientious Christians. We desire for them a training that will form their hearts as well as their minds. We wish them to be not only men of the world, but, above all, men of God.

"The religious and secular education of our children can not be divorced from each other without inflicting a fatal wound upon the soul. The usual consequence of such a

separation is to paralyze the moral faculty and to foment a spirit of indifference in matters of faith.

"Education is to the soul what food is to the body. The milk with which the infant is nourished at its mother's breast, not only feeds its head, but permeates at the same time its heart and other organs of the body. In like manner, the intellectual and moral growth of our children should go hand-in-hand; otherwise their education is shallow and fragmentary, and often proves a curse instead of a blessing. * * *

"I am not unmindful of the blessed influence of a home education, and especially of a mother's tutelage. But of what avail is a mother's toil if the seeds of faith which she has planted attain a sickly growth in the cheerless atmosphere of a schoolroom from which the sun of religion is rigidly excluded?

"The remedy for these defects would be supplied if the denominational system which now obtains in Canada were applied in our public schools."

The New York *Sun*, which has been devoting a considerable amount of space to this subject for several months past, prints in a recent issue a striking letter from the Rev. W. Montague Geer, Vicar of St. Paul's Chapel, New York. Mr. Geer's position is practically that of the Roman Catholic dignitaries quoted above. He says, in part:

"Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Hebrews have struck a compromise by which God and Christ — yes, and with them pagan ethics at their best — are eliminated from the education of the child life of the nation. What is the result? Why, surely, the virtual enthronement of forces that disbelieve in God and Christ and are antagonistic to them. How can those who know what Christianity is and what the nature and needs of children are believe otherwise? There can be no education in these days without religion, or its negation or opposite. What an atmosphere to bring up our children in! Small wonder that atheists and agnostics love to have it so, because in a most pitiful sense of the word the lamb is inside the lion. * * *

"What, then, is the right, the duty, and the policy of the state in this vitally important matter? The situation calls loudly for an answer, which is easily given, hard, indeed, tho it be to put it into practice. The state, for its own protection, is to see that the children are educated, and only to take action where it is necessary to do so, by providing the simplest, most elementary kind of an education for those children who would otherwise be neglected. If private enterprise carries education further than this, it will be on so small a scale, comparatively, that no serious harm is likely to be done.

"In this way an open field and no favor would be given to every religious body to provide proper education for its own children or take the consequences of its neglect of duty. Private schools, large and small, differing widely in dogmatic teaching, but identical in ethics and patriotism, would again spring up and multiply all over the land, and education would again be on a proper and safe basis. The children, or most of them, would be Christianized as well as Americanized. Pagans might be instructed in pagan ethics; Jews would be instructed in Jewish ethics; Protestants and Roman Catholics in Christian ethics. Every religious body would provide for the education of its own children; and the exceptions to this salutary rule would see their children state educated and made thereby the easy prey of some stronger form of religion, or the victim of agnosticism, indifferentism, or atheism and consequently immorality."

Mr. Geer's letter has evoked what *The Sun* terms a truly "amazing" amount of correspondence. One of the ablest replies is that of Dr. Isidor Singer, the editor of the new Jewish Encyclopedia. We quote from his letter:

"Does Mr. Geer know that men of science simply smile at the pretension of our theologians to teach 'religion' in the schoolroom as geography, arithmetic, and zoology are taught?
* * * He certainly knows from his study of the history of philosophy that mankind has not yet produced the genius who could lift the veil from the mystery of life, grant us a glimpse into the beyond. Neither Moses nor Plato, neither Confucius

nor St. Paul, neither Baruch Spinoza nor Herbert Spencer has succeeded in building up a philosophic system offering a satisfactory answer to the three riddles of man's existence: Whence, whither, why?

"You can teach 'theology,' *i. e.*, the history of the religious evolution of a certain section of mankind during a given period or, in a wider sense, the general history of religion; but you can't teach religion itself. Are our Catholic priests, Protestant pastors, and Jewish rabbis being trained for their vocation in schools of religion? No; their special colleges are justly called 'Theological Seminaries,' whose curricula contain dogmatics, church history, canonical law, Bible exegesis, Hebrew, and Syriac. I was unable to find, throughout the 1,332 pages of *Minerva*, the year-book of the universities and colleges of the entire civilized world, one single course of lectures on religion itself. Since our American children, native or foreign-born, are not trained in our public schools for the theological *metier*, the less we tell them of the contradictions between our numberless philosophic and theological systems, and of the millions of victims of religious intolerance in past and present, the better for the children now and the welfare of the American republic in the future.

"He who dares, with a rough hand, to disturb the sanctuary of the public school, where millions of children, without distinction of race or nationality, indiscriminately of social standing or the fortuitous church associations of their parents, are not only prepared for their individual lifework, but are welded together into the great American commonwealth, destined to lead on humanity to the heights of civilization — such a man is guilty of national *lese majeste*. Ye scholarly rabbis, priests, and persons whose brains are filled with confused notions about angelology, transubstantiation, redemption, the decision of rabbinical conferences, church councils and church synods, leave the little ones, whose intimate soul-life most of you are unable to fathom, to the modern priests and priestesses of popular science — the school-teachers.

"These modest men and women not only impart useful knowledge to our children, but educate them also in the noblest

sense of the word. You with your diluted moral philosophy confuse only the minds and disturb the hearts of these innocent boys and girls, who do not care a farthing's worth for our stupid, yea, criminal confessional divisions, which to eliminate from their and our own life should be, in this great and free republic of ours, the highest ambition of statesman, educator, philanthropist, and communal worker. For the teacher of our public schools there are no Catholics, no Baptists, no Episcopalians, no Jews, but God-given souls implanted in human bodies which they try to prepare for their high destinies."—*Literary Digest*.

THE NAME OF GOD.

The following list, comprising the name of God in forty-eight languages, was compiled by the French philologist, Louis Berger.

As he was walking along the streets of Paris, he heard a voice beseeching him to buy some nuts. Upon looking back he discovered it was the voice of his old barber, gaining a scanty living by selling nuts.

To aid him, M. Berger hastily made out this list, by the sale of which the old barber was enabled to make as good a living, or better, than M. Berger himself.

Hebrew—Elohim, Eloah.

Chaldaic—Eilah.

Assyrian—Eleah.

Syriac and Turkish—Alah.

Malay—Alla.

Arabic—Allah.

Language of the Magi—Orsi.

Old Egyptian—Teut.

Armorian—Teuti.

Modern Egyptian—Teun.

Greek—Theos.

Cretan—Thios.

Aeolian and Doric—Ilos.

Latin—Deus.

Low Latin—Diex.

Celtic and Gallic—Diu.

French—Dieu.

Spanish—Dios.

Portuguese—Deos.

Old German—Diet.

Provençal—Diou.

Low Breton—Doue.

Italian—Dio.

Irish—Dia.

Olalu Tongue—Deu.

German and Swiss—Gott.

Flemish—Goed.

Dutch—Godt.

English and Old Saxon—God.

Teutonic—Goth.

Danish and Swedish—Gut.

Norwegian—Gud.

Slave—Buch.

Polish—Bog.

Polacca—Bung.

Lapp—Jubinal.

Finnish—Jumala.

Runic—As.

Zemblaic—Fetizo.

Pannonian—Istu.

Hindustanee—Rain.

Coromandel—Brama.

Tartar—Magatal.

Persian—Sire.

Chinese—Prussa.

Japanese—Goezur.

Madagascar—Zannar.

Peruvian—Pachacamac.

LAW AND GOVERNMENT,
WITH REMINISCENCES.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

Blackstone says, "Law is the embodiment of the moral sense of the people." Gladstone says, "Good laws make it easier to do right and harder to do wrong." By referring law to the moral sense of the people, we imply that law, correctly administered, is just. "Be just and fear not," (Shakespeare), means that, except by perversion of law, he who is just hath no cause to fear. Massinger states it,

* * * * "The good need fear no law,
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe."

The connection of law with justice is also implied in Hill's expression, "Law that shocks equity is reason's murder"; and Coke writes, "Reason is the life of law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason."

Passing from expressions of law in which justice is implied to those in which justice is expressed, we quote from Rufus Choate, "The absolute justice of the state enlightened by the perfect reason of the state, that is law." Socrates said, "What is in conformity with justice should also be in conformity with law." That justice precedes and is the foundation of law, although itself an independent principle, is set forth in these words by Voltaire, "The sentiment of justice is so natural, and so universally acquired by all mankind, that it seems to be independent of all law, all party, all religion." That it is natural to right-minded people, is indicated by Rousseau's remark, "An honest man nearly always thinks justly."

But despite these best thoughts of best thinkers on what law ought to be, there is much on record in confirmation of the trite saying heard almost daily about every court-house, "Law is one thing and justice quite another." If this expression could be modified to say, Law is one thing but its admin-

istration quite another—it would be nearer the truth; and that is probably what is meant, but inaccurately stated.³¹ The meaning is—law is one thing, but to obtain justice by resorting to law is quite another.

That justice, although the essence of law, is yet an independent concept, with much to consider aside from its expression in the form of law, we may cite the following from Daniel Webster:

“Justice is the great interest of man on earth. It is the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together. Wherever her temple stands, and so long as it is duly honored, there is a foundation for social security, general happiness, and the improvement and progress of our race. And whoever labors on this edifice with usefulness and distinction, whoever clears its foundations, strengthens its pillars, adorns its entablatures, or contributes to raise its august dome still higher in the skies, connects himself, in name, and fame, and character, with that which is and must be as durable as the frame of human society.”

Also Blair, “He who goes no further than bare justice, stops at the beginning of virtue.” And others:

“Justice is the first virtue of those who command, and stops the complaints of those who obey.”—*Diderot*.

“God gives manhood but one clue to success, utter and exact justice; that, He guarantees, shall be always expediency.”—*Wendell Phillips*.

“Justice is the idea of God; the ideal of men; the rule of conduct writ in the nature of mankind.”—*Theodore Parker*.

“No obligation to justice does force a man to be cruel, or to use the sharpest sentence. A just man does justice to every man and to everything; and then, if he be also wise, he knows there is a debt of mercy and compassion due to the infirmities of man’s nature; and that is to be paid; and he that is cruel and ungentle to a sinning person, and does the worst to him, is in his debt, and is unjust.”—*Jeremy Taylor*.

“Use every man after his desert and who should escape whipping?”—*Shakespeare*.

“Justice delayed is justice denied.”—*Gladstone*.

“Strike if you will, but hear me.”—*Themistocles*.

“How can a people be free that has not learned to be just?”—*Sieyes*.

“Justice is to give every man his own.”—*Aristotle*.

"He who is only just is cruel.—Who on earth could live were all judged justly?"—*Byron*.

"Justice is the bread of the nation;¹⁶¹ it is always hungry for it."—*Chateaubriand*.

"Justice shines¹⁷⁶ in smoky cottages and honors the pious. Leaving with averted eyes the gorgeous glare obtained by polluted hands, she is wont to draw nigh to holiness, not reverencing wealth when falsely stamped with praise, and assigning to each deed its righteous doom."—*Æschylus*.

But after wise legislators have incorporated the full measure of justice into the laws they have enacted, we are confronted with conditions of society which make it often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to obtain justice through the administration of the law. The responsibility assumed by the judicial and executive branches of a government is well-nigh appalling. Pascal says, "Justice and power must be brought together, so that whatever is just may be powerful, and whatever is powerful may be just," and Joubert, "Justice without strength, or strength without justice—fearful misfortunes!" In this we find the responsibility also reversed, for not only is it requisite that all justice be enforced by strength, but that all strength be used justly.⁴⁹⁹ The relation of power to justice has engaged the best thought of statesmen, moralists, and philosophers alike, regardless of nationality or the age in which they lived. Hear Tacitus, "Power acquired by guilt has seldom been applied to any good end or useful purpose," and Pascal, "Justice without power is inefficient. Power without justice is tyranny. Justice without power is opposed, because there are always wicked men. Power without justice is soon questioned." And then, as above, "Justice and power must therefore be brought together, so that whatever is just may be powerful and whatever is powerful may be just."

Demosthenes says, "It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, or treachery," and in this connection, we may also quote again, Napoleon, "Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four." So, Emerson, "Where is the source of power? The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men. The

world stands on ideas, not on iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all the elements is moral force."

All these point to the inweaving of the eternal principle of justice into both the woof and warp¹⁷⁶ of the mental constitution of man. No phase of mental activity can be exercised normally, without due regard to justice as the expression of relations between cause and effect. Even the cold, hard facts of mathematical science, supposed to be entirely removed from the realm of conscience, are constantly presenting themselves in the form of equations, and what is an equation but a formal statement of justice? Equity is another verbal sign of the same idea, and a Court of Equity is only a court that decides according to natural ideas of justice, without reference to any particular law, or to whether there is any law to fit that particular case.

John Foster says, "Power, to its last particle, is duty," and Burke, "I know of nothing sublime which is not some modification of power." Here we are shown the relation of power to duty and sublimity respectively, but can you divorce justice from either duty or sublimity?^{192, 195} Substituting for power its synonym, authority, we see clearly the force of Shakespeare's exclamation, "Man, proud man! dressed in a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep!" Who can fail to read between these burning lines the crimson story of unjust wars, unrighteous deeds of princes and potentates, unhallowed revelries of unjust rulers, and the whole multitude of forms in which injustice has been manifested in high places? How true it is, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

If, then, law is based on the idea of justice, and justice, as the foundation of morality, is the lodestar of conscience, is not the forum the counterpart of the pulpit, the bar the brother of the altar, the lawyer the complement of the priest? To place the advocate of justice and the exponent of religion on the same pedestal is neither exalting the one nor degrading the other. The thoughtless throng, in a mere spirit of badin-

age, may call the lawyer a liar, the physician a murderer, the clergyman a hypocrite; but when brought to the verge of dissolution, the physician is summoned to cure the ills of life, the preacher to scare away the terrors of death, and the lawyer to rescue the estate. The minister is relied upon to point the way to virtue, but to the lawyer is assigned the equally arduous and responsible task of defending the innocent against the accusation of crime; while to defend the guilty until convicted is none the less necessary for the impartial administration of justice.

We now submit a few articles, essays, quotations, and other items more or less formal, concerning law and government, including also certain reminiscences which reflect both the crude and the more refined ideas of the past, on the varying relations of liberty and justice to law.

THE JUVENILE COURT.

BY KATHERINE KINSEY BROOKS.

A sculptor can take a lump of clay in his hands and mold it into a demon or a god—providing the clay is plastic. If it has been allowed to harden it will remain a dry lump of clay, certainly not ornamental, seemingly useless.

The laws of Nature are very few and very simple. A rule that holds good in one kingdom holds good throughout all Nature. A fundamental principle is broad enough to cover all conditions. It remains for the student of any particular phase of nature to discover the general principle that covers the case in question and apply it. The result will be certain. Throughout the ages the crime problem has puzzled mankind. One remedy after another has been applied, to no effect. To say the most, crime was only arrested; often even this result could not be brought about, and it would seem that where one head was lopped off a thousand would grow. Then the Juvenile Court idea was born, and today it promises a solution of this centuries-old problem. At last the fact has been recognized that if crime is to be stamped out the work must begin in the home, and among the children; that if a child is to be saved it must be taken in hand early and placed where the very best that is in it will have a chance to develop, and where the undesirable qualities will be starved out for want of opportunity to assert themselves.

The Juvenile Court has been a surprise to those who worked most enthusiastically to establish it. It has been much as if a wanderer had seen something glisten in the sand at his feet, and picked it up, thinking it was a pretty glass bauble, to find on turning it over in his hand that he had discovered a priceless diamond. Those earnest thinkers who bore the brunt

of the battle for the establishment of the Juvenile Court did not at first realize its possibilities. Their highest hopes have been more than realized. They find in their hands a key that will eventually unlock the door of mysteries.

The children's court is a child of Illinois, conceived at Chicago and born at Springfield, becoming effective July 1, 1899. The many societies and agencies dealing with children—mostly dependent, for they had no way of dealing with delinquents—found themselves hampered at every turn when they attempted to secure control of children in cases where common humanity demanded the little ones should be taken away from their evil environment and placed where they would have proper care and education. Often the children, through begging and petty thievery, were the sole support of shiftless, worthless parents, and it is not to be marveled at that their natural guardians objected when there was a prospect of their source of profit being taken away from them.

The law has ever been solicitous in regard to the management and control of any property which a child might inherit. No matter how insignificantly small the estate might be, the law took cognizance of it, and saw that it was administered to the best interests of the child. Unless the child possessed an estate, its person was not taken cognizance of by the law. Illinois, in passing the juvenile court law, took charge of the interests of the child in their entirety and built up a complete system to regulate the work.

As has already been stated, the child saving agencies, up to the time the juvenile court law was passed, had found themselves hampered to an extent that rendered them almost ineffective. What little work they were able to accomplish was illegal. As far back as 1888-1889 the officers of the Visitation and Aid Society drafted a law legalizing the work. This bill was introduced in the Illinois Legislature and passed to second reading but failed to become a law. At that time the law took absolutely no cognizance of any kind of a delinquent child under ten years of age. When a child reached the age of ten years, if it committed a depredation of any sort that could be construed as an

overt act against the laws of the State, it could be arrested and thrown into prison along with the most hardened criminals. Here the little ones, many of whom did not realize they had done wrong, conscious only of the fact that they were being punished, learned their first lesson in crime. The seeds that were planted in their first experience ripened rapidly and bore fruit as soon as they were released. The children under ten years of age ran about the streets like little wild animals, seeking what they might destroy, living their disorderly little lives unmolested because the officers of child saving societies had no law whereby they could get hold of the juvenile wrongdoers and check the stream of evil while it was weak, before it had developed into a raging torrent of degeneracy which would be beyond human control.

Hon. Harvey B. Hurd, Illinois' veteran jurist, solved the problem. After studying over the matter for years it occurred to him that there was a remedy from the standpoint that the state occupies what in common law is known as "*parens patriae*"; that is to say, that it is the duty of the State to act in the capacity of parent or superior parent in the matter, and that this could be effected through the chancellors, who eminently are the stewards of the State. The Woman's Club of Chicago became interested in the matter. The agitation was kept up by Mrs. Lucy L. Flower, and the desired legislation was finally secured. It was realized by all who studied the matter that it was necessary to confide the care and custody of the person of the child to a court of original, inherent and unlimited jurisdiction, in order that the court should have sufficient power to deal with any difficulty that might arise from the time the child was brought into court up to the time it was discharged. The Circuit Court was chosen as the one that should administer the Juvenile Court law. The fundamental idea lying at the base of the Juvenile Court law is the separation of children of tender years from the criminal class.

July 1, 1899, the Cook County, Illinois Juvenile Court was opened at Chicago with Hon. Richard S. Tuthill on the bench. Requests poured in from all sides for copies of the law.

Philanthropists in other States had for long time realized that the fact that children were being permitted to grow up surrounded by seasoned vice and crime was the moth that was gnawing the fabric of human society until it was becoming tattered. After the Cook County Juvenile Court proved to be so eminently a success, the legislatures of other States were easily persuaded to enact similar laws. At the present writing, April 28, 1904, as the result of juvenile court legislation the following states are better equipped than ever before for child saving work: New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Indiana, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, California, Minnesota, Ohio, Massachusetts, Louisiana and Washington, D. C. A Juvenile Court law was enacted by the Iowa Legislature, but was declared unconstitutional. The movement has therefore received a temporary set-back in that State. London, England, child saving societies took up the idea and secured legislation to help them in their work. Ontario, Canada, has passed juvenile court laws, and it is intended by the Japanese government to equip that country with an effective child saving system founded upon the ideas in operation in the United States.

The Colorado law is perhaps the most far-reaching of any that have been enacted. It deals with the case not only from the standpoint of the child, but takes into consideration as well the forces that caused the delinquency of the child. For instance, should a child be found delinquent by the Colorado courts, the court at once inquires into the cause of the delinquency. The parent may be brought into court under a separate charge and punished for causing the delinquency of the child. The saloonkeeper who sold liquor to the parent, thus aiding in causing the delinquency, may also be brought into court on a separate charge. The latter two charges are under separate and distinct laws, in no way connected with the hearing of the child's case.

The keynote of the harmony of the operation of the Juvenile Court is the probation system. This is the cord upon which all the pearls are strung—the keystone of the arch that

forms the bridge from delinquency to noble manhood and womanhood. Without the probation system the magistrate would have three courses open to him, if a delinquent be found guilty. He could dismiss the child with a rebuke; he could fine the parents; or he might commit the child to an institution. Enough institutions do not exist to care for all the children placed under the guardianship of the Juvenile Court. The probation system permits the judge to place the child on probation. The subsequent report of the probation officer determines whether or not the child shall be taken away from its home. The taxpayers are relieved, by the probation system, from the necessity of maintaining delinquents, who are thus maintained at the expense of their parents.

Aside from the value of the probation system as a money saving institution, its value is inestimable from an ethical standpoint. The probation officer becomes practically a member of the family. It is his privilege and duty to instill in the minds of the entire family ideas of truth, honesty, integrity, decency and cleanliness. He becomes the teacher of the parents as well as the guardian of the child, and attempts to so educate them that in time they may become capable of again assuming the guardianship of their own children, a right which the State has been forced to take away from them temporarily because of their incapacity, through ignorance, to faithfully perform their duty in that respect. The probation officer has it in his power to eventually raise the entire family to a higher plane. One child in whom has been awakened a desire to walk in the paths of rectitude has an influence for good upon the whole family. One family so uplifted possesses an influence for good over the entire community. Without the probation system this influence would be practically impossible.

The child saving agencies expected to be assisted in their work by the Juvenile Court law. Much to their surprise they found in their hands a weapon which, if properly used, will cut away the deadly upas tree of crime at its very roots. As they analyzed deeper they became conscious of the fact that crime, to a great extent, is due to lack of proper guidance at

the formative period of the child's life. As the sculptor who would make a model must work while the clay is soft and plastic, so the child must be taken in hand before it has been hardened by circumstances and environment. If this is done it will be possible to save him in almost every instance. Dependency today grows into truancy tomorrow and delinquency the next day just as certainly as the sun will rise in the east and set in the west. By taking the child early in its dependency and placing it in a good home where it will receive the benefits of the education God means every human being shall have, that child will be saved from the aftermath of truancy and delinquency. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the delinquency of a child can be traced directly to improper home surroundings. What can you expect of a child, boy or girl, who, from the time it is able to walk, is sent to the saloon for the bucket of beer which is considered indispensable to the happiness and well-being of the parents? What can you expect of the little Italian children that are sent out to dance and beg pennies from dawn to midnight? Place these children in proper environments and the possibilities of their future have no limits. Leave them where they are and the result can be presaged with certainty—the jail—the brothel.

Positive proof has been furnished that it is cheaper to save a child than to punish a criminal. According to Jailer Whitman, an average of 575 boys under sixteen years of age were committed to the Cook County jail each year previous to the enactment of the Illinois Juvenile Court law. These boys were arrested on criminal charges, tried as criminals, and if convicted were sentenced to serve time in penal institutions under the same laws that governed the cases against adults. When this statement was made the Cook County Juvenile Court had been in operation about a year and a half. Up to that time, not over twenty boys had been sent to jail, and they were boys who, early in life, had started on a career of crime, and whose cases were such as to justify the court in inflicting more permanent reformatory measures. July 1, 1902, a second statement was prepared by Jailer Whitman. This statement was as follows:

Number of boys in Cook county jail (Illinois)	
for years 1897, 1898	1,130
Number of boys in Cook county jail for year	
ending July 1, 1899	575
Total for three years.....	1,705
Number of boys in same institution since juvenile law (Illinois) has been in force during	
past three years	48

The work of the Juvenile Court costs the State of Illinois about \$4,000 a year over and above the regular expenses of the Circuit Court. The amount saved in avoiding criminal prosecution and the expense of subsequent punishment of all these juvenile delinquents can be readily appreciated.

The Governor of Colorado in his inaugural address to the legislature, stated that the Denver Juvenile Court had saved the State and county \$88,000 in eighteen months. A recent report of the work accomplished by the Kansas City, Missouri, Juvenile Court showed that the probation system in Kansas City had saved the community nearly \$10,000 in a year and a half. That is to say, if the boys who were paroled had been sent to jail or to the reform school, the cost to the county would have reached this large sum. On the other hand, as they were looked after by a probation officer, the only expense to the tax payers was the small appropriation made by the city toward part of the salary of the probation officer.

What more can be said? The roots of crime are imbedded in the soil of neglect. The Juvenile Court provides an instrument whereby this soil may be turned over so that God's sunlight can shine on it and kill out the seeds of evil. The Juvenile Court makes it possible to give the child the care that is its due from its great parent, the State. Like a kaleidoscope, the Juvenile Court changes with every turn. It can be made to fit every condition that may arise in child life. Through its influence that which, if left alone, would have covered the face of the earth with the tangled briars of crime and vice can be transformed so the desert of life will bloom like the rose.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

SECRETARY CHASE'S ADDITION.

When the final draft of the Proclamation was presented by the President to the Cabinet, it closed with the paragraph stating that the slaves it liberated would be received into the armed service of the United States. Mr. Chase objected to the appearance of a document of such momentous importance without one word beyond the dry phrases necessary to convey its meaning; and finally proposed that there be added to the President's draft the following sentence:

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

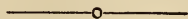
Mr. Lincoln adopted the sentence as Mr. Chase wrote it, only interlining after the word "Constitution," the words, "upon military necessity"; and in that form the Proclamation went to the world, and history.

The President originally resolved upon the policy of issuing this Proclamation in the summer of 1862. As he had expressed it himself, everything was going wrong; we seemed to have put forth our utmost effort; and he really didn't know what more to do, unless he did this. Accordingly, he prepared the preliminary Proclamation, nearly in the form in which it subsequently appeared, called the Cabinet together and read it to them.

Mr. Montgomery Blair was startled. "If you issue that proclamation, Mr. President," he exclaimed, "you will lose every one of the fall elections."

Mr. Seward, on the other hand, said: "I approve of it, Mr. President, just as it stands. I approve of it in principle, and I approve of the policy of issuing it. I only object to the time. Send it out now, on the heels of our late disasters, and it will be construed as the convulsive struggle of a drowning man. To give it proper weight you should reserve it until after some victory."

The President assented to Mr. Seward's view, and it was withheld till the fall, when it was issued almost precisely as originally prepared. The one to which Mr. Chase supplied the concluding sentence was the final Proclamation, issued on the subsequent 1st of January.



ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a large sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LINCOLN.

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Bulwark and barbican, grim and tall,
 Keep and turret and moated wall,
 Portico, peristyle, stately hall,
 Palaces, castles, courts and all;
 Lofty minaret, lordly dome,
 Humble yourselves at the childhood home
 Of Lincoln.

Made of a few sticks, clumsily cut;
 No window to open, no door to shut;
 So wretched, indeed, that the name of hut
 Were gilded praise of its poverty; but—
 By the kernel alone we must judge the nut.
 Who could have dreamed in that early hour
 That out of such muck would have sprung the flower—
 A Lincoln!

Reactionaries! who strive, today,
 To hold that men are of differing clay;
 Oligarchs, plutocrats! ye who say
 The fathers were wrong, and yea or nay
 May answer a People's Rights, today,
 That some are to rule and some obey,
 One plain word shall command your shame;
 Into your faces I fling the name
 Of Lincoln.

Whence did he come? From the rearmost rank
 Of the humblest file. Was it some mad prank
 Of God that the mountains were bare and blank?
 And the strong tree grew on the lowliest bank?
 Not so! 'Tis the Law. The seed blows wide
 And the flower may bloom as the garden's pride,
 Or spring from the ditch. Nor time, nor place,
 Condition nor caste, nor clime nor race
 Can limit manhood. The proof is the case
 Of Lincoln.

How was he trained—this untaught sage,
 With nothing but want for his heritage?
 Set to work at the tender age
 Which should have been conning a primer page—
 His whole youth spent for a pitiful wage
 As axman, farmer, boatman, clerk;
 Learned alone in the school of work
 Was Lincoln.

What was his power? Not kingly caste,
 Nor jingle of gold howsoever amassed;
 Not Napoleon's force with the world aghast;
 Not Talleyrand's cunning, now loose now fast;
 Not weak persuasion or fierce duress,
 But strong with the Virtue of Homeliness
 Was Lincoln.

Homely in feature. An old style room,
 With its tall, quaint clock and its old, quaint loom,
 Has very much of his home-made air.
 Plain, but a plainness made to wear.
 Homely in character. Void of pretense;
 Homely in homeliest common sense.
 Homely in honesty. Homespun stuff
 For every weather, mild or rough.
 Homely in humor, which bubbled up
 Like a forest spring in its earthen cup.
 Homely in justice. He knew the law,
 But often more than the letter he saw;
 And, sheathing the sword to its harmless hilt,
 Wrote "Pardon" over the blot of guilt.
 Homely in patience. His door stood wide,
 And carping and cavil from every side
 Dinned in his ears, but he went his way
 And did the strongest that in him lay.
 Homely in modesty. Never a claim
 Of credit he made, and he shirked no blame;
 Yet firm in his place as the hemisphere
 When principle said to him, "Stand thou here!"
 Homely in tenderness. Motherhood's breast,
 Where the new babe cuddles its head to rest,
 Is not more gentle than was his heart;
 Yet brave as a Bayard in every part
 Was Lincoln.

O, Uncommon Commoner! may your name
 Forever lead like a living flame!
 Unschooled Scholar! how did you learn
 The wisdom a lifetime cannot earn?
 Unsainted Martyr! higher than saint!
 You were a MAN with a man's constraint.
 In the world, of the world, was your lot;
 With it and for it the fight you fought,
 And never till Time is itself forgot
 And the heart of man is a pulseless clot,
 Shall the blood flow slow when we think the thought
 Of Lincoln.

THE FIRST DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY GUSTAVUS MEYERS, IN CLEVELAND LEADER.

That there was a prior Declaration of Independence to that of July 4, 1776, will be surprising information to the general mass of people in the United States and elsewhere. It is certainly a record not included in text books or standard American histories. In Charlotte, N. C., however, a Declaration of Independence from Great Britain was drawn up and signed more than a year before the United States of America's first Fourth of July, and May 20th is still a legal holiday in the State of North Carolina, while in Charlotte, it is a day of great celebration with parades, meetings, and patriotic speeches.

In the months of March and April, 1775, some of the most energetic men of Mecklenburg County, N. C., held meetings to agitate the question of opposing Parliament's claim to impose taxes without representation and regulate the colonies' internal policy. The sense of the people being for a resistance to Parliament's policy, Thomas Polk, then Colonel Commandant of the county, was directed to issue an order calling upon each captain of the militia to call a company meeting, each company to elect two delegates to meet in general committee on May 19, 1775. To these delegates ample power was given to adopt such measures as they thought necessary to defend the colony's rights, and to make common cause with the people of Massachusetts, already aflame with resentment against the mother country. Various leaders addressed the committee before its assembling, urging a firm stand.

What the committee had originally decided to do is not clear, but about this time there reached the North Carolina community the echo of "the shot that was heard around the

world," from the engagement at Lexington on April 19th. That was decisive. The whole assemblage was stirred to its depths by the news. The old account of what occurred says: "The speakers addressed their discourses to the spectators as well as to the general committee, and those who were not convinced by their reasoning were influenced by their feelings and all cried out:

" 'Let us live independent! Let us declare our independence and defend it with our lives and fortunes.' "

A committee composed of the men who had planned the whole proceedings was appointed to draw up resolutions. These read:

I. Resolved, That whosoever directly, or indirectly abets, or in any way, form or manner countenances the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America, and the rights of men.

II. Resolved, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjuring all political connection with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties and inhumanly shed innocent blood at Lexington and Concord.

III. Resolved, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; that we are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing people under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.

IV. Resolved, That we hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct all and each of our former laws, and that the Crown of Great Britain cannot be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges or immunities amongst us.

V. Resolved, That all officers, both civil and military, in this country, be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation

shall henceforth be a civil officer and exercise the powers of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union, and harmony in the country, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and country until a more general and better organized system of government be established.

VI. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body.

There was some discussion and after sitting in the Court House all night, neither sleepy, hungry, nor fatigued, the delegates adopted the resolutions about 2 o'clock on the morning of May 20, and led by Abraham Alexander, chairman, appended their signatures to the document.

A few days later Captain James Jack, of Charlotte, was dispatched with the account of the proceedings to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. According to the Charlotte version the President of Congress "returned a polite answer to the address which accompanied the resolutions, in which he highly approved of the measures adopted by the delegates of Mecklenburg, but deemed the subject premature to be laid before Congress." At this identical time Congress was preparing a petition to the King, which was signed by every member on July 8, 1775, stating in part: "We have not raised armies with the ambitious design of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent States."

The original Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is not now in existence. That, together with all the records of the General Committee, which signed it, was burned in April, 1800, in the fire which destroyed the house of John McKnitt Alexander, the secretary of the General Committee, and the custodian of all its records. After the fire he prepared a copy of the Mecklenburg Declaration for his friend, General William R. Davie. This copy, which is now in the archives of the University of North Carolina, has admittedly errors in the text and omits the sixth resolution. Mr. Alexander added a

certificate, vouching for its substantial accuracy, but qualifying his statement with the proviso: "That the foregoing statement, though fundamentally correct, may not literally correspond with the original record of the transactions of said delegations." * * *

That there were those in North Carolina who did not sympathize with the work of the convention is attested by a curious poem in "The Mecklenburg Censor," which was printed about that time.

"When Mecklenburg's fantastic rabble,
"Renowned for censor, scold and gabble,
"In Charlotte met in giddy council,
"To lay the Constitution's ground-sill,
"By choosing men both learned and wise,
"Who clearly could with half-closed eyes,
"See mill stones through a spy or plot,
"Whether existed such or not;
"Who always could at noon define,
"Whether the sun or moon did shine,
"And by philosophy tell whether,
"It was dark or sunny weather;
"And sometimes when their wits were nice,
"Could well distinguish men from mice,
"First to withdraw from British trust,
"In Congress they the very first,
"Their independence did declare."

When the Royal Governor of North Carolina heard of the resolutions adopted May 20, 1775, he addressed the Executive Council upon "The late most treasonable publication by a committee in the County of Mecklenburg, explicitly renouncing obedience to his majesty's government, and all lawful authority whatsoever." Five days after this address the Governor wrote to Earl Dartmouth: "The Resolves of the Committee of Mecklenburg, * * * surpass all the horrid and treasonable publications that the inflammatory spirit of this country has yet produced."

Although the original document is lost, there is abundance of proof of its formulation and adoption in personal statements and writings preserved from the early years of the 19th century.

MAYFLOWER.

One hundred and two persons left Plymouth, in Devonshire, on board the Mayflower, on Wednesday, September 6|16, 1620. One individual died at sea, two were born on board, and 103 actually arrived in New-England. Governor Bradford groups these 104 persons into twenty-four households, or families, and single men. Their names were as follows:

I. 1-2, Governor John Carver and wife; 3, Desire Minter; 4, John Howland, a man servant; 5, Roger Wilder, a man servant; 6, William Latham, a servant boy; 7, a maid servant; 8, Jasper More, a boy.

II. 9-14, Master William Brewster, the ruling elder, his wife and two sons and two boys, Richard and — More, put to that family.

III. 16-19, Governor Edward Winslow, his wife; George Sowle, Elias Story, man servants, and Ellen More (Richard More's sister), who was put to that family.

IV. 20-21, Governor William Bradford and his wife, Dorothy (who was drowned from on board the Mayflower in Cape Cod Harbor, on December 7|17, 1620).

V. 22-27, Master Isaac Allerton, his wife, his son Bartholomew, and his two daughters, and John Hooke, a servant boy.

VI. 28-29, Samuel Fuller, the deacon and surgeon, and his servant, William Butten (died at sea).

VII. 30-31, Master John Crackston, Sr., and John Crackston, Jr.

VIII. 32-33, Captain Miles Standish and wife.

IX. 34-37, Master Christopher Martin, the treasurer, his wife, and two man servants, Solomon Prower and John Langemore.

X. 38-42, Master William Mullins, his wife, their two children, and Robert Carter, servant.

XI. 43-47, Master William White and wife, his son (104) Peregrine White (born on board), and two men servants, William Holbeck and Edward Thompson.

XII. 48-54, Master Stephen Hopkins and wife, their son and two daughters (103), Oceanus, born at sea, and two men servants, Edward Doley and Edward Leister (or Lester).

XIII. 55. Master Richard Warren.

XIV. 56-59, John Billington, Sr., his wife and two sons.

XV. 60-63. Master Edward Tilley and wife and their cousins, the children Henry Samson and Humility Cooper.

XVI. 64-66, John Tilley, his wife, and their daughter.

XVII. 67-68, Francis Cooke and son.

XVIII. 69-70, Thomas Rogers and son.

XIX. 71-73, Thomas Trucker, with wife and son.

XX. 74-75, John Rigdale and wife.

XXI. 76-78, James Chilton, with wife and daughter.

XXII. 79-81, Edward Fuller, with wife and son.

XXIII. 82-84, John Turner and his two sons.

XXIV. 85-87, Francis Eaton, his wife and their son, a sucking child.

Single men. 88-102, Moses Fletcher, Thomas Williams, John Goodman, Edmund Margeson, Richard Britteridge, Richard Clarke, Degory Priest, Richard Gardiner, Gilbert Winslow, Peter Browne, and the sailors John Alden, John Allerton, Thomas English, William Trevore, and — Ellis.

THE BLUE LAWS.

“The Century Dictionary” says that the Blue Laws are “a suppositious code of severe laws for the regulation of religious and personal conduct in the Colonies of Connecticut and New-Haven.” The following were published a long time ago by an unknown satirist, and have often been quoted as having been enacted by the Colonial Legislature of New-Haven. This has not been proved by documentary evidence.

The laws enacted by the people of the “Dominion of New-Haven” became known as the “Blue Laws” because they were printed on blue paper. They were as follows:

No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the Dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this Dominion and that Jesus is the only King.

No dissenter from the essential worship of this Dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrate or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on Sabbath Day.

No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days.

The Sabbath Day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the Grand Jurors, and the Selectmen shall tax the estate £300.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the Dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards or play any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp.

No Gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages the magistrate shall determine the point.

A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

No man shall court a maiden in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the Court.

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ACROSTICALLY ARRANGED.

Wisdom is the right use of knowledge.—*Spurgeon*.

Idleness is the burial of the living man.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Self-love has, in all time, blinded the wisest.—*Villcfre*.

Delicacy is to the mind what fragrance is to the fruit.—*A. Poincelot*.

Opinions are stronger than armies.—*Lord Palmerston*.

Motives are better than actions—*Bovee*.

Intellect — the starlight of the brain.—*N. P. Willis*.

Science is the topography of ignorance.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Books are embalmed minds.—*Bovee*.

Education is the cheap defense of nations.—*Burke*

Tact is one of the first mental virtues.—*Simms*.

Talent is something, but tact is everything.—*Scargill*.

Evil is but the shadow that accompanies good.—*F. W. Robertson*.

Riches are not an end of life, but an instrument of life.—*Beecher*

Taste is, so to speak, the microscope of the judgment.—*Rousseau*.

Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.—*Thoreau*.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—*Pythagoras*.

Nobility should be elective, not hereditary.—*Zimmerman*.

Right is might, and ever was, and ever shall be so.—*Hare*.

Uncertainty! fell demon of our fears!—*Mallet*.

Benevolence ennobles the most trifling actions.—*Thackeray*.

Ignorance of one's ignorance is the malady of ignorance.—*Alcott*.

Experience is the extract of suffering.—*A. Helps*.

Sympathy is the first great lesson which man should learn.—*Talfourd*.

SYMPOSIUM SPECIALS.

IMPERFECT DEFINITIONS.⁴⁸¹

"Horses are four-footed animals." (Violates rule 1.⁴⁵⁷)

"Parallel lines are those which never meet."

(Omits essential point—that they lie in the same plane.⁴⁹²)

"Parallelograms are quadrilaterals whose opposite sides are parallel and equal." ("And equal" is superfluous.)

"Net-work is anything decussated or reticulated, with interstices between the intersections."

(Terms employed need defining more than the thing defined.)

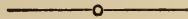
"A law is a lawful command." (Violates rule 5.⁴⁹⁶).

"Music is the science of musical sounds."⁴⁹⁶

"Industry is not honesty." (Negative.⁴⁹⁷)

"Patriotism is a moral, social or political virtue. (Indeterminate.⁴⁹³)

"A miracle is an effect or event contrary to the established constitution or course of things, or a sensible suspension or controlment of, or deviation from the known laws of nature, wrought either by the concurrence, or by the permission of God, for the proof or evidence of some particular person." (Gives his theory, which is unessential.⁴⁹²).

NOMINAL DEFINITION.⁴⁸³

"Sphere * * * a volume bounded by a uniformly curved surface."

REAL DEFINITION ⁴⁸⁴

"Sphere * * * a volume bounded by a curved surface all the points of which are equally distant from a point within."

GENETIC DEFINITION.⁴⁸⁵

"Sphere * * * a volume generated by revolving a circle about a diameter."

FALLACIES.⁵⁰⁸

The following is the celebrated fallacy of Euathlus and Protagoras.

Euathlus, a young man, agreed to pay Protagoras, the prince of sophists, a large sum of money to accomplish him as a legal rhetorician. One half the sum was paid down, and it was agreed that the other half should be paid on the day when Euathlus should plead and gain his first case. But as the scholar was not in so much of a hurry to commence his legal practice as the master to obtain the other half of his fee, Protagoras brought Euathlus into court, and addressed him thus: "Learn, most foolish of young men, that whether the judges decide in your favor or against you, pay me my demand you must. For if the judgment be against you, I shall obtain the fee by decree of the court, but if in your favor, I shall obtain it by the terms of the contract, since it becomes due on the very day you gain your first case."

To this Euathlus rejoined: "Learn, most sapient of Masters, from your own argument, that whatever may be the finding of the court, absolved I must be from any claim by you. For if the decision be favorable, I pay nothing by the sentence of the judges; but if unfavorable, I pay nothing in virtue of the compact, since though pleading, I shall not have gained my case."

OTHER FALLACIES.

"It is an observation which all the world can verify, that there is nothing so deplorable as the conduct of some celebrated mathematicians in their own affairs, nor anything so absurd as their opinions on the sciences not within their jurisdiction."

Hence, the study of mathematics destroys common sense.

No cat has nine tails.

Every cat has one tail more than no cat.

Therefore, Every cat has ten tails.

That side of the river is one side of the river.

This side of the river is not that side of the river.

Therefore, This side of the river is the other side of the river.⁵²⁷

If Christianity were from God, it would be universal.⁵¹⁰

It is not universal.

Therefore, It is not from God.

Those who found universities are patrons of learning.

King Alfred founded the university of Oxford.

Therefore, King Alfred was a great scholar.⁵²⁸

The fact of knowledge implies a correspondence of nature between the
knowing subject and the known object.

Matter is to mind an object of knowledge.

Therefore, Mind is resolvable into matter or matter into mind.

Things totally unlike cannot act upon each other.

Mind and matter are totally unlike.

Therefore, Mind cannot act upon matter.

Mind cannot act upon matter.

The movements of the body correspond to the relations of the mind.

Therefore, There is a pre-established harmony between mind and
matter.

The volitions of the mind cannot cause the movements of the body.

The hypothesis of a pre-established harmony is untenable.

Therefore, God causes the volitions of the body to correspond with
the movements of the mind.

LAWYER'S ENGLISH.

Counsel: Do you know Mr. A.?

Witness: Oh, yes; I've known him many years.

Counsel:—And do you know his standing in the community, what his character is, — in the speech of the people, I mean?

Witness: Yes, sir; very well.

Counsel: Well, now, what, in your knowledge, is his character for truth and veracity?

Amicus Curiae: It is respectfully represented to the court that the question is incompetent. "Character and reputation" are not synonymous terms. A man's character is what the man is; his reputation is what people think of him. It is possible for a man to have a good character, and yet labor under the disadvantage of a bad reputation. On the other hand, there are many men of good or unquestioned reputation who nevertheless are men of bad character. Character is subjective, while reputation is objective. No one can know what a man's character really is, except, perhaps, the man himself. Character may be guessed at, as the evidences of it appear in the man's life and conduct. But, if any one attempts to speak of the character of another, he can do no more than give his own opinion as to the secret and hidden motives and principles of the person in question, stating that opinion as the result of his observations. But, per contra, reputation can be ascertained and stated as a matter of fact. The estimation which is placed on a man by his neighbors is itself an opinion; but the existence of such opinion, and whether it is good or bad, is a fact. This fact may be testified to by any one who has sufficient knowledge of the talk and speculation of the community. But it is an abuse of language to ask a witness, "What is A's character for truth and veracity?" for the an-

swer of the witness could at best be no more than a generalization from the results of his own observation. But if the witness is asked, "What is his reputation?" he is asked to state a fact. Of this fact he may or may not have adequate knowledge, but in any case, if he assumes to answer at all, he is testifying to a fact, and not an opinion.

In the next place, your honor, the question last propounded to the witness on the stand includes a second, though less important, inaccuracy. "Truth and veracity," in the sense in which they are here used, are convertible terms. Hence the expression objected to is pleonastic. A man's reputation for "truth" is his reputation for telling the truth. Veracity is no more or less than truthfulness. Hence we might just as well ask, "What is his reputation for truth and truthfulness?" or "What is his reputation for veracity and veraciousness?" The law has not hitherto brought any reproach upon itself for parsimony in the use of words, and any reduplications which, so far from adding anything to the meaning, are positively superfluous and absurd, may just as well be omitted by all who care to save their own time, and are much better omitted by any who care to use the noble English language in its purity and strength. Our lawyers' jargon is full enough, to the mind of the layman, of unnecessary verbiage. We of the craft know why so much of it is retained, for the usefulness of "abundant caution" is ever before our eyes. But here is a case where every good and useful purpose is subserved by rejecting the intrusive term which merely detracts from the plain and simple force of the question.

The Court: On that view it is plain that the question should not be admitted.

Counsel: Well, well, I'll withdraw it, then, and ask another. What is A's reputation for truthfulness?

Witness: Well, I wouldn't believe him under oath.

A MORTGAGE 1800 YEARS OLD.

Every business man is acquainted with the appearance of the conventional mortgage. A mortgage which is 1800 years old must, however, be regarded in the nature of something unusual. Such a document was found among some old Egyptian papyri, recently discovered at Oxyrhynchus. It is surprising to note the similarity of this ancient document to the mortgage of the present day. The paper sets forth the contract of loan from Thonis, son Harpeasis, etc., received by Caecilius Clemens, the loan consisting of 400 drachmae. The security given was the third part of a house situated in the Gymnasium Square Quarter, by the Temple of Osiris and the Treasury. From the document it would appear that the registrar of that time was called Agoranomos. Here is the wording of the document in full:

* *

: CAECILIUS CLEMENS TO THE AGORANOMOS :
 : (OR REGISTRAR), GREETING: :
 : REGISTER A CONTRACT OF LOAN FROM :
 : THONIS, SON OF HARPAESIS, SON OF PETSERO, :
 : HIS MOTHER BEING PETOSIRIS, DAUGHTER OF :
 : HARPAESIS, OF THE CITY OF OXYRHYNCHUS, :
 : CHIEF BEARER IN THE TEMPLE OF THOERIS :
 : AND ISIS AND SARAPIS AND OSIRIS AND THE :
 : ASSOCIATED MOST MIGHTY GODS, ON THE :
 : SECURITY OF THE THIRD PART OF A HOUSE :
 : IN WHICH THERE IS A HALL, WITH THE COURT :
 : AND EXITS AND APPURTENANCES, SITUATED :
 : IN THE GYMNASIUM SQUARE QUARTER BY THE :
 : TEMPLE OF OSIRIS AND THE TREASURY, WHICH :
 : WAS MORTGAGED TO HIM BY HIS FULL :
 : BROTHER THOMPUS IN RETURN FOR AN :
 : ACCOMMODATION IN ACCORDANCE WITH A :
 : NOTE OF HAND AND A PAYMENT THROUGH A :
 : BANK OF 400 DRACHMÆ. :
 * *

LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

Great men's last words frequently are twisted and distorted by posterity to such an extent that one is at a loss to know what the final utterance really was. Sometimes there are several versions of "last words" applied to one person. In the preparation of the following symposium of dying words the best authorities have been consulted, and an earnest effort has been made to give the words just as they were spoken with the expiring breath of the departing celebrity.

Adams, John (1735-1826), American statesman: "Jefferson survives."

Adams, John Quincy (1767-1848), American statesman: "This is the last of earth! I am content!"

Arnold, Benedict (1740-1801), American general: "Let me die in the old uniform in which I fought my battles for freedom. May God forgive me for ever putting on any other!"

Beethoven, Ludwig (1770-1827), German composer: "I shall hear now!" (He was deaf.)

Bozzaris, Markos (1790-1823), Greek patriot: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

Bronte, Charlotte (1816-1855), English novelist: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy!" (To her husband.)

Brooks, Phillips (1835-1893), American clergyman: "Katie, you may go; I shall not need you any more. I am going home."

Buckland, Francis (1826-1880), English naturalist: "I am going on a long journey, and I shall see many strange animals by the way."

Burke, Edmund (1730-1797), English statesman: "God bless you."

Burns, Robert (1759-1796), Scottish poet; "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."

Calvin, John (1509-1564), Protestant reformer: "Thou, Lord, bruise me; but I am abundantly satisfied, since it is from Thy hands."

Chalmers, Thomas (1780-1847), Scottish divine: "A general good night."

Columbus, Christopher (1440-1506), Discoverer: "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit."

Charles I of England (1600-1649): "Remember."

Byron, Lord (1788-1824), English poet: "I must sleep now."

Charles II of England (1630-1685): "Don't let poor Nelly (Nell Gwynne) starve."

Chesterfield, Lord (1694-1773), English courtier: "Give the doctor a chair."

Cowper, William (1731-1800), English poet: "Feel? I feel unutterable, unutterable despair. What does it signify?"

Cromwell, Oliver (1599-1658), English statesman: "My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone."

De Stael, Mme. (1766-1817), French authoress: "I have loved my God, my father and liberty."

Eliot, George (1820-1880), English novelist: "Tell them (the doctors) I have a great pain in the left side."

Franklin, Benjamin (1706-1790), American philosopher: "A dying man can do nothing easy."

Frederick the Great of Prussia (1712-1786): "We are over the hill. We shall go better now."

Gilbert, Sir Humphrey (1539-1583), English navigator: "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

Gladstone, William Ewart (1809-1898), British statesman: "Amen."

Goethe (1749-1832), German poet: "Open the shutters and let in more light."

Greeley, Horace (1811-1872), American journalist: "It is done."

Hale, Nathan (1755-1776), American patriot: "I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

Havelock, Henry (1795-1857), English general: "Tell my son to come and see how a Christian can die."

Henry, Patrick (1736-1810), American orator and patriot: "Here is a book (the Bible) worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it. It is now too late. I trust in the mercy of God."

Holmes, Oliver Wendell (1809-1894), American poet and prose writer: "That is better, thank you." (To his son, who had just assisted him to his favorite chair.)

Humboldt, Frederick (1769-1859), German savant and traveler: "How grand these rays! They seem to beckon earth to heaven."

Jefferson, Thomas (1743-1826), American statesman: "I resign my spirit to God and my daughter to my country."

Josephine (1763-1814), Empress of France: "Isle of Elba! Napoleon!"

Julian (331-363), Roman emperor: "O Galilean, thou hast conquered."

Keats, John (1795-1821), English poet: "I feel the daisies growing over me."

Latimer, Hugh (1472-1555), English reformer: "Be of good cheer, brother; we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as I trust shall never be extinguished. (To Nicholas Ridley, who was burned with him.)"

Lawrence, James (1781-1813), American naval officer; "Don't give up the ship."

Louis XIII of France (1601-1643): "There come to me thoughts that torment me."

Louis XIV of France (1638-1715): "I thought dying had been harder."

Louis XVIII of France (1755-1824): "A king should die standing."

Louise of Prussia (1776-1810): "I am a queen, but have not power to move my arms."

Marie Louise (1791-1847), Empress of France: "I will not sleep; I wish to meet death wide awake."

Marie Antoinette (1755-1793), Queen of France: "Farewell, my children, forever; I go to your father."

Marion, Francis (1732-1795), American general: "Thank God, I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to anyone."

Moody, Dwight L. (1837-1899), American evangelist: "Earth is receding; heaven is approaching; God is calling me."

Napoleon (1769-1821), Emperor of France; "Head of the army."

Napoleon III of France (1803-1873): "Were you at Sedan?" (To Dr. Conneau.)

Nelson, Horatio (1758-1805), English admiral: "I thank God I have done my duty."

Palmer, John (1740-1798), English actor: "There is another and better world."

Pitt, William (1759-1806), English statesman: "O, my country, how I love thee!"

Raleigh, Sir Walter (1552-1618), English courtier and navigator: "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" (To his executioner.)

Roland, Mme. (1754-1793), French lady; "O, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

Scott, Winfield (1786-1866), American general: "James, take good care of the horse."

Sidney, Sir Philip (1622-1683), English patriot: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world."

Thurlow, Edward (1732-1806), English lawyer: "I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying."

Vane, Henry (1612-1662), English statesman: "Ten thousand deaths for me ere I stain the purity of my conscience."

Washington, George (1732-1799), American general and statesman: "It is well. I am about to die, and I look upon it with perfect resignation."

Webster, Daniel (1782-1852), American statesman: "I still live."

Wellington, Duke of (1769-1852), British general and statesman: "Yes, if you please." (To a servant asking if he would have some tea.)

Wesley, John (1703-1791), English divine: "The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell."

Wilson, Daniel (1778-1858), English theologian: "Sleep! I am asleep already; I am talking in my sleep."

Wolfe, James (1726-1759), English general: "What, do they run already? Then I thank God and die happy."

UNCLASSIFIED.

SARCASM AND INVECTIVE.

Sir P. Sidney says, "No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue." The well-worn adage, "The pen is mightier than the sword," is another tribute to the supremacy of words over weapons. "A wound from a tongue is worse than a wound from a sword; for the latter affects only the body, the former the spirit," is part of our inheritance of the wisdom of bygone ages, in this case uttered by Pythagoras; and later, Quarles writes (*Divine Emblems*, 1635) "If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue." Pythagoras, B. C. 582, was a Greek philosopher who founded a new school of ethics, and is said to have laid great stress on the discipline of the will in obedience to the judgment.

Carlyle says, "Speech is great, but silence is greater," and again, the same author, "This is such a serious world that we should never speak at all, unless we have something to say," Plutarch (Greek biographer, A. D. 46) observes, "He can never speak well who knows not how to hold his peace." Gildersleeve says of Plutarch, "He practiced the noble doctrine that he preached. There was no more amiable character in the history of his times; no more sympathetic and generous soul."

"A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity," is the manner in which De Sales expresses about the same sentiment as George Eliot puts into the words, "Blessed is the man who, 'having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact.'"

And so we might quote many authors, both ancient and modern, to the effect that when we cannot speak well of our brother man it is better to keep silence. But after exercising all charity for the shortcomings of frail humanity, there is yet a legitimate place in literature for Sarcasm and Invective.

When principles and not men are under discussion, there is need of strong terms of denunciation, and effective means of bringing into ridicule and disrepute that which is infamous, or in any other way unworthy. There are also times when people as well as principles should be made the object of scathing rebuke, and that, too, without any violation of the obligation of charity as above recommended. It is not the use, but the abuse, of these unusual (too often usual) forms of expression that causes harm.

There are many forms of derogatory speech, all closely allied to each other. Under Sarcasm²²¹ and Invective²²⁰ we may properly discuss Irony,²¹⁴ Burlesque,²¹⁷ Denunciation,²¹⁵ Lampoon,²¹⁹ Satire,²²² and that curious—no, it is too common to be curious—conglomeration of all the derogatory forms of speech known as scolding.²¹⁶ (We will not dignify it with a capital.) But now, candidly, let us say a word about this all too prevalent form of expression. Scolding is a term which embodies all forms of fault-finding, accusation, disparagement, contumely, wherein the object is to show disrespect for the person addressed. Scolding grows upon one as a habit, until the scolder is unable to throw it off, and the scolded, if not rendered callous and devoid of all sensitiveness to such attacks, becomes an abject slave, with no respect for himself or his tormentor. It is said that intemperance is the worst evil in the world today. Scolding is a close second, and much more widely diffused. Each aggravates the other, and either may be the prime cause of the other. But scolding is also a terrible curse in many a household where intemperance is unknown. It represents almost the total sum of domestic inharmony. What a crusade could be waged against scolding, if only a worthy leader could be found.

Where the habit is thoroughly established, there is not much hope of breaking it up, but there is great encouragement for future generations in the recognition of the true status of scolding as a habit, a pernicious, despicable, unreasonable habit, but a habit *merely*. Nine-tenths of the scolding done is without any foundation of fact, and the actual fault on which the other one-tenth is based could have been cor-

rected in kindness, if corrected at all. Nothing is ever gained by scolding that cannot be gained without it, and much is sure to be lost.

The time for these principles to become settled convictions in the heart, is during the honeymoon. If at that time the loathsome habit of scolding can be seen and appreciated in all its loathsomeness, steps will naturally be taken toward the formation of the opposite habit—that of constantly seeking to please—and that habit becoming *established*, the honeymoon never ends. It may sound too good to be true, but there are a glorious few of those heavens-on-earth now; and therein lies the hope of future generations.

But to return to my subject (for the digression, I need ask no apology) the various elements involved in all these forms are best differentiated by defining them, but almost any author will define one in terms of the others, thus violating some of the laws of definition,⁴⁸⁶ especially the 5th, "A definition must not involve the circle."⁴⁹⁵

Irony—A kind of *ridicule* which expresses the errors or faults of others by seeming to adopt them.

Sarcasm—A keen, reproachful expression; a *satirical* remark; a taunt, a gibe, a cutting jest.

Burlesque—Ludicrous representation, exaggerated parody; *satire* an *ironical* or *satirical* composition.

Lampoon—A personal *satire* in writing; censure written to reproach and vex; abuse.

Invective—An expression which inveighs or rails against a person; a severe or violent utterance of *censure* or reproach.

Satire—A composition, generally poetical, holding up vice or folly to reprobation; an *invective* poem; *sarcasm*; *ridicule*.

Ridicule—The expression of laughter mingled with contempt. Contemptuous derision. Synonyms: wit, banter, railery, burlesque, mockery, irony, satire, sarcasm, jibe, jeer, sneer.

Raillery—Good-humored pleasantry or slight *satire*; satirical merriment.^{214 222}

It will be seen that these definitions overlap each other, as in fact, they must do, for each term represents a complex idea, and no one is entirely independent of all the others. Yet in any one there is a predominating feature that distinguishes it from all the others.

To close this article, we append four selections on scolding, three treating the subject seriously, but beautifully and touchingly, the fourth in the form of a burlesque.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
 How wearily all the day
 The words unkind
 Would trouble my mind
 I said when you went away,
 I had been more careful, darling,
 Nor given you needless pain,
 But we vex "our own"
 With look and tone
 We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
 You may give me the kiss of peace,
 Yet it might be
 That never for me
 The pain of the heart should cease.
 How many go forth in the morning
 That never come home at night,
 And hearts have broken
 For harsh words spoken
 That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
 And smiles for the sometimes guest;
 But oft for "our own"
 The bitter tone,
 Though we love "our own" the best.
 Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
 Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
 'Twere a cruel fate
 Were the night too late
 To undo the work of the morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

IF WE COULD ONLY KNOW.

If we could only know
Just where the words which we do speak would go,
There would be fewer aching hearts below.

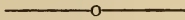
If we could only know
Just where would strike the arrows that we throw,
There would be fewer bleeding wounds to show.

If we could only tell
Of what use sorrows were which us befell,
We should be comforted, and know 'twas well,

If we could only see
All the hereafter, less dread there would be
Of the unfathomable eternity.

We cannot know, as yet we may not see;
But still there need be no uncertainty,
For we may place our hopes and fears with Thee.

—Alice Lena Cole.



LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul is dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

James Whitcomb Riley.

SESQUIPEDALIA VERBA.

In Madden's "Revelations of Ireland" we find a whimsical account of a scolding match between the late Mr. O'Connell, then a young man just called to the bar, and one Biddy Moriarity, an ancient widow, who kept a huckster's stall on one of the quays, nearly opposite the Four Courts, and whose powers of abuse were notorious from one end of Dublin to the other. The *lingual duello* was the result of a wager, Mr. O'Connell backing himself to outscold and silence the virago. The result is thus described:

The party adjourned to the huckster's stall, and there was the owner herself, superintending the sale of her small wares—a few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging about her stall, for Biddy was a "character," and, in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack.

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's your Name?"

"Moriarity, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agen it? and one-and-sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt, so it is?"

"One-and-sixpence for a walking stick! Whew, why, you are no better than an imposter, to ask eighteen pence for what cost you two pence."

"Twopence your grandmother," replied Mrs. Biddy, "do you mean to say that it's cheating the people I am? Imposter, indeed!"

"Ay, imposter! and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old diagonal," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarity, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old radius—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'd tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your dirty carcase."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest as I am a gentleman—"

"Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman! Wisha, by gore, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, where did a Madagascar monkey like you pick up enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy, now—easy, now" cried O'Connell with imperturbable good humor, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whisky-drinking parallelogram."

"What's that you call me, you murdering villain!" roared Mrs. Moriarity, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so!"

"Oh, tare-an-hounds! oh, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygrum to her face! I'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird! you cowardly, sneaking, plate-licking bliggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypothenus* in your house!"

"It's a lie for you, you robber! I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief!"

"Why, sure all the neighbors know very well that you keep not only a *hypothenus*, but that you have got two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless *heptagon*."

"Oh, hear that, ye saints of glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman! May the divil fly away with you, you micher from Munster, and make celery sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of guts."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *sub-multiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle-pitcher; after all the bad words you speak it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*—to the deuce I pitch you, your blustering *intersection* of *superficies*."

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll—but here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*! Look at her, boys! there she stands—a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent* and *equiangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter-sweeping *similitude* of the *bisection* of a *vortex*."

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarity was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won the wager, O'Connell; here's your bet," cried the gentleman who proposed the contest.

O'Connell knew well the use of sound in vituperation; and having to deal with an ignorant scold, determined to overcome her in volubility by using all the *sesquipedalia verba* which occur in Euclid. With these and a few significant epithets and a scoffing, impudent demeanor, he had for once imposed silence on Biddy Moriarity.

AS TO NEWSPAPERS.

BY JOHN COULTER.

The average intelligent citizen who reads the newspapers—and he is intelligent because he does read them—is thoroughly convinced that the men who produced these journals do not understand their business. If there is one thing more than another of which the intelligent citizen is absolutely certain it is that he could manage a newspaper and attend to his own affairs at the same time. As a rule (the exceptions proving its truth), the more unsuccessful a man is in the conduct of the financial end of his business or profession the more convinced is he that the conduct of a daily paper is the easiest problem in the world to solve.

It must not be said that the average intelligent citizen is at fault. It is the fault of the newspaper itself. The latter is an alluring delusion and a transparent snare. It is a model of modesty, condensation, elaboration, completion and attractiveness. It is deceptive from the date line to the last word in the final advertisement on the last page, and confirms the reader in the opinion that the life of those fortunate enough to engage in newspaper work is one glad sweet song that only suffers interruption at the arrival of payday.

Not one man in ten who assists in the making of a newspaper knows what an intricate machine that newspaper is. A watch or a locomotive is a toy compared with it. The reporter gets the news and writes it up, but is ignorant of the workings of the clicking wonder that puts it into type; the linotype operator knows nothing of the reporter further than that the latter must be an inquisitive fellow to find out so much; the man in the art department cares nothing about the reporter, the typesetter, the “man on the desk” (who reads everything before it goes to the composing-room); the finan-

cial editor knows nothing outside his particular domain; the real estate editor never thinks of taking his nose out of the dirt; the dramatic editor and the musical critic are serenely oblivious to everything beyond the theater or concert hall; and so it goes. Each man is in his place and department, and looks upon all other departments with proper contempt. Everything is in apparent disorder, but the whole is order in ideality.

So far as apparent order is concerned, it begins with the city editor. He is the man who keeps a firm yet gentle hand upon the city's pulse. He determines what is news and what is not. The most benign, composed and peaceful of individuals, he is fierce only in the quest for the information the people want; he knows what the people want; the people themselves do not know until they read it in the morning paper. The city editor knows every man in town, but is personally acquainted with few; the reporter is the city editor's hand-maiden, and what the reporter does not find out never happened. The reporter is the mainstay of the newspaper; without him there would be no newspaper, but he is not egotistic; he is never surprised and takes things as they come. The reporter would report the resurrection without thought as to consequences; the reporter assigned to write up the end of the world would betray neither astonishment nor more than passing interest. When the reporter goes out upon an assignment he is the embodiment of the newspaper itself; he is not an individual, and possesses no personality. The city editor has no definite individuality, either, so far as the outside world is concerned, and yet his impress is upon every page of the paper which contains news relating to the town.

Above and beyond all those who represent cogs and wheels within this wonderful machine is the managing editor. Inside or outside the office he may be, and he may not be, an impressive figure, but he is the man at the helm. He directs all things pertaining to the news end of the paper, and he is not afraid to invade the sacred precincts of the editorial page.

All departments are under his eye, and his glance may scorch even the most talented writer. This man has his fingers upon the pulse of the world. Asia is as familiar to him as England. The lightning is his slave. He penetrates the four corners of the earth, and will soon have telephonic communication with the north pole. He can hear the plaintive cries of Bulgaria, Macedonia and Albania; China's complaints ring in his ears, and the Manchurian question is an open book to him; he sits with international arbitration committees and watches the progress of events in the Philippines and South Africa; he knows the United States by heart; the news from Patagonia does not puzzle him; South America is but across the street. He sends for the news from everywhere through his trusty adherent, the telegraph editor, and all for the benefit of the public and the glory of his own paper. He reads all the other newspapers, together with the magazines and other publications; peruses advertisements wherein is often concealed valuable information which readily may be transformed into news. He has to do with the editorial writers, also, although they may be under the immediate control of the editor-in-chief.

The editorial writer is an interesting and mysterious individual. He is ready for anything and everything. At one time in the history of newspapers he wrote with a quill pen, but in this age he uses a pencil or a typewriter. It is all the same to him, however, for his articles appear on the editorial page as of yore. The editorial is not the power it was in the time of Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond and Thurlow Weed, for it lacks the personality it once enjoyed. This is not to be taken to mean that the editorials written today are not equal in force and power to those of forty years ago; it means that the newspapers of this time are more impersonal; it is the paper itself which speaks through the medium of the editorial. There are, indeed, some papers now published which are personally conducted, but they are few. The great majority of the newspapers of the United States are political organs, representing one or the other of the great parties; some are independent, with a slight political leaning, yet enjoying a certain amount of political freedom; half a score in

this country are untrammelled, with no affiliations whatever, which are impersonal to a degree.

There is no reason why the editorial writer should have a personality. It is the paper that speaks. Each paper has a corps of these laborers, and when it is necessary an outsider may be called in. A technical matter may be under discussion and an expert is the only one who can prepare a correct and authoritative opinion. Great lawyers, officers of the army and navy, business men and manufacturers, financiers, scientists and other professional men often write editorials, but their utterances are not their own; they belong to the newspaper. Editorial writers must be, and, as a rule, are, men of wide reading and acquainted with the politics and current events of the day; they must have their wits about them and be capable of dexterous and practically instantaneous thought. Editorial writers often possess the happy faculty of combining news with comment, so that the reader, after perusing the article, can dispense with the news article entirely.

The real newspaper takes the world for its oyster, and opens it up daily for the benefit of its readers. Real news interests every class. The great battle between free trade and protection in England; the attitude of the French ministry toward the religious organizations within the confines of that republic; the relations diplomatic and otherwise of Russia, China and Japan; the administration of affairs by the Sublime Porte in eastern Europe; the state of feeling between the Quirinal and the Vatican; political fights in the United States; our treatment of the Filipinos; labor, financial and general industrial matters; the situation in Cuba; crime; science; religion; the crops; sports—these and a thousand other subjects constitute the news for one day in a metropolitan daily paper. There is something to interest everyone. No single person reads all sorts of news, but if there be any one subject in which he is interested he will find it there.

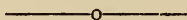
As to the ingredients which enter into the composition of a newspaperman few can recite in detail. The journalist, to use a general term, is born to his profession. It is not an easy matter to make a newspaperman out of the average

citizen. The former is what he is by instinct; he may or may not be college bred; he must know news when he sees it, know how to get it and know how to write it. He must be quick, alert, energetic, tireless, patient, apt, and of good judgment. It is not enough that he should be acquainted with the law of libel, for there is not a newspaper of metropolitan character in the United States that does not contain at least a score of libelous articles in every issue. To tell the truth, is libel; to lie is libel; to make certain declarations constitutes a libel; to insinuate is libelous, and yet the number of libel suits brought against newspapers is comparatively small. The newspaperman seeks the truth, a fact conceded by the tribunals of justice, and the average newspaper is printed for the enlightenment of the community.

But this is not all. It is expected that a newspaper shall be a distinct benefit to those within the sphere of its influence, and it usually is. There are some bad newspapers, just as there are bad men, but even the worst newspapers are often productive of good. The average newspaper, published for the profits there may be in it, seeks out wrongs and endeavors to right them, and even though the motive may be anything but a philanthropic one the results are beneficial. The preacher, through the newspaper, talks to hundreds of thousands, whereas his address is delivered to an audience of but a few hundred; the public spirited man can secure the attention of the nation through the medium of the public prints; thievery, jobbery and "graft" are laid bare, and the criminals are punished because of publicity. The reformers find the newspapers their best and truest allies.

Now as to the newspaper as a business enterprise. The more successful in a financial way a paper may be, the greater its influence for real good. Men cannot get out newspapers for nothing. Its costs money to run a paper. News costs money; the payroll is big; the plant absorbs cash like a sponge does water; the publisher cannot turn around without paying for the privilege. The counting-room is the lungs of a newspaper; without it the paper could not breathe, and would soon, as the doctor says, die of heart failure.

There are a thousand things about the management and the production of a really good paper that cannot be enumerated within this short space, but it is sufficient to say that it is so hard to publish a great city journal that, to the uninitiated and unknowing outsider, it seems ridiculously easy.



SOME POINTS ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

BY WHITELAW REID.

It is a mistake to suppose that the one-cent newspapers gained their main support by drawing away the old patrons of the high-priced journals. What they chiefly did was first to induce many of these to read an extra paper, and next to find new classes of readers. A famous New York editor long ago was complimented on his news-gathering, and then asked why he did not take pains to show an equal superiority on his editorial page. "Damn your fine writing," was the curt reply: "The Smasher is written for men that can't read!" In the sense he meant, the cheap press soon came to be largely aimed at "men that can't read," or at least at men who had not been habitual and regular readers of the high-priced daily papers.

But these men would not buy even the cheapest newspaper every day unless it interested them. The bait must be something in the line of their existing tastes and appetites. The newspaper that interested them must put things plain and strong. If there has been a murder it must not blink a single ghastly detail. If there has been a defalcation, the language about the defaulter must be red hot, particularly if he has heretofore led a respectable life or been a church member. The paper must evince as relentless a curiosity about his family and his antecedents as the most eager gossip in the little local circle that knew him; and it must display an artistic pride in detailing and parading its discoveries in the most appetizing and suggestive way.

Most people like to see their names in print — at least while the sensation remains a novelty. Most people can likewise bear criticism of their neighbors with composure — especially if it is racy and not too ill-natured. It was obvious, then, that in developing new strata of readers for cheap daily newspapers the editor could play successfully and almost incessantly upon these two chords of human nature. The appetite thus encouraged soon craved yet greater supplies, so that the average American publisher is now nearly right when he says that in practically taking the roof off the house of everybody of any note, and in filling other parts of his paper with inane “social” or other mention of people of note, he does not even yet satisfy the hunger and thirst for personalities which fairly possess large classes of the community.

It is only candid to add, too, that this appetite often fastens upon unsuspecting victims. Many a good man looks one way and rows another; leaves the decorous paper he praises at the breakfast table with his family and picks up the one surcharged with personal tattle and sensation at the news stand, “just to see what scandal is stirring,” on his way down town. The number of men who cannot restrain their curiosity about what is in the newspapers they disapprove of and so become regular patrons, is a positive revelation to the moralist who ventures to look into it.

It is distinctly to the advantage of every community that its serious and trusted papers should be rich and prosperous. The community's interests then are their interests. What helps everybody helps them, and they have no need of any other kind of help. Their first inquiry when any new proposition is presented is naturally whether it is or is not in the public interest. Their assistance can be confidently assumed for every good cause. It is also to the advantage of the community if the owners of these papers are strong enough to be independent of immediate returns. There is many a popular flurry when a strong newspaper can render the greatest service by resisting the sudden gust, at whatever cost, and patiently biding its time. More than one newspaper whose fame is a part of our American inheritance would have had a less envia-

ble record if it had been without money in its purse when it faced angry subscribers or discontented advertisers, or both, and defiantly told them, in the memorable words of a New York merchant, that its goods were for sale, but not its principles.

But this pecuniary strength is less helpful to the community when the newspapers, however strong, are owned by millionaires, or by combinations of capitalists whose connection is more or less secret, and who make this investment of their money primarily for the influence they think it may give them in some way in the furtherance of their personal ends.

The best reason for owning a newspaper is because a man likes the vocation, feels some fitness for it, has a high conviction of its influence and opportunity for good, deliberately prefers it, as under such circumstances he well may, to any of the professions, and wishes to make it the business of his life. Then everything is plain and above board. His relation to the community and the policy his paper advocates is established and perfectly understood. The journal becomes, if successful, one of the fixed public institutions of the city, as much as the City Hall, and often immeasurably more useful.

The worst reason for owning a newspaper — from the point of view of the public interest — is because a man thinks it must then grind his axes, while he remains in the background. And the next worst condition of newspaper ownership is when a young man without capital persuades a number of ambitious business men and politicians to subscribe a capital for him, and is thus secretly committed to grinding axes in turn for any or all of them.

It is safe to predict that the better class of daily newspapers and their readers will come to a mutual understanding so that less quantity and better quality will be found mutually advantageous. "The Saturday Review" once called Macaulay the father of picturesque reporters, and Dickens has often been called their prince. No doubt these are ambitious models; but the press that sent MacGahan to a European war and Harding Davis and Bigelow to an American one, and has de-

veloped so many of our most popular authors from its ranks, can rise above the present wordy and tedious level of telling the news whenever the editors and their readers agree that it is desirable. In that direction lies one of the best hopes for the future of the best newspapers. Fewer words, shorter stories, better told; fewer \$18 a week reporters, who only write by main strength and awkwardness, and more men who have learned the capacities of the English tongue; fewer men whose chief idea is to rake in all the rubbish they can and label it with startling headlines, and more men who know what is worth telling and know how to single it out from the mass of rubbish; fewer mere photographers in nonpareil whose sole idea is to set down in fine type everything they see, and more artists who know what to see and how to make, in words, a picture of it — that is the line of progress for an intelligent press, worthy of an intelligent community. But first of all, the public must make up its mind that the merits of a paper, its enterprise, its resources and its importance are not determined by the number of its pages — that paper is made out of cordwood and costs two cents a pound; that type is set by steam, and that white sheets can be run through printing machines in any number you want in any big office at the rate of 100,000 an hour. If the people continue to want quantity, as they certainly seem to do now, the quantity will no doubt continue to be printed — though Sheridan's ghost should hiss in every editor's ear that easy printing, even more than easy writing, makes curst hard reading.

These suggestions may seem to partake more of preaching than of prophecy. It is for the public, quite as much as for the newspapers or for the young men who are now coming forward to make them, to determine whether, when grouped, they portray at all the newspaper of the next quarter or half century. We shall have fewer sensational papers, and get the news told more as a landscape is painted, with some sense of perspective and some artistic omission of offensive or worthless objects, whenever and as far as the public taste is well enough educated to prefer a correct and vivacious style to "blood and thunder" written and printed as if

with a paint brush. We shall surely have shorter reports of many things, in not also smaller papers. The notion that Sunday's paper must be ten times as big as Monday's will be mitigated. The first class daily paper of the future is not likely to come in the form of a book, or even a pamphlet. Whatever its form or quality or contents, the people that read it will pay for it — it will not be an eleemosynary institution, chiefly conducted by the advertising business of the country for the benefit of anybody that will read. Its wealth and prosperity will be welcomed as a gain and security for the whole community. It will indulge in no sham about being independent of business considerations. It will be best liked when its owners conduct it, and least when its owners, engaged elsewhere, make their newspaper investment as a means of surreptitiously furthering private ends. It will not be intensely individualized — will not be a one man paper. It will support parties as a means to a patriotic end, and religion as leading to the best life; but it will not be a party organ or an organ of the churches. It will deal with politics according to its capacity; but, not being edited by angels, it will make mistakes sometimes, and perhaps have even the grace sometimes to acknowledge them.

The average newspaper man on the great dailies is far better educated to-day than twenty years ago, but the standard of qualifications is likely in the next twenty to be higher still. Like most of my colleagues on the press, I have generally had little faith in "schools of journalism," or in "courses of journalism," or, if you must have the truth, in lectures on journalism, either. The real place to learn the newspaper business is in a newspaper office, and you have to be caught tolerably young to learn it at all. But the place to acquire some of the qualifications for the work is the place where you can get the best general education the world affords. Above all, it must be an education that teaches you to see straight and to think straight, and therefore its very foundation must not be undermined by too eager a search for easy electives.

We may next look for whatever will facilitate wide acquisition and persuasive expression. You must first know things, and know where to find things, and next know how to interest people in your way of telling these things, and in your reasoning about them. Knowledge, real knowledge, not a smattering of the history of your country, is indispensable, and no historical knowledge will come amiss. Constitutional and international law, at least, you must know, and if you can take a full law course, so much the better. Modern languages will be most helpful, and in our great newspapers a reading knowledge of at least three of them, French, German and Spanish, becomes every year more desirable. The literature of your own language should be studied until you learn to use the noble tongue to express to the best advantage and in the fewest words whatever you have to say. You should know your own country, and, above all, grasp intelligently the fact that the part worth knowing is not confined to a narrow strip along the Atlantic coast. You should know foreign countries, and thus chasten the notions that wisdom began with us, and that liberty and intelligence hardly exist elsewhere. You should know the people, the plain, everyday, average man, the man in the street — his condition, his needs, his ideas, his notions — and you should learn early that he is not likely to be overpowered by your condescension when you attempt to reason with him.

Finally, let me remind you that the man who succeeds is a man who has not undervalued what he is undertaking. This work we have considered is as varied, as exacting, and as responsible as any known to our modern civilization, if not also the most potential for good or ill. It calls for patience, for moderation, for quick and accurate perception, for deliberate judgment, for resolute purpose and for what the politicians call staying power. No man who cannot, like the pugilist, "take punishment," has any business in it. No man who lets his nerves or his passions run away with his ice cold judgment has any business in it.

But to him who is called, the opportunity is beyond estimate. To him are given the keys of every study, the entry

to every family, the ear of every citizen when at ease and in his most receptive moods — powers of approach and of persuasion beyond those of the Protestant pastor or the Catholic confessor. He is by no means a prophet, but, reverently be it said, he is a voice in the wilderness preparing the way. He is by no means a priest, but his words carry wider and farther than the priest's, and he preaches the gospel of humanity. He is not a king, but he nurtures and trains the king, and the land is ruled by the public opinion he evokes and shapes. If you value this good land the Lord has given us; if you would have a soul in this marvelous civilization and a lifting power for humanity, look well to the nurture and training of your king.

WHEN THE PRESIDENTS DIED.

A fraction less than one-third of all the Presidents of the United States, not counting ex-President Cleveland nor President Roosevelt, have died in the month of July. Those who met their fate in this month were Jefferson and Adams (July 4, 1826), Monroe (July 4, 1831), Van Buren (July 24, 1862), Taylor (July 9, 1850), Johnson ((July 31, 1875), and Grant (July 23, 1885). Four others, Madison, Jackson, Polk and Buchanan, died in June. Therefore half of all the presidents died in those two months.

The following list may be of interest in this connection:

PRESIDENTS.	NATIVITY.	BORN.	DIED.	AGE.
1. Washington	Washington P'sh. Va.	Feb. 22, 1732.....	Dec. 14, 1799.....	67
2. Adams	Braintree, Mass.....	Oct. 19, 1735.....	July 4, 1826.....	91
3. Jefferson	Albemarle Co., Va.....	Apr. 13, 1743.....	July 4, 1826.....	83
4. Madison	Port Conway, Va.....	Mar. 16, 1751.....	Jun. 28, 1836.....	85
5. Monroe	Westmoreland, Va.....	Apr. 28, 1758.....	July 4, 1831.....	73
6. Adams	Braintree, Mass.....	July 11, 1767.....	Feb. 23, 1848.....	81
7. Jackson	Waxhaw Set'mt. N. C.....	Mar. 15, 1767.....	Jun. 8, 1845.....	78
8. Van Buren	Kinderhook, N. Y.....	Dec. 5, 1782.....	July 24, 1862.....	80
9. Harrison	Berkeley, Va.....	Feb. 9, 1773.....	Apr. 4, 1841.....	68
10. Tyler	Charles Co., Va.....	Mar. 29, 1790.....	Jan. 17, 1862.....	72
11. Polk	Mecklenburg, N. C.....	Nov. 2, 1795.....	Jun. 15, 1849.....	54
12. Taylor	Orange Co., Va.....	Sep. 24, 1784.....	July 9, 1853.....	69
13. Fillmore	Summer Hill, N. Y.....	Feb. 7, 1800.....	Mar. 8, 1874.....	74
14. Pierce	Hillsborough, N. H.....	Nov. 23, 1804.....	Oct. 8, 1869.....	65
15. Buchanan	Mercersburg, Pa.....	Apr. 23, 1791.....	June 1, 1868.....	77
16. Lincoln	Nr. Hodgenville, Ky.....	Feb. 12, 1809.....	Apr. 14, 1865.....	56
17. Johnson	Raleigh, N. C.....	Dec. 29, 1808.....	July 31, 1875.....	67
18. Grant	Pt. Pleasant, O.....	Apr. 27, 1822.....	July 23, 1885.....	63
19. Hayes	Delaware, O.....	Oct. 4, 1822.....	Jan. 17, 1893.....	70
20. Garfield	Orange, O.	Nov. 19, 1831.....	Sep. 19, 1881.....	50
21. Arthur	Fairfield, Vt.....	Oct. 5, 1830.....	Nov. 18, 1886.....	56
22. Cleveland	Caldwell, N. J.....	Mar. 18, 1837.....		
23. Harrison	North Bend, O.....	Aug. 20, 1833.....	Mar. 13, 1901.....	67
24. Cleveland	Caldwell, N. J.....	Mar. 18, 1837.....		
25. McKinley	Niles, O.....	Jan. 29, 1843.....	Sep. 14, 1901.....	58
26. Roosevelt.	New York City	Oct. 27, 1858.....		

The oldest president at the time of his death was John Adams (91), and the youngest, James A. Garfield (50).

The average age of the twenty-three presidents on their death was nearly sixty-nine and two-thirds years, and of the twenty who died from natural causes, exactly seventy-two years.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

There are certain visible signs of civilization and strength which the world demands that each individual or race exhibit before it is taken seriously into consideration in the affairs of the world. Unless these visible evidences of ability and strength are forthcoming, mere abstract talking and mere claiming of "rights" amount to little. This is a principle that is as broad and old as the world and is not confined to the conditions that exist between the white man and the black man in the South. We may be inclined to exalt intellectual acquirements over the material, but all will acknowledge that the possession of the material has an influence that is lasting and unmistakable. As one goes through our Western states and sees the Scandinavians in Minnesota, for example, owning and operating nearly one-third of the farms in the state; and then as he goes through one of the cities of Minnesota and sees block after block of brick stores owned by these Scandinavians; as he sees factories and street railways owned and operated by these same people, and as he notes that as a rule, these people live in neat, well-kept cottages where there are refinement and culture, on nice streets, that have been paid for, he can't help but have confidence in and respect for such people, no matter how he has been educated to feel regarding them. The material, visible and tangible elements in this case teach a lesson that almost nothing else can. It may be said in opposition to this view that this is exalting too high the material side of life. I do not take this view. Let us see what is back of this material possession. In the first place, the possession of property is an evidence of mental discipline, mental grasp and control. It is an evidence of self-sacrifice. It is an evidence of economy. It is an evidence of thrift and industry.

It is an evidence of fixedness of character and purpose. It is an evidence of interest in pure and intelligent government, for no man can possess property without having the deepest interest in all that pertains to local and national government. The black man who owns \$50,000 worth of property in a town is going to think a good many times before he votes for the officer who will have the liberty of taxing his property. If he thinks that a colored law-maker will use his taxing power wrongfully, he is not likely to vote for him merely for the sentimental reason that he is a black man. The black man who owns \$50,000 worth of property in a town is not likely to continue to vote for a republican law-maker if he knows that a democratic one will bring lower taxes and better protection to his property. Say or think what we will, there is but one way for the Negro to get up and that is for him to pay the cost, and when he has paid the cost — paid the price of his freedom — it will appear in the beautiful, well-kept home, in the increasing bank account, in the farm and crops that are free from debt, in the ownership of railroad and municipal stocks and bonds (and he who owns the majority of stock in a railroad will not have to ride in a "Jim Crow car"), in the well-kept store, in the well-fitted laundry, in the absence of mere superficial display. These are a few of the universal and indisputable signs of the highest civilization and the Negro must possess them or be debarred. All mere abstract talk about the possibility of possessing them or his intention to possess them counts for little. He must actually possess them and the only way to possess them is to possess them. From every standpoint of interest it is the duty of the Negro himself, and the duty of the Southern white man as well as the white man in the North, to see that the Negro be helped forward as fast as possible towards the possession of these evidences of civilization. How can it best be done? Where is the beginning to be made? It can be done by the Negro beginning right now and where he finds himself.

I repeat, let the Negro begin right where he is, by putting the greatest amount of intelligence, skill and dignity, into the occupations by which he is surrounded. Let him learn to do

common things in an uncommon manner. Wherever in the South, for example, the Negro is the carpenter, let him realize that he cannot remain the carpenter unless people are sure that no one can excel him as a carpenter. This black carpenter should strive every way possible to keep himself abreast of the best wood-work done in the world. He should be constantly studying the best journals and books bearing on carpentry. He should watch for every improvement in his line. When this carpenter's son is educated in college or elsewhere, he should see that his son studies mechanical and architectural drawing. He should not only have his son taught practical carpentry, but should see that in addition to his literary education, that he is a first class architect as well — that, if possible, he has an idea of landscape gardening and house furnishing. In a word, he should see that his son knows so much about wood work, house construction, and every thing that pertains to making a house all that it should be, that his services are in constant demand. One such Negro in each community will give character to a hundred other Negroes. It is this kind of effort that will put the Negro on his feet. What I have said of carpentry, is equally true of dozens of occupations now within the Negro's hands. The second or third generation of this black man need not be carpenters, but can aspire successfully to something higher because the foundation has been laid.

It is not only the duty of the Negro to thus put himself in possession of the signs of civilization, but it is also the plainest duty of the white man, North and South, to help the Negro to do so in a more generous manner than ever before. One-third of the population of the South is colored. Ignorance in any country or among any people, is the sign of poverty, crime and incompetency. No state can have the highest civilization and prosperity with one-third of its population down. This one-third will prove a constant millstone about the neck of the other two-thirds. Every one-room Negro cabin in the South, where there are ignorance, poverty and stupidity, is an adverse advertisement of the state, the bad effects of which no white man in the next generation can escape.

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF SUICIDE.

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Love of life is one of two fundamental laws, or instincts, upon which the continuance of life is founded, the other being the procreative instinct. "Self-preservation is the first law of nature" is an old saying, based on a recognized foundation of truth and sound philosophy.

Dr. Strahan, in his work on "Suicide and Insanity," associates these two fundamental instincts of all organic life. Without the procreative instinct, life would disappear with the death of the existing representatives of the families; without that of self-preservation, it is probable another generation would never appear, and if it did, it would immediately perish. This innate love of life is, in reality, a necessary part of life, and is proven by its universal co-existence with life. The all-pervading character of this instinctive straining after life is not fully recognized. It is not an attribute to animal life alone, but is also equally strongly developed all through organic nature, even to the lower forms of vegetable life. The individual, therefore, in whom the love of life is wanting is incomplete or abnormal. The continuance of life, either as to the individual or the races, and the absence of a desire to live, are incompatible. If the desire for life fades, death approaches. Everywhere that life is met with in a healthy or normal condition, it is invariably found co-existing with this instinct, which is often so strongly developed as to overshadow every other natural desire. And the absence of this fundamental instinct is *per se* proof of unfitness to live.

From the foregoing physiological truth it is evident that the statement that "the suicide dies because he is unfit for life" is absolutely true. This rule is applicable to the great majority of suicides of today, but it cannot be said to include all who seek voluntary death. What then does suicide really mean? There is a class of self-destroyers, so-called suicides—happily small in the present day—who do not come within the definition of true suicide. Such people destroy their lives for one of two reasons: either they have upon consideration come to the conclusion that death is the most acceptable of impending evils, one of which must be embraced, or they wish to gain, by their self-destruction, something they consider much more valuable than the life forfeited.

These quasi-suicides, as they should be called, make up but a small proportion of the suicides of modern western civilization. They formed the great bulk of voluntary deaths among the ancient Greeks and Romans under the teachings of the stoic and epicurean philosophers, as they did among the ancient Jews, the Asiatics and the Norsemen. Suicides, therefore, naturally fall into two great classes: First—rational; and second, irrational. In one, the reason of the individual is called upon to decide between death and a continuance of life, and chooses the former; in the other the individual is impelled to destroy his life by an innate craving, or instinct, by what seems to be an uncontrollable impulse, or by the unhealthy reasoning of a disordered intellect.

The suicidal instinct may be defined as one of the signs of a markedly degenerate condition of the human organism, brought about by any or all of the thousand and one deteriorating influences at work among civilized communities, foremost among which must be placed the deliberate disregard of, and studied interference with, the laws of nature.

The immorality of the practice of suicide in ancient times was not a sign of intellectual degeneration. It was advocated by the leading philosophers and statesmen of antiquity as a just, rational and commendable way to escape the pain or disgrace, or even inconvenience of living. It is a remarkable

historical fact, however, that in the simpler and purer life of Greece and Rome suicide was condemned. In ancient Athens the suicide was buried after sunset, his hand severed from the body and separately buried as the offending member, and confiscation of goods and disgrace and ignominy covered the memory of the self-destroyer. In the early days of the Roman republic the practice of suicide was equally reprehensible. Public law denounced it, and public opinion was strongly set against it.

With the rise of the philosophic schools, and the corruption and decay of morals, consequent upon the prevalence of luxury and the ostentation of manners among these early people, the sentiment of opposition to self-immolation began to decline, and finally faded out entirely. Both the adherents of the stoic and epicurean philosophy advocated suicide as a commendable cult. The stoic was taught to believe his life his own; that he was sole arbiter of his existence, and that he could live or die as he pleased. The same principles were inculcated by the epicurean philosophy. Seneca, the tutor of emperors, and the philosopher who taught mankind morality of a high order, for any age, defended suicide. He said: "Does life please you? Live on. Does it not? Go from whence you came. No vast wound is necessary; a mere puncture will secure your liberty. It is a bad thing (you say) to be under the necessity of living; but there is no necessity in the case. Thanks be to the gods, nobody can be compelled to live." Epictetus, the learned freedman, said: "If you like not life, you may leave it; the door is open; get you gone! But a little smoke ought not to frighten you away; it should be endured, and will thereby be often surmounted." The strong and constant advocates of the right and duty of self-destruction, where the inclination existed were Zeno, Plato, Cleanthes, Cicero, Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Pliny, and a host of others.

Most of the great men of ancient Europe died by their own hands. The roster of distinguished suicides in the antique world is written in imperishable characters on the

enduring monuments of fame. In this way died Lyncurgus, Themistocles, Demosthenes, Aristarchus, Cato, Brutus, Cassius, Mark Antony, Lucian, Seneca, Nero and Otho, and a long line of others, who sought and gained immortality as statesmen, philosophers and soldiers.

Recognizing the impossibility of preventing those who wished to die carrying out their desire, and hoping in some degree to limit self-destruction by legalizing it under certain conditions, both Greeks and Romans instituted tribunals for the hearing of the application of those who wished to die. If the applicant showed what the court considered good cause for quitting life, his prayer was granted, and he destroyed himself with the sanction of the court. In some cases the court not only passed a favorable sentence, but supplied the means of death in a decoction of hemlock. Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," suggested a system almost identical with this. Roman law, as codified and commented on by Justinian as late as the sixth century, held that suicide was justifiable if it arose from *toedum vitas*—"disgust of life." The justifiable specific causes were grief at loss of friends; to escape disgrace of insolvency; bodily suffering or disease; and when the act arose from madness.

It is a remarkable fact that none of the prophets or religious leaders of antiquity, with the single exception of Mohammed, forbade suicide. There has been much thought expended on the moral and social side of self-destruction. Such modern writers as Hume, Gibbon, Donne, Madam De-Stael, Voltaire, Winslow, Schopenhauer, and many others, have treated the subject in all its moral phases, and it must be admitted that the discussion is often quite unfruitful.

Another author, Dr. O'Dea, in his work on "Suicide, its Philosophy, Causes and Prevention," adopts a contrary method of treatment. The fundamental theory of his discussion is, "that suicide has reference to the individual, viewed in the two-fold aspect of his social and personal life." It presupposes two necessary conditions:

1. Moral and physical impressions derived from without.

2. A nervous impressibility which magnifies and distorts these impressions, giving them a dangerous power to affect his happiness. He classifies the causes of suicide under two grand heads: First—external and social; second—internal and personal.

It must be said that this author has produced a work rich in the historical and etiological phases of the subject. His chapters on the Prevention of Suicide are reasonable, forcible and timely.

Morselli states, what is doubtless true, that the vast multiplication of the wants, duties and struggles of the complex and artificial life of modern days is responsible for the enormous increase of suicides. He says: "The certainty of the figures and the regularity of the progressive increase of suicide is such and so great, even in respect to countries different in race, religion and number of inhabitants, that it is not possible to explain it otherwise than as an effect of that universal uplifting process which we call *civilization*." It is true nevertheless that the present moral standards of society and the moral consensus of mankind are not in favor of self-destruction. The tendency of this same enlightened civilization is to establish the individual's tenure of life upon the theory that he holds it in responsible trust, rather than by absolute title; that to seek to escape the responsibilities of this present existence, by his own hand, is cowardly, unmanly and in every way sacreligious and reprehensible.

During the Napoleonic wars an epidemic of suicide sprung up in a certain corps of the army. The great captain, who was so profoundly wise in all human motives, stayed the ravages of this epidemic by an appeal to that virtue of courage which was the supreme passion of the French soldier. Napoleon made the following order: "The First Consul directs that it shall be notified in the order of the day of the Guard, that a soldier ought to know how to overcome the

grief and melancholy of his passions; that there is as much true courage in bearing mental affliction manfully, as in remaining unmoved under the fire of a battery. To abandon one's self to grief without resisting, and to kill one's self in order to escape from it, is like abandoning the field of battle before being conquered."

Peace hath her battles and her victories, as well as war. Why not inculcate this same heroic sentiment of fortitude and courage to overcome the evils and besetments of every day civil life?

It would be aside from my purpose to enter further into the history or moral aspects of the subject. At the close I shall venture to submit some suggestions on the uses of education and the creation of public opinion, as deterrents of suicide.

In what follows, I wish to call attention mainly,

First: To the Relation of Suicide and Insanity, and

Secondly: Suicide in its relations to Life Insurance.

It has been remarked that savage people, living in a natural state, rarely exhibit this self-destructive tendency. The unbearable pains of hunger, or the stress of religious fanaticism, may lead to self-immolation. In natural life, however, the weak, defective or abnormal individual does not have to resort to suicide; these classes of degenerates are eliminated by the natural process of selection by which the fittest only survives. With such races it is only a step above the course of nature among the lower order of animals. The deformed, the lame, the wounded, or infirm in the herd or flock, are mercilessly turned upon by the stronger, self-selected individual who, as a stern executioner, under the inexorable law of nature, puts an end to the feeble ones unfitted to cope with life. Civilization reverses this order among men. With us the blind, deaf, dumb, idiotic, insane, epileptic, and suicidal, among countless others of the unfit, instead of disappearing, are reared with care. The hypochondriachal and melancholic who are totally indifferent as to life, are forced to live by the

attention of their fellows. And all these weaklings are permitted, and at times even induced to contaminate the race by the propagation of their unfitness. In this way, from the hypochondriac who tells you that life is a curse, and from the melancholic who can survive only with occasional care in a lunatic asylum—we deliberately cultivate the still more degenerate type, in which the parents' vital indifference is replaced by an active desire for death. By care and attention worthy of a nobler cause, even these are protected against themselves when impelled by nature to quit the life to which they are constitutionally unfitted, and are freely permitted, in the intervals between their suicidal outbursts, to beget a still more degraded stock. In this last crop of degraded humanity, we find a profusion of suicides, epileptics, maniacs, drunkards, and other depraved creatures, who never could, by any possibility, have been bred under natural conditions.

How far is insanity responsible for the majority of suicides? It is undoubtedly true that the proportion of suicides due to mental aberration is increasing.

Self-destruction, as a practice, is increasing with fearful rapidity. It has increased at the rate of thirty-three per cent. in the last twenty-five years in England; and at a rate of more than forty-five per cent, in America in the same period. You can scarcely take up your morning paper in any large city without noting the account of a suicide. Not all this enormous increase is based on an insane diathesis; much of it must be attributed to the waste and wear of our grinding, harassing, competitive life, where so often in the race for subsistence men and women are hounded by a gaunt and wolfish pack of cares. Poverty, extreme and unendurable, assailed by that consuming passion for physical comforts and the pride of possession, so characteristic of our American life, is chargeable with hundreds upon hundreds of acts of self-destruction.

It was recognized from very early times that under ordinary circumstances the insane were more liable to self-destruction than the general population; but none of the ancient writers treated all suicides as insane. One of the greatest

alienists of Europe, early in the century, laid down the proposition that all suicides were insane. This was Esquirol, whom so many subsequent scientists have blindly copied in this conclusion. The argument is, that an act so repugnant to the natural instinct of self-preservation must be due to insanity.

In 1840 the first edition of a work which attracted wide attention was given to the English-speaking public by Dr. Forbes Winslow, who became a highly celebrated neurologist and master of pathologic psychology. His volume is entitled "The Anatomy of Suicide." He is almost the only noted Englishman who advocates the invariable insanity of the suicide. He has no patience with the practice of self-destruction, and denounces it as always a "crime against God and man." He says: "It is a safe doctrine *always* to presume the presence of insanity in those who have exhibited a desire to commit suicide."

The inconsistency of denouncing suicide as a crime "high up in the black catalogue of human offenses" and yet holding to the position that every suicide is an irresponsible lunatic, is patent to all. The trouble of accounting for the act, always on the theory of the presence of insanity, arises out of the difficulty of uniting on a universal working definition of "insanity."

Without a generally recognized definition, no hypothesis of insanity can be made rationally to account for every case; indeed, those who make this postulate, are influenced much by the popular notion created by that practice of long standing in England, of judicially finding a verdict of "temporary insanity" in every coroner's inquest for suicide. This verdict is rendered so that the poor victim may receive Christian burial, and his heirs not be subject to the forfeiture of estate, according to the established rule of the common law of England. It is probably true that the belief in the invariable existence of insanity in the suicide was the outgrowth of the reaction against this inhuman treatment of the victim and his family. The amelioration of these harsh customs was due to that great upheaval and revolt against monarchical institutions, and vio-

lent clamor for human rights—the French revolution. This sentimental charity is reflected by Madame DeStael in the first sentences of her *Essay on Suicide*: “It is for the unhappy we should write, since to the children of prosperity experience is the only instructor, and by them all general ideas are considered as futile and unprofitable. It is otherwise with the afflicted; reflection is their best, if not their only asylum; insulated by adversity from the distractions of the world, they look into their own hearts with the solicitude of the sick man, who lies tossing on his bed of pain, to discover some position in which his sufferings may be mitigated. * * * It would be cruel to hold up to detestation those who are wretched enough to loath existence; it would be unjust to praise those who shrink from the duties it imposes; to bear the burden however great, is the test of strength and the triumph of magnanimity.”

O’Dea sets down a third as the proportion of suicides insane, but attributes another third to what he calls “latent insanity.” The correct proportion is probably not greater than 25 per cent. of the typically insane suicides. The variation of proportions is due to the varying value put upon the evidence of insanity offered at inquests. If we must have delusions, incoherent language, purposeless, or wildly extravagant acts, imbecility, or utter vacuity to constitute insanity, then the lowest estimate of from eighteen to twenty per cent. is too high. But if we are to include among the insane, those who have been depressed and melancholic; those who leave clear coherent letters saying that they are tired of life, that they are dying to join lovers or other departed friends; that they are about to give way to an impulse which they have long fought against, but now find irresistible; and also those who may reasonably be assumed to have given way to an instantaneous impulse from the fact that no rational or reasonable cause for an act can be discovered, then, to include all these as insane—aberrant suicides would reach 90 or 95 per cent.

Of the truly insane who commit suicide, the majority are melancholiacs. In these cases the melancholia may be the cause

of the suicide, or the suicidal impulse may have existed first and been the cause of the melancholia. In many cases of melancholia, the terrible depression which falls upon the mind and embitters existence, almost beyond endurance, is for a considerable time free from any suicidal desire. The time comes however, when the misery of existing, the dull pain of living, becomes more than can be borne, and the sufferer is driven to choose between two evils—perpetual torment or relief in death. In these cases the miserable victim has neither delusion nor hallucination, and his intellect is clear and perfect as it ever was. To him life is a long drawn out agony, and his gloom is no more insanity than is the irritability of the old gentleman with the gout in his great toe.

There is another class, that of the insane melancholiac, who, in addition to the mental depression, suffer from distinct mental alienation. The suicide of these is the result of delusions. They believe themselves guilty of some grievous offense, or unpardonable sin; they destroy life as an atonement, or are driven to it by some supernatural voice or direction.

Suicide is not often associated with acute mania. Sometimes during the onset of the maniacal fury, the patient may inflict injury on himself by dashing himself against a wall, or throwing himself down a stairway, or otherwise wounding himself. But such wild tumult of destruction is not the settled impulse of suicide. There is one transitory form of mania in which self-destruction is often effected—that is, mania connected with epileptic seizures. Not infrequently the victim of epileptic insanity, while unconscious of his surroundings, will destroy himself. Dementia contributes few cases of suicide. Senile dementia coming on at that period when the sands of life are nearly run, may be accompanied with that half-conscious indifference of life, which will lead to suicide. But dementia is often too inert and passive to furnish numerous cases of suicide. The idiotic very rarely destroy themselves.

There is a recognized form of abnormal mental or moral tendency called

THE SUICIDAL IMPULSE.

To this we must attribute the great majority of insane suicides.

This condition exists in two distinct forms. First, the "instantaneous impulse." In this case the onset of impulse is so sudden and overwhelming, that it paralyzes the will on the instant, and is immediately acted on. As a local illustration of this species of destructive impulse, I remember well facts stated by the late Dr. Proctor Thayer, when testifying in a case of insanity. A healthy, strong man, in middle life, a butcher, carrying on a meat market, while at his shop, having cut a steak for a customer, suddenly drew his knife across his throat, and died instantly. In the second the growing impulse develops and is experienced for a time, until it becomes strong enough to over-master the will and destroy freedom of action.

The first of these forms of impulsive suicidal mania is often aggravated, or incited by the sight of the means or opportunity for self-destruction. The sight of a razor, or pistol. Looking over an appalling or dizzy height. The first view on near approach, of the sublime and awful plunge of waters at Niagara—these situations may suddenly awaken this dormant impulse. Sir Samuel Romilly, the renowned English jurist, was a noted victim of this impulse. Under the stress of the instantaneous seizure, he gave himself a mortal wound, and almost as suddenly the spell passed, his consciousness returned and he endeavored in vain to stanch the fatal hemorrhage.

"The sight of means to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done."

In not a few instances of this form of unpremeditated suicide, the person is thwarted in his purpose, or a fortunate accident prevents the fatal result. In many such cases the event becomes to the afflicted a horrible memory, and casts a shadow over the life which deepens into the true deliberate suicidal intent. Lord Clive, who conquered India for England, was a noted example. Twice in early youth he made unsuccessful attempts upon his life. He passed his great career in

India, amassed immense wealth and achieved enduring fame in a quarter of a century of his life, and died finally by his own hand at the age of fifty.

The gradually developing desire for self-destruction is even more common than that just mentioned. First in such cases is noticed the disagreeable frequency with which the thoughts of suicide present themselves to the mind. The idea lingers and cannot be dismissed. Often the self-conscious victim of this pursuing phantom of death, appeals to intimate friends for protection against himself. When the growing impulse is appreciated, it sometimes produces a melancholy which cannot be shaken off. Sometimes the idea of suicide, at first repelled, then tolerated, finally becomes pleasurable to the poor victim, and is entertained in the mental consciousness as a welcome guest.

Dr. Hammond says: "In some cases of emotional morbid impulse to suicide, the contemplation of the act is attended with feelings of pleasure. A man kills himself because he wishes to do so; and because of the satisfaction to be derived from gratifying his impulse. His intellect is not necessarily deranged; he acts with a full knowledge of what he is doing; and if the circumstances require it, he employs the most systematic and recondite stratagems in order to accomplish his purpose. He is neither governed by delusions nor by logical reasons. He is simply actuated by a passion which it is pleasant for him to gratify."

It would be interesting and not unprofitable to study the course of suicidal tendency as it is affected by slight provocation; by age, and sex; climate and seasons; by the imitative faculty, or epidemic suicide; by religion, education and morality; and most of all by the inherited degeneracies. But such discussion would extend these notes beyond endurance.

A peculiar line of interesting pathologic discussion might be suggested as to the correct treatment of the insane suicide. I will venture to give you one case where heroic measures were resorted to with good effect. It was related in a news-

paper some time ago that a Chicago policeman discovered a would-be suicide wading into the lake on the lake-front. The officer instantly commanded the man to desist and return, to which the suicide gave no heed, but waded on into deeper water, whereupon the officer drew his revolver and threatened to fire if he did not stop. "Hold on, don't shoot," said the disconsolate victim, "I will come back," turning toward the shore. Thus we have another proof of that sublime therapeutic truth, that "like cures like!"

SUICIDE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

In nearly all policies of life insurance there is some proviso which tends to avoid the contract in case of the suicide of the policy holder. Sometimes this restriction extends over the entire life of the policy; but more generally limited to the first year or two. Upon the interpretation of these clauses, almost unlimited judicial learning and unwearied skill has been expended. It has been held that "suicide, death by one's own hand," and "taking his own life," are synonymous, having the same legal significance. 54 Me., 224; 102 Mass., 227. If a policy is taken out by one in good faith, and he subsequently commit suicide, there being no proviso against that act, the policy would not be voidable, especially not if the suicide were insane. In one case by the dicta of the judge, it was held that in that case the policy should be avoided because of the fraud committed against the company. Where a policy contained a clause providing against the operation of the contract where death was the cause of any immoral act, it has been held that suicide is not such act and the policy holds good. In a case in New York, where a man who had become insolvent and lost his living for his family, deliberately procuring \$282,000.00 of insurance in 36 different companies, being careful to see to it that there was no proviso against suicide, all with the deliberate purpose of afterward committing suicide, for the express purpose of securing sufficient to pay his debts and make his family easy, it was held that the

policies were all void because "suicide was the ultimate agency by which fraud was accomplished." 123 N. Y., 85.

If there is a proviso in the policy against self-destruction, and the insured commits suicide, voluntarily and intentionally, while in the possession of his faculties, and conscious of the immoralities of the act, there is no difference of opinion; under such circumstances the policy is avoided. It is otherwise where the act is purely accidental or unintentional, as in poisoning by mistake, or accidental shooting, and wherever the act of self-destruction was unintentional. 85 N. Y., 320. The doctrine that the intentional, deliberate, and sane act of self-destruction by the insured, is such as to avoid the liability of a company, under the ordinary policy has finally been established by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Where this proviso exists and the assured commits suicide, while insane, the determination of the question of avoiding the policy is different in different courts. On one point the law is settled. Suicide does not raise the presumption of insanity. In regard to the effect which the suicide of a policyholder, while insane, has of avoiding the policy, there being a proviso against that mode of death, the decisions can be divided broadly into two classes:

1st. If an individual commits suicide voluntarily and the act is carried out in an intelligent manner, in pursuance of a definite purpose, it is suicide on the part of the insured, even if he is urged thereto by an insane impulse, or if insanity exists to such an extent that the immorality of the act is not appreciated by him. 4 Allen, 96.

2d. "Unfortunately the sanctity of such motives as providing support for wife and children, and possibly other considerations, have in another class of cases influenced the judicial mind; consequently we find it held, that even if the act of suicide be voluntary, still, to bring it within the exception it must be accompanied by an understanding of its normal aspect, an ability to distinguish right from wrong, and also a freedom

from the influence of an irresistible impulse." (Med. Jur. of Life Ins. Hamilton's System of Legal Med., Vol. I, p. 577.)

Thus we see that confusion still exists in the judicial treatment of rights under this class of contracts. There is no good reason why the old moral test of ability to judge the color of the act as to its being right or wrong, which pertains to criminal responsibility, should not aid in discovering whether the act to avoid the policy was an insane one or not.

The moral hue of suicide is changing with the enlightened opinions of mankind. It does not stand on the same moral basis as homicide. To hear that your friend has committed homicide, would shock and benumb your moral sense; to hear that he had taken his own life, would produce a shock mingled with pity and commiseration.

You will pardon me for the suggestion that a grave duty devolves upon a society like this, to make itself an organ of public sentiment and opinion. Every such body existing to cultivate intelligent thought, and encourage inquiry on sociological, legal, and medical science, owes a responsible duty to the public in the fostering of correct and sound standards of living. In medicine, if you will allow an opinion from a layman, preventive therapeutics and methods are coming to the front.

What should be done toward staying the ravages of self-destruction? Simply to provide discussion I venture to submit the following propositions:

1. The profession of medicine should teach in its schools, more fully than at present, sounder laws of mental hygiene, and aid people in the elimination of those twin demons of competitive life mentioned by Horace Fletcher,

"Anger, the root of all the aggressive passions;
And Worry, the root of all cowardly passions."

2. Education and custom being powerful factors in inducing to suicide, the widespread and incessant publication

of the names, ages, sex, manner, and reasons and causes of suicides, thereby stimulating imitation, should be forbidden or curtailed by public law.

3. As the strongest safeguard against suicide is the sense of responsibility to a Supreme Being, for all conduct, including the faithful keeping and preservation of life; and this sense of accountability to the future being destroyed, no consideration of duty to family, society, or self being adequate to answer the arguments of the suicide, it is the duty of society to promote all those wholesome, cheerful and rational sanctions of religion and education, which enrich, dignify and ennoble this present life.

Permit me to close with the following sentence from the German pessimist, Schopenhauer: "Suicide may also be regarded as an experiment; a question which man puts to Nature, trying to force her to answer. The question is this: What change will death produce in a man's existence, and in his insight into the nature of things? It is a clumsy experiment to make; for it involves the destruction of the very consciousness which puts the question, and awaits the answer."

• MOTHERS AND MOTHERHOOD.

There is a Jewish saying that "God could not be everywhere, and therefore he made mothers."

While this saying may conflict with our ideas concerning omnipresence as a necessary attribute of Deity, it nevertheless voices an essential truth, that mothers, as the representative of the fecundity of nature, sustain the closest relation to God as his chosen channel through which to manifest the highest forms of creative power. "The fatherhood of God, the motherhood of nature and the consequent brotherhood of man," is an expression giving motherhood almost co-ordinate rank with God, and harmonizes perfectly with Bulwer Lytton's well known expression, "Nature's loving proxy, the watchful mother." The "proxy" idea grows out of the fact that the mother's instincts, acting as they do independently of and prior to reason, and being superior to and disconnected from the understanding, are in close and vital touch with the infinite source of all wisdom, and hence a substitute for God within the limitations of their function.

While it is true that highly educated mothers have written most feelingly of motherhood, it is also true that the best thinkers among men, in all ages, have acknowledged the supremacy of the maternal tie, often ascribing divine attributes to her surpassing tenderness. Michelet says, "It is the general rule, that all superior men inherit the elements of their superiority from their mothers." To this add the words of the immortal Lincoln, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother;" and the tribute of John Quincy Adams, "All that I am my mother made me." Such acknowledgments can be duplicated over and over again from the literature of all countries and all times. Thus, Napoleon, "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother;" and again,

Napoleon, "Let France have good mothers and she will have good sons."

Longfellow, drawing his inspiration from the contemplation of motherhood, says, "Even He that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought, the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven." The sentiments of other authors are expressed in the following

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT MOTHERS.

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss.—*Pollock*.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love.—*Marchioness de Spadara*.

A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.—*W. D. Howells*.

If you would reform the world from its errors and vices, begin by enlisting the mothers.—*C. Simmons*.

But one thing on earth is better than the wife, and that is the mother.—*L. Schafer*.

There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within a mother's heart.—*Mrs. Hemans*.

I think it must somewhere be written, that the virtues of mothers shall be visited on their children, as well as the sins of the fathers.—*Dickens*.

The mother's yearning, that completest type of life within another life which is the essence of human love, feels the presence of the cherished child, even in the base degraded man.—*George Eliot*.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—*Richter*.

The dignity, the grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of motherhood.—*De Witt Tallmadge*.

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.—*Lacretelle*.

The babe at first feeds upon the mother's bosom, but is always on her heart.—*Beecher*.

Say to mothers, what a holy charge is theirs; with what a kingly power their love might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

Oh, wondrous power! how little understood,
 Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,
 To fashion genius, form the soul for good,
 Inspire a West, or train a Washington.—*Mrs. Hale.*

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever.—*T. W. Higginson.*

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.—*E. H. Chapin.*

Happy he with such a mother! faith in womankind beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall, he shall not blind his soul with clay.—*Tennyson.*

A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us.—*Bovee.*

It is generally admitted, and very frequently proved, that virtue and genius, and all the natural good qualities which men possess, are derived from their mothers.—*Hook.*

The future of society is in the hands of the mothers. If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.—*De Beaufort.*

An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.—*Spanish Proverb.*

The mother in her office holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character, and makes the being who would be a savage but for her gentle cares, a Christian man! Then crown her queen of the world.—*Old Play.*

Children are what the mothers are; no fondest father's fondest care can so fashion the infant's heart, or so shape the life.—*Landor.*

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.—*Beecher.*

A father may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that the child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.—*Washington Irving.*

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In

after life you may have friends, fond, dear friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother can bestow.—*Macaulay*.

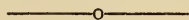
Men are what their mothers make them. You may as well ask a loom which weaves huckaback, why it does not make cashmere, as expect poetry from this engineer, or chemical discovery from that jobber.—*Emerson*.

The instruction received at the mother's knee, and the paternal lessons, together with the pious and sweet souvenirs of the fireside, are never effaced entirely from the soul.—*Lamennais*.

If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.—*Lord Langdale*.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affecting as the joy of a mother at the good fortune of her child.—*Richter*.

Observe how soon, and to what a degree, a mother's influence begins to operate! Her first ministration for her infant is to enter, as it were, the valley of the shadow of death, and win its life at the peril of her own! How different must an affection thus founded be from all others!—*Mrs. Sigourney*.



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMAN.

A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of earth, and the sole wonder of the world.—*Hermes*.

There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—*Lamartine*.

There is one in the world who feels for him who is sad a keener pang than he feels for himself; there is one to whom reflected joy is better than that which comes direct; there is one who rejoices in another's honor, more than in any which is one's own; there is one on whom another's transcendent excellence sheds no beam but that of delight; there is one who hides another's infirmities more faithfully than one's own; there is one who loses all sense of self in the sentiment of kindness, tenderness, and devotion to another; that one is woman.—*Washington Irving*.

Next to God we are indebted to women, first for life itself, and then for making it worth having.—*Bovee*.

The deepest tenderness a woman can show to a man, is to help him to do his duty.—*Mulock*.

The intuitions of women are better and readier than those of men; her quick decisions without conscious reasons, are frequently far superior to a man's most careful deductions.—*W. Aikman*.

A woman has this quality in common with angels, that those who suffer belong to her.—*Balzac*.

O, what makes women lovely? Virtue, faith and gentleness in suffering; an endurance through scorn or trial; these call beauty forth, give it the stamp celestial, and admit it to sisterhood with angels.—*Brent*.

Women that are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice.—*Colton*.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud; 'tis virtue that doth make them most admired; 'tis modesty that makes them seem divine.—*Shakespeare*.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.—*George Eliot*.

The best woman has always somewhat of a man's strength, and the noblest man, of a woman's gentleness.—*Miss Mulock*.

ART.

To present in a form acceptable to the general reader the best thoughts of best thinkers on art, it will be necessary first to analyze the idea in such a way as will determine the different view-points from which this great subject is to be studied. The two principal and opposite stations are the psychological and the philosophical. Seen from the psychological point of view, we note the relation of art to the mental faculties that recognize or comprehend art, and there are two views to be taken from this stand-point of comprehension—first, in the light of a producer of art, and, secondly, in the light of a spectator.

From the producer's point of view, we are required to determine what processes are in operation in the artist's own mind; while from the spectator's point of view, we are to discover the mental processes by which a person who sees a work of art reaches a due appreciation of its merits. Both the artists and the admirer of art must comprehend art principles, though neither may be sufficiently versed in either psychology or philosophy to give verbal expression to the laws of thought which he intuitively obeys. The enjoyment of either is greatly enhanced by a clear understanding of the laws of both art and psychology, because the meaning or æsthetic effect then reaches the mind through two avenues, the intellect as well as the sensibilities. Yet the intellectual understanding of either art or psychology is not positively essential to the artist or to the spectator, any more than a technical knowledge of logic is essential to every speaker or hearer. Millions of people reason correctly, both as orators and auditors, who know nothing whatever of the necessary laws of thought by which they avoid or detect fallacies, and reach sound conclusions. It is doubtless true, however, that some admirers of art and most pro-

ducers of art are familiar with the leading principles of the philosophy, if not the psychology involved.

By tracing the history of art from its rude beginnings among savages, and also by following the development of art ideas among children, and even among animals, philosophers, such as Schiller and Herbert Spencer, have discovered that the play-idea is the fundamental impulse or primitive source of art. It was emphasized by Aristotle that imitation is an essential element in art, but so is imitation the foundation of play. Play, both in animals and children, rests on a natural inclination to use up surplus energy in a way to give pleasure. Almost every game has for its essence the imitation of some serious procedure, and the pretending so common in child's play is but the earlier manifestation and exercise of imagination.

Imitation, however, will not account for all the phases in which art shows itself. When the bird displays his bright plumage to his mate, or the savage smears his face with red paint, there is no attempt to imitate anything else, but there is a manifest desire to call attention to self. The lengthy course of reasoning and illustration necessary to establish self-exhibition as a fundamental motive in the psychology of art may be omitted, and we will simply state the conclusion reached, that imitation and self-exhibition are the two fundamental motives which, realizing themselves in a playful way, produce art, the actual construction being guided by imagination.

Following up this lead, we note the pretense, or make-believe state of mind of the player and the spectator, and it is but a short journey from the play-house of the child, or the war-dance of the savage, to the modern theater where it is pretended that "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women in it merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his turn plays many parts." But the actors are not alone the pretenders. Every one who attends a theatrical play exercises a sort of double consciousness. The spectator enters into the spirit of the play, and pretends to

himself that the scenes enacted are all real; at the same time he knows that he could withdraw at any moment and break off the feeling of sympathy that he is zealously exercising through scene after scene, with utter disregard of the omissions of time and changes of place involved. This view of the spectator's attitude toward art is further illustrated by his demand for the same qualities in a play that he demands in a picture—congruity. No serious inharmony of representation or inconsistency of events depicted in a picture would be tolerated. If harvesters are gathering in the hay, there must be no boys sliding down hill on their sleds on that canvas. So, on the stage, Falstaff must not travel in an automobile, nor Hamlet receive wireless telegrams.

Besides the principle of congruity, there is the principle of unity and variety which also is essential to compel our admiration of art, either in play or in picture. The spectator cannot be interested in unity alone—that is monotonous—nor in variety, unless there is a cohesion of parts effected through a unity of purpose. Without going into detail on this point, the reader will easily pass to the fact that with these essential principles, bearing alike upon spectators on the one hand and artists and actors on the other, the play is but the idealization of art, while art itself is but the idealization of nature. This is, in brief, the psychological situation. Imitation and self-exhibition (by ornamentation) are the fundamental impulses wrought out by direction of the imagination, and appreciated by reason of the expression therein of congruence and the combination of unity and variety. The human mind is so constituted as naturally to produce and recognize art by and through the fulfilling of these conditions.

Viewing art from the standpoint of philosophy, we are confronted with the problem of æsthetics, or "What constitutes beauty?" There are two schools of thought on this point, the Realists and the Idealists. Realists say that beauty is a positive quality inherent in the things we call beautiful. Idealists say that beauty is only relative, a certain state of mind induced in us, and that it has no existence out-

side of the mind. Each side is ably supported by enthusiastic theorists who are deeply entrenched with metaphysical lore, while the common sense of it all is that both are right and both are wrong; because it is not impossible to admit the claims of both, and yet neither tells the whole truth without the other. All knowledge is an expression of the reaction of the individual mind upon reality, and the sentiment of beauty, as one kind of knowledge, is no exception. Yet, if the susceptibility does not exist within the individual, the action of reality will produce no reaction resulting in the cognizance of beauty. Thus "The kingdom is within you," and yet, without the stimulus of objective reality, there would be no subjective recognition of the kingdom. Both the objective and subjective conditions are essential to the existence of beauty.

With this brief resume of the researches of Schiller, Spencer, et al. concerning the origin and status of the art concept in the human mind, we now proceed to cite the views of many authors in the more general consideration of art and kindred ideas. We trust, however, that the reader will be sufficiently interested in the philosophy and psychology of art to follow up the study of æsthetics in works specially devoted thereto, and thus realize the force of Quintillian's observation, "The learned understand the reason of art; the unlearned feel the pleasure."

That art in every phase is based on pretext or illusion, is indicated by Goethe, "The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality." While imitation is found to have been an essential element in the origin of art, and "The perfection of art is to conceal art," (Quintillian), yet in its modern development, art takes an advanced position, beyond the domain of imitation, merely. "The highest triumph of art, is the truest presentation of nature," (N. P. Willis) might be true without going beyond the pale of imitation, but Bulwer sounds the note of progress by saying, "Art does not imitate nature, but founds itself on the study of nature—takes from nature the selections which best accord with its own intention, and then bestows on them

that which nature does not possess, viz., the mind and soul of man." That art in its highest sense embodies the artist's feelings over and above the objects represented on the canvas, appears also from Del Sarto's view, "The object of art is to crystallize emotion into thought, and then fix it in form." The artist's personality as revealed by his work, is also declared by Ruskin, "All that is good in art is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it." The elevation of sentiment depicted by a master's hand is indicated by *the master himself* in the words, "The true work of art is but a shadow of the divine perfection."—*Michael Angelo*.

The Epworth League motto, "Look up, lift up," might well be for art lovers—Look up and be lifted up. Ruskin says, "All great art is the expression of man's delight in God's work, not his own," and Tryon Edwards, "True art is reverent imitation of God." That our aim in the study of an artist's work should always be upward, is implied by Washington Allston, "Never judge a work of art by its defects."

The high moral status of art is still further proclaimed by Blaikie, "The highest art is always the most religious, and the greatest artist is always a devout man. A scoffing Raphael or an irreverent Michael Angelo is not conceivable." J. G. Holland voices the same sentiment thus, "Artists are nearest God. Into their souls he breathes his life, and from their hands it comes in fair, articulate forms to bless the world."

Hear Addison:

"Fain would I Raphael's god-like art rehearse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light,
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow."

How appropriate that art should be praised in verse! Horace says, "A picture is a poem without words," and Simonides, "Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is a speaking picture." The close connection between painting and poetry is noted thus by Emerson, "The masters painted for joy, and knew not that virtue had gone out of them. They could not

paint like that in cold blood. The masters of English lyric wrote their songs so. It was a fine efflorescence of their powers." Professor Wilson says, "Poetry is the intellect colored by feeling." Also, Macaulay, "Poetry is the art of doing by means of words, what the painter does by means of colors."

Of course, the kinship of art and poetry is due to their common dependence upon inspiration for their best qualities. Shelley writes, "Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present." How often it happens that some young artist has "painted better than he knew," and in line with this is Plato's thought, "Poets utter great and wise things which they themselves do not understand;" to which we may add, "After our subtlest analysis of the mental process, we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us."—*George Eliot*.

BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT ART.

Would that we could at once paint with the eyes!—In the long way from the eye through the arm to the pencil, how much is lost!—*Lessing*.

The mother of the useful art is necessity; that of the fine arts is luxury;—The former have intellect for their father; the latter, genius, which is itself a kind of luxury.—*Schopenhauer*.

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than admiration of the beautiful.—All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect to the object.—They purify the thoughts as tragedy purifies the passions.—Their accidental defects are not worth consideration; for there are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.—*Schlegel*.

The artist is the child in the popular fable, every one of whose tears was a pearl. Ah! the world, that cruel stepmother, beats the poor child the harder to make him shed more pearls.—*Heine*.

The mission of art is to represent nature, not to imitate her.—*W. M. Hunt*.

The ordinarily true, or purely real, cannot be the object of the arts.—Illusion on a ground of truth, that is the secret of the fine arts.—*Joubert*.

The painter is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but as to his conception and spirit and design he is hardly below even the poet.—*Schiller*.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

NOTE.—The following are the closing lines of a lecture on "Character in Commercial Life, or Money versus Manhood."

Rear to the skies the ladder of life.
Each noble deed is a golden round,
Lifting the soul to a higher ground,
To be victor-crowned in every strife.

Slay the passions that dwarf the soul,—
Envy and avarice drag you down;
Mount to the summit and wear the crown
Won by your deeds of self-control.

Conquering self you mount on high,
Beyond temptation's power to mar,
Nearer the gates that stand ajar,
Waiting your coming by and by.

Forgive your enemy—up you rise!
He gains freedom from discontent,
You gain a knowledge of life well spent—
Yours is an everlasting prize.

Be kind to the erring—on you ascend!
He, thus redeemed from a life misspent,
Blesses mankind with the blessing you sent,—
Yours is the increase, world without end.

—*Hjalmer D. Gould.*

LACONICS.

BEST THOUGHTS IN DOUBLE FILE.

NOTE.—The following list of laconics in choice pairs embraces over five hundred reading topics alphabetically arranged. Besides the references noted the reader will readily recognize many other examples which clearly exemplify some principle in the Symposium.

Ability doth hit the mark where presumption over-shooteth and diffidence falleth short.—*Cusa*.

No man's abilities are so remarkably shining as not to need a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend to recommend them to the notice of the world.—*Pliny*.

¹⁵²Absence lessens moderate passions and increases great ones;¹⁵³ as the wind extinguishes the burning taper, but kindles the burning dwelling.—*Roche foucauld*.

Absence in love is ¹⁵³like water upon a fire; a little quickens, but much extinguishes it.—*Hannah More*.

Abuse is often of service. There is nothing so dangerous to an author as silence. His name,¹⁵³ like the shuttle-cock, must be beat backward and forward, or it falls to the ground.—*Johnson*.

Abuse me as much as you will, it is often a benefit rather than an injury. But for heaven's sake, don't make me ridiculous.—*E. Nott*.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty; inaccuracy of dishonesty.—*C. Simmons*.

Accuracy of statement is one of the first requisites of truth; inaccuracy is a near kin to falsehood.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.—*Disraeli*.

Only actions give to life its strength, as only moderation gives it its charm.—*Richter*.

Actors are the only honest hypocrites. Their life is a voluntary dream; and the height of their ambition is to be beside themselves.—*Hazlitt*.

An actor should take lessons from the painter and the sculptor.—*Goethe*.

Address makes opportunities; the want of it gives them.—*Bovee*.

Brahma once asked of Force,²⁰³ "Who is stronger than thou?" She replied, "Address."—*Victor Hugo*.

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.—*Franklin*.

Admiration is a very short-lived passion that decays on growing familiar with its object, unless it be fed with fresh discoveries and kept alive by perpetual miracles rising up to its view.—*Addison*.

Adversity is the trial of principle.—Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Fielding*.

¹⁶¹Adversity is¹⁶² the diamond dust Heaven polishes its jewels with.—*Leighton*.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most, like it least.—*Johnson*.

Advice and reprehension require the utmost delicacy.—*Percival*.

Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the smallpox.—*St. Evermond*.

¹⁵²Affectation lights a candle to our defects, and though it may gratify ourselves, it disgusts all others.—*Lavater*.

¹⁵⁵Affections, like conscience, are rather to be led than driven. Those who marry where they do not love, will be likely to love where they do not marry.—*Fuller*.

¹⁵³The affections are like lightning: you cannot tell where they will strike till they have fallen.—*Lacordaire*.

Affliction is a school of virtue; it corrects levity, and interrupts the confidence of sinning.—*Atterbury*.

Affliction is not sent in vain from the good God who chastens those that he loves.—*Southey*.

Age does not make us childish, as some say; it finds us true children.—*Goethe*.

¹⁷⁶In old age life's shadows are meeting eternity's day.—*Clarke*.

Agitation is the marshalling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws.—*Sir R. Peel*.

Agitation is the method that plants the school by the side of the ballot box.—*Wendell Philips*.

Agriculture for an honorable and high minded man, is the best of all occupations or arts by which men procure the means of living.—*Xenophon*.

Agriculture not only gives riches to a nation, but the only riches she calls her own.—*Johnson*.

Aim at the sun, and you may not reach it; but your arrow will fly far higher than if aimed at an object on a level with yourself.—*Hawes*.

¹⁶¹High aims and lofty purposes are the wings of the soul, aiding it to mount to heaven.—*S. Spring*.

¹⁷¹Allegories, when well chosen, are like ¹⁵³so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear and beautiful.—*Addison*.

Allegories are fine ornaments and good illustrations, but not proof.—*Luther*.

Ambition is not a weakness, unless it be disproportioned to the capacity. To have more ambition than ability is to be at once weak and unhappy.—*G. S. Hillard*.

Ambition has one heel nailed in well, though she stretch her fingers¹⁷⁷ to touch the heavens.—*Lilly*.

America is a fortunate country; she grows by the folly of our European nations.—*Napoleon*.

America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of divine Providence in behalf of the human race.—*Emerson*.

¹⁶¹Amusement is the waking sleep of labor.—*Willmott*.

Amusement to an observing mind is study.—*Disraeli*.

Anarchy is the choking, sweltering, deadly, and killing rule of no rule.—*Carlyle*.

Anarchy is the hatred of human authority; atheism, of divine authority — two sides of the same whole.—*Macpherson*.

Ancestry never made a man great. Thought and deed, not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame.—*Skobelev*.

Ancestry and title render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.—*Addison*.

Anecdotes and maxims are rich treasures to the man of the world, for he knows how to introduce the former at fit places in conversation, and to recollect the latter on proper occasions.—*Goethe*.

Anecdotes of authors are often more interesting than their works.—*Disraeli*.

Angels may have wider spheres of action and nobler forms of duty⁶²⁸ than ourselves, but truth⁴⁷¹ and right⁶³¹ to them and to us are one and the same thing.—*E. H. Chapin*.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake.—*Milton*.

Anger ventilated often hurries toward forgiveness; anger concealed often hardens into revenge.—*Bulwer*.

Keep cool and you command everybody.—*St. Just*.

Antiquity is enjoyed not by the ancients who lived in the infancy of things, but by us who live in their maturity.—*Colton*.

Antiquity!—I like its ruins better than its reconstructions.—*Joubert*.

Anxiety is a word of unbelief or unreasoning dread. We have no right to allow it. Full faith in God puts it to rest.—*Horace Bushnell*.

Anxiety is the rust of life, destroying its brightness and weakening its power. A childlike and abiding trust in Providence is its best preventive and remedy.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Apologies only account for the evil which they cannot alter.—*Disraeli*.

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Apothegms are the wisdom of the past condensed for the instruction and guidance of the present.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Apothegms to thinking minds are seeds¹⁷⁷ from which spring vast fields¹⁷⁷ of new thought, that may be further cultivated, beautified and enlarged.—*Ramsay*.

^{414.}⁴¹⁵Appetite well governed is a great part of liberty.—*Seneca*.

³⁰¹Reason should direct, and appetite obey.—*Cicero*.

Applause is the spur of noble minds; the end and aim of weak ones.—*Colton*.

Applause waits on success. The fickle multitude,¹⁵³ like the straw that floats on the stream, glide with the current still, and follow fortune.—*Franklin*.

Appreciation! Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—*Thackeray*.

Appreciation, whether of nature, or books, or art, or men, depends very much on temperament.—What is beauty, or greatness, or genius to one is far from being so to another.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Architecture is the handmaid of devotion. ¹⁶¹A beautiful church is a sermon in stone, and its spire a finger pointing to heaven.—*Schaff*.

Architecture is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental health, power and pleasure. —*Ruskin*.

⁴⁴⁹Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation, as in books it is generally the worst sort of reading.—*Swift*.

He who establishes his argument by noise and command, shows that his reason⁴³⁹ is weak.—*Montaigne*.

Aristocracy has three successive ages: the age of superiorities, that of privileges, and that of vanities. Having passed out of the first, it degenerates into the second, and dies away in the third.—*Chateaubriand*.
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.—*De Foe*.

¹⁶¹The army is a good book in which to study human life.—*De Vigny*.
The best armor is to keep out of gunshot.—*Bacon*.

Aspirations after the holy are the only aspirations in which the soul can be assured it will never meet with disappointment.—*Maria McIntosh*.

There are glimpses of heaven to us in every act, or thought, or word, that raises us above ourselves.—*A. P. Stanley*.

Assertion, unsupported by fact, is nugatory.⁴⁷⁸—*Junius*.

Weigh not so much what men assert, as what they prove.⁴⁷⁷ ⁴⁸⁰—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart³⁷⁵⁻³⁹⁴ of man.—*Bacon*.

Atheism is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding.—*Plato*.

Attention makes the genius; all learning, fancy, science, and skill depend upon it. Without it, taste is useless, and the beauties of literature unobserved.—*Willmott*.

Attention, more than any difference of native powers, makes the wide difference between minds and men.—*Brodie*.

Authorship is a royal priesthood.—*Greely*.

Authorship has three difficulties: to write anything worth publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and to get sensible men to read it.—*Colton*.

Avarice increases with the increasing pile of gold.⁴⁰⁹—*Juvenal*.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead, and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it.—*Colton*.

B

Babes¹⁷⁷—living jewels dropped from heaven.—*Pollok*.

A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a resting place for innocence on earth, a link between angels and men.—*Tupper*.

Ballads are the vocal portraits of the national mind.¹⁶¹—*Lamb*.

Ballads are the gypsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer time.¹⁶¹—*Longfellow*.

Baseness of character not only sears the conscience, but deranges the intellect.—*Colton*.

Base occupations make one sharp in their practice, and dull in every other.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure,⁴¹⁶ but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow³⁹⁸ or remorse.⁴⁰⁸—*Johnson*.

Bashfulness is an ornament to youth but a reproach to old age.—*Aristotle*.

Beard was never the true standard of brains.—*Fuller*.

He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath none is less than a man.—*Shakespeare*.

⁴²⁶Beauty is but the sensible image of the Infinite. Like truth and justice, it lives within us; like virtue and the moral law, it is a companion of the soul.—*Bancroft*.

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.⁴⁰⁶—*Bovee*.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—*Goethe*.

Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—*Seneca*.

Benevolence is a duty;⁶²⁶ and he who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, comes, at length, really to love him to whom he has done good.—*Kant*.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident.—*Lamb*.

Benevolent feeling enobles the most trifling actions.—*Thackeray*.

Benevolence is allied to few vices; selfishness⁴⁰⁹ to fewer virtues.—*Home*.

The Bible is a window in this prison of hope through which we look into eternity.¹⁶¹—*Dwight*.

The Bible stands alone in human literature in its elevated conception of manhood as to character and conduct. It is the invaluable training book of the world.—*H. W. Beecher*.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost.¹⁷⁶—*Colton*.
There is no bigotry like that of "free thought" run to seed.¹⁷⁶—*Horace Greely*.

Biography is the most universally pleasant and profitable of all reading.—*Carlyle*.

Biography is the personal and home aspect of history.—*Willmott*.

Birth is nothing but death begun, as¹⁵³ tapers waste the moment they take fire.—*Young*.

What is birth to a man, if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring?—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Blessedness consists in a good life and a happy death.—*Solon*.

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires, and in our having only regular desires.⁴¹⁴—*Augustine*.

A blockhead cannot come in, nor go away, nor sit, nor rise, nor stand, like a man of sense.—*Bruyere*.

Heaven and earth fight in vain against a dunce.—*Schiller*.

A blush is a sign that nature hangs out, to show where chastity and honor dwell.—*Gotthold*.

The blush is nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.—*Fuller*.

Blustering—a killing tongue but a quiet sword.¹⁷⁶—*Shakespeare*.

It is with narrow-souled people as¹⁵³ with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.—*Pope*.

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.—*Young*.

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—*Shakespeare*.

The body is¹⁶² a well set clock, which keeps good time, but if it be too much or indiscreetly tampered with, the alarum runs out before the hour.—*Bp. Hall*.

The body is a study for one's whole life. If an undevout astronomer is mad, an undevout physiologist is madder.—*H. W. Beecher*.

Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.—*Whipple*.

A book is the only immortality.—*Rufus Choate*.

Borrowing is not much better than begging.—*Lessing*.

The borrower runs in his own debt.—*Emerson*.

Bravery founded on hope of recompense, fear of punishment, experience of success, on rage, or on ignorance of danger, is but common bravery, and does not deserve the name. True bravery proposes a just end; measures the dangers, and meets the results with calmness and unyielding decision.—*La None*.

The best hearts are ever the bravest.—*Sterne*.

Brevity is the best recommendation of speech, whether in senator or orator.—*Cicero*.

Brevity is the soul of wit.²⁷⁰—*Shakespeare*.

The brotherhood of man⁶²⁶ is an integral part of Christianity no less than the Fatherhood of God; and to deny the one is no less infidel than to deny the other.—*Lyman Abbott*.

There is no brotherhood of man without the Fatherhood of God.—*H. M. Field*.

C

Calamity is man's true touchstone.—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

Calamity is the perfect glass wherein we truly see and know ourselves.—*Davenant*.

Calumny crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts with greater ease than Scythian Abaris, and like¹⁵³ him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.—*Colton*.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it a lodging.¹⁷⁶—*Leighton*.

Candor is the brightest gem¹⁶¹ of criticism.—*Disraeli*.

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of women, the scorn of rascals, and the rarest virtue of sociability.—*Sternac*.

Cant is the voluntary overcharging or prolongation of a real sentiment; hypocrisy is the setting up pretence to a feeling you never had, and have no wish for.—*Hazlitt*.

Cant is itself properly a double-distilled lie, the materia prima of the devil, from which all falsehoods, imbecilities, and abominations embody themselves, and from which no true thing can come.—*Carlyle*.

Cares are often more difficult to throw off than sorrows; the latter die with time; the former grow upon it.—*Richter*.

Care is no cure, but rather a corrosive for things that are not to be remedied.—*Shakespeare*.

Caution is well learned by the misfortunes of others.—*Publius Syrus*.
Look before you leap; see before you go.—*Tusser*.

The censure of those who are opposed to us is the highest commendation that can be given us.—*St. Evremond*.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—*Swift*.

Ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance; as good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.—*Steele*.

All ceremonies are, in themselves, very silly things; but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would too often be broken in upon, if it were not for that defense which keeps the enemy at a proper distance.—*Chesterfield*.

Chance is but the pseudonym of God for those particular cases which he does not choose to subscribe openly with his own signal-manual.—*Coleridge*.

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.—*Voltaire*.

Character is perfectly educated will.^{419.424}—*Novalis*.

Character is a diamond which scratches every other stone.—*Bartol*.

Charity gives itself rich; covetousness hoards itself poor.—*German Proverb*.

The charity that hastens to proclaim its good deeds ceases to be charity, and is only pride and ostentation.—*Hutton*.

Chastity enables the soul to breathe a pure air in the foulest places. Continence makes her strong, no matter in what condition the body may be. Her sway over the senses makes her queenly: her light and peace render her beautiful.—*Joubert*.

That chastity of honor which feels a stain like a wound.—*Burke*.

Cheerfulness³⁹⁶ is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health, as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.—*Ruskin*.

Cheerfulness is a friend to grace; it puts the heart in tune to praise God, and so honors religion by proclaiming to the world that we serve a good master.—*Watson*.

Children have more need of models than of criticism.—*Joubert*.

I love these little people, and it is not a slight thing, when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.—*Dickens*.

Christianity will gain by every step that is taken in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim*.

Christianity is not a theory or a speculation, but a life; not a philosophy of life, but a life and a living process.—*Coleridge*.

The Church is the great uplifting and conserving agency in the world, without which the race would soon relapse into barbarism and press its way to perdition.—*R. F. Sample*.

The Church is not a gallery for the exhibition of eminent Christians, but a school for the education of imperfect ones, a nursery for the care of weak ones, a hospital for the healing for those who need assiduous care.—*H. W. Beecher*.

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak; they are but the instruments of the wise.—*Samuel Lover*.

Circumstances form the character; but like¹⁵³ petrifying waters, they harden while they form.—*L. E. Landon*.

Cities force growth and make men talkative and entertaining, but they make them artificial.—*Emerson*.

If you would know and not be known, live in a city.—*Colton*.

Civility is a charm that attracts the love of all men; and too much is better than to show too little.—*Bp. Horne.*

When a great merchant of Liverpool was asked by what means he had contrived to realize the large fortune he possessed, his reply was, "By one article alone, in which thou mayest deal too, if thou pleasest,—it is civility.—*Bentley.*

Civilization⁶¹² is the upward struggle of mankind, in which millions are trampled to death that thousands may mount on their bodies.—*Balfour.*

If you would civilize a man, begin with his grandmother.—*Victor Hugo.*

Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God.—*Bacon.*

So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.—*Rumford.*

Clemency is the brightest jewel in a monarch's crown.—*Stretch.*

In general, indulgence for those we know, is rarer than pity for those we know not.³⁹⁹—*Rivarol.*

Clouds—those playful fancies of the mighty sky.—*Albert Smith.*

That looked as¹⁵³ though an angel, in his upward flight, had left his mantle floating in mid air.—*Joanna Bailey.*

Our comforts grow up between our crosses.—*Young.*

Of all created comforts, God is the lender; you are the borrower, not the owner.—*Rutherford.*

A commander is¹⁶³ a root, out of which, as branches, the courage of his soldiers doth spring.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

It is better to have a lion at the head of an army of sheep, than a sheep at the head of an army of lions.—*De Foe.*

Commerce has made all winds her messengers; all climes her tributaries; all people her servants.—*Tryon Edwards.*

Commerce is no missionary to carry more or better than you have at home. But what you have at home, be it Gospel or be it drunkenness, commerce carries the world over.—*E. E. Hale.*

Common sense is, of all kinds, the most uncommon. It implies good judgment, sound discretion, and true and practical wisdom applied to common life.—*Tryon Edwards.*

Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half as useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one of sense. He that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change.¹⁷⁷—*Pope.*

Communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy and death.—*Heine.*

What is a communist? One who has yearnings for equal division of unequal earnings. Idler or bungler, he is willing to fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

No company is preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.—*Colton*.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—*Izaak Walton*.

⁴⁷Compassion to an offender who has grossly violated the laws, is, in effect, a cruelty to the peaceable subject who has observed them.—*Junius*.

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart, but God will never.—*Cowper*.

A compensation that is universal prevails in all conditions of being and existence. All advantages are attended with disadvantages.—*Hume*.

If the poor man cannot always get meat, the rich man cannot always digest it.⁴⁸—*Giles*.

Complaisance pleases all; prejudices none; adorns wit; renders humor agreeable; augments friendship; redoubles love; and, united with justice and generosity, becomes the secret chain of the society of mankind.—*M. de Scuderi*.

Complacency is a coin, by the aid of which all the world can, for want of essential means, pay its club bill in society. It is necessary, however, that it may lose nothing of its merits, to associate judgment and prudence with it.—*Voltaire*.

Compliments of congratulation are always kindly taken, and cost nothing but pen, ink and paper. I consider them as¹⁵³ draughts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favor of the drawer.—*Chesterfield*.

Compliments are only lies in court clothes.¹⁷⁷—*Sterling*.

Compromise is but the sacrifice of one right or good in the hope of retaining another—too often ending in the loss of both.—*Tryon Edwards*.

From the beginning of our history, the country has been afflicted with compromise. It is by compromise that human rights have been abandoned. The country needs repose, and repose can only be found in everlasting principles.—*Charles Sumner*.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless but it impairs what it would improve.—*Pope*.

Conceit may puff a man up, but can never prop him up.—*George Eliot*.

Conduct is the great profession. Behavior is the perpetual revealing of us. What a man does tells what he is.—*F. D. Huntingdon*.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.^{371, 373, 377}—*Froude*.

The confession of evil works is the first beginning of good works.—*Augustine*.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope*.

Confidence¹⁶¹ is a plant of slow growth, especially in an aged bosom.
—*Johnson*.

Confidence in another man's virtue, is no slight evidence of one's own.—*Montaigne*.

Conscience is the voice of the soul, as the passions are the voice of the body. No wonder they often contradict⁵⁰⁶ each other.—*Rousseau*.

Man's conscience is the oracle of God.—*Byron*.

Conservatism will not look at the new moon out of respect for that "ancient institution," the old one.—*Jerrold*.

The highest function of conservatism is to keep what progressiveness has accomplished.—*R. H. Fulton*.

With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall.—*Emerson*.

Inconsistency with past views or conduct may be but a mark of increasing knowledge and wisdom.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Consolation, indiscreetly pressed upon us when we are suffering under affliction, only serves to increase our pain and to render our grief more poignant.—*Rousseau*.

Quiet and sincere sympathy is often the most welcome and efficient consolation to the afflicted. Said a wise man to one in deep sorrow, "I did not come to comfort you; God only can do that; but I did come to say how deeply and tenderly I feel for you in your affliction."³⁹⁹—*Tryon Edwards*.

Conspiracies, like¹⁵³ thunder clouds, should in a moment form and strike like lightning, ere the sound is heard.—*Dow*.

Combinations of wickedness would overwhelm the world by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those who have long practiced perfidy grow faithless to each other.—*Johnson*.

Constancy is the complement of all other human virtues.—*Mazzini*.

O heaven! were man but constant, he were perfect.—*Shakespeare*.

Contemplation is to knowledge what digestion is to food—the way to get life out of it.—*Tryon Edwards*.

In order to improve the mind, we ought less to learn than to contemplate.—*Descartes*.

Contempt is the only way to triumph over calumny.—*Mad. de Maintenon*.

Contemn not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there anything that hath not its place.—*Rabbi Ben Azaï*.

Contention is like fire, for both burn so long as there is any exhaustible matter to contend within. Only herein it transcends fire, for fire begets not matter but consumes it; debates beget matter, but consume it not.—*T. Adams*.

Religious contention is the devil's harvest.—*Fontaine*.

Contentment is natural wealth; luxury is artificial poverty.—*Socrates*.

Great is he that enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.—*Leighton*.

Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers those latent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abstraction.—*Melmoth*.

Conversation is a traffic. If you enter into it without some stock of knowledge to balance the account perpetually betwixt you and another, the trade drops at once.—*Sterne*.

Conversion is no repairing of the old building; but it takes all down and erects a new structure. The sincere Christian is quite a new fabric, from the foundation to the top-stone all new.—*Alleine*.

Conversion is not implanting eyes, for they exist already; but giving them a right direction, which they have not.—*Plato*.

A coquette is a woman without any heart, who makes a fool of a man that hasn't got any head.—*Anon*.

A coquette is a young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men for attendants.—*Longfellow*.

In counsel, it is good to see dangers; but in execution, not to see them unless they be very great.—*Bacon*.

Counsel and conversation are a second education, which improve all the virtue, and correct all the vice of the first, and of nature itself.—*Clarendon*.

The country is both the philosopher's garden and his library, in which he reads and contemplates the power, wisdom and goodness of God.—*Penn*.

If country life be healthful to the body, it is no less so to the mind.—*Ruffini*.

Courage consists, not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing and conquering it.—*Richter*.

Courage from hearts and not from numbers grows.—*Dryden*.

Courtesy is a science of the highest importance. It is like grace and beauty in the body, which charm at first sight, and lead on to further intimacy and friendship.—*Montaigne*.

The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could add.—*Emerson*.

A court is an assemblage of noble and distinguished beggars.—*Talleyrand*.

The court is a golden, but fatal circle, upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils sit tempting innocence, and beckon early virtue from its center.—*N. Lee*.

Courtship consists in a number of quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as not to be understood.—*Sterne*.

With women worth being won, the softest lover ever best succeeds.—*A. Hill*.

Covetousness, by a greediness of getting more, deprives itself of the true end of getting: it loses the enjoyment of what it had got.—*Sprat*.

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Cowardice is not synonymous with prudence. It often happens that the better part of discretion is valor.—*Hazlitt*.

Cowards falter, but danger is often overcome by those who nobly dare.—*Queen Elizabeth*.

A coxcomb begins by determining that his own profession is the first, and finishes by deciding that he is the first in his profession.—*Colton*.

A coxcomb is ugly all over with affectation of the fine gentleman.—*Johnson*.

Credit is like¹⁵³ a looking-glass, which, when once sullied by a breath may be wiped clear again; but if once cracked can never be repaired.—*Walter Scott*.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easier six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—*Franklin*.

Heaven will permit no man to secure happiness by crime.⁶¹⁷—*Alfieri*.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.—*Hare*.

Criticism, as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well.—*Johnson*.

Is it in destroying and pulling down that skill is displayed? The shallowest understanding, the rudest hand, is more than equal to that task.—*Burke*.

Some critics are like chimney-sweepers; they put out the fire below, and frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing out from the top of the house, as if they had built it.—*Longfellow*.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.—*Aikin*.

The cross is the only ladder high enough to touch heaven's threshold.—*G. D. Boardman*.

Carry the cross patiently, and with perfect submission, and in the end it shall carry you.—*Thomas a Kempis*.

All cruelty springs from hard-heartedness and weakness.—*Seneca*.

Cruelty to dumb animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness.—*Jones of Nayland*.

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body.—*Cicero*.

I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by culture, care, attention, and labor, make himself whatever he pleases, except a great poet.—*Chesterfield*.

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.—*Bolingbroke*.

A cunning man is never a firm man; but an honest man is; a double-minded man is always unstable; a man of faith is firm as a rock. There is a sacred connection between honesty and faith; honesty is faith applied to worldly things, and faith is honesty quickened by the Spirit to the use of heavenly things.—*Edward Irving*.

Curiosity is as much the parent of attention, as attention is of memory.³⁸⁴—*Whately*.

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking our own.—*H. L. Wayland*

Curses are like young chickens, and still come home to roost.—*Bulwer*.

Dinna curse him, sir; I have heard it said that a curse was like a stone flung up to the heavens, and most likely to return on the head of him who sent it.—*Walter Scott*.

Custom is often only the antiquity of error.—*Cyprian*.

The custom and fashion of to-day will be the awkwardness and outrage of tomorrow—so arbitrary are these transient laws.—*Dumas*.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.—*Beecher*.

Don't be a cynic, and bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative propositions.⁵²⁶ Don't waste yourself in rejections and bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good. Set down nothing that will help somebody.—*Emerson*.

D

Dancing, like a corporeal poesy, embellishes, exercises and equalizes all the muscles at once.—*Richter*.

Those move easiest who have learned to dance.—*Pope*.

A dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office and existence consist in the wearing of clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, person and purse is heroically consecrated to this one object—the wearing of clothes wisely and well; so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress.—*Carlyle*.

A fool may have his coat embroidered with gold, but it is a fool's coat still.—*Rivarol*.

Let the fear of a danger be a spur to prevent it; he that fears not, gives advantage to the danger.—*Quarles*.

Danger levels man and brute, and all are fellows in their need.—*Byron*.

A daughter is an embarrassing and ticklish possession.—*Menander*.

To a father waxing old, nothing is dearer than a daughter—*Euripides*.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated; therefore live every day as if it would be the last. Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.—*Bp. Hall*.

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried, had been an emperor without his crown.—*Young*.

Death, to a good man, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little dusky room of his father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining.—*Clarke*.

Death is like thunder in two particulars: we are alarmed at the sound of it, and it is formidable only from that which preceded it.—*Colton*.

Debt is the secret foe of thrift, as vice and idleness are its open foes. The debt-habit is the twin brother of poverty.—*T. T. Munger*.

Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible. A man might as well have a smoky house and a scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.—*Spurgeon*.

Deceit is indeed nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.—*South*.

Deceit is the false road to happiness; and all the joys we travel through to vice, like fairy banquets, vanish when we touch them.—*A. Hill*.

Decency is the least of all laws, but yet it is the law which is most strictly observed.—*Rochevoucauld*.

Virtue and decency are so nearly related that it is difficult to separate them from each other except in our imagination.—*Cicero*.

Decision of character will often give to an inferior mind, command over a superior one.—*W. Wirt*.

Men must be decided⁴²⁴ on what they will not do, and then they are able to act with vigor on what they ought to do.—*Mencius*.

Our deeds are seeds of fate, sown here on earth, but bringing forth their harvest in eternity.—*G. D. Boardman*.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.—*George Eliot*.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows better.—*Beecher*.

What is defeat? Nothing but education; nothing but the first step to something better.—*Wendell Phillips*.

Deference is the instinctive respect which we pay to the great and good—the unconscious acknowledgment of the superiority or excellence of others.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Deference is the most delicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments, and, before company, is the genteelst kind of flattery.—*Shenstone*.

Definition is that which refines the pure essence of things from the circumstance. All arts acknowledge that then only we know certainly, when we can define.⁴⁸²⁻⁴⁹⁸—*Milton*.

Just definitions either prevent or put an end to disputes.—*Emmons*.

Delay has always been injurious to those who are prepared.—*Lucan*.
In delay we waste our lights in vain; like lights by day.—*Shakespeare*.

Delicacy is to the affections what grace is to beauty.—*Degerando*.

True delicacy, that most beautiful heart-leaf of humanity, exhibits itself most significantly in little things.—*Mary Howitt*.

Violent delights have violent ends, and in their triumph die, like fire and powder, which, as they kiss, consume.—*Shakespeare*.

Sensual delights soon end in loathing, quickly bring a glutting surfeit, and degenerate into torments when they are continued and unintermitted.—*John Howe*.

Delusions are as necessary to our happiness as realities. No man is happy without a delusion of some kind.—*Bovee*.

The disappointment of manhood succeeds the delusion of youth.—*Disraeli*.

Democracy will itself accomplish the salutary universal change from the delusive to the real, and make a new blessed world of us by and by.—*Carlyle*.

The devil was the first democrat.—*Byron*.

Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive power⁴¹⁹ whatever.—*Thackeray*.

Dependence goes somewhat against the grain of a generous mind; and it is no wonder that it should do so, considering the unreasonable advantage which is often taken of the inequality of fortune.—*Jeremy Collier*.

Desires⁴¹⁴ are the pulses of the soul: as physicians judge by the appetite, so may you by desires.—*Manton*.

When a man's desires are boundless, his labors are endless. They will set him a task he can never go through, and cut him out work he can never finish. The satisfaction he seeks is always absent, and the happiness he aims at is ever at a distance.—*Balguy*.

My desolation begins to make a better life.—*Shakespeare*.

No one is so utterly desolate, but some heart, though unknown, responds unto his own.—*Longfellow*.

Despair⁴⁰⁰ is the damp of hell, as serenity is the joy of heaven.—*Donne*.

He that despairs measures Providence by his own little contracted model and limits infinite power to finite apprehensions.—*South*.

Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can indulge in. In the lottery of life, there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages.—*De Witt Talmadge*.

To despond is to be ungrateful beforehand. Be not looking for evil. Often thou drainest the gall of fear while evil is passing by thy dwelling.—*Tupper*.

Despotism can no more exist in a nation till the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.—*Colton*.

Despots govern by terror. They know that he who fears God fears nothing else, and therefore they eradicate from the mind, through their Voltaire and Helvetius, and the rest of that infamous gang, that only sort of fear which generates true courage.—*Burke*.

Destiny is the scape-goat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible when we have no wish to strive against it.—*Balfour*.

Thoughts lead on to purposes; purposes go forth in actions; actions form habits; habits decide character; and character fixes our destiny.²³⁵—*Tryon Edwards*.

Detraction always proves the weakness as well as meanness of the one who employs it.—*E. L. Magoon*.

Base natures enjoy to see hard hap happen to them they deem happy.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Deviation from either truth or duty is a downward path, and none can say where the descent will end.—*Tryon Edwards*.

When people once begin to deviate, they do not know where to stop.—*George III*.

The devil knoweth his own, and is a particularly bad paymaster.—*F. M. Crawford*.

No sooner is a temple built to God, than the devil builds a chapel (saloon?) hard by.—*Herbert*.

Devotions resemble the rivers which run under the earth—they steal from the eyes of the world to seek the eyes of God; and it often happens that those of whom we speak least on earth, are best known in heaven.—*Caussin*.

All is holy where devotion kneels.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Dew-drops are¹⁶² the gems of morning, but the tears of mournful eve.—*Coleridge*.

Earth's liquid jewelry,¹⁷⁶ wrought of the air.—*Bailey*.

Simple diet is best; for many dishes bring many diseases; and rich sauces are worse than even heaping several meats upon each other.—*Pliny*.

A fig for your bill of fare. Show me your bill of company.—*Swift*.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—*Burke*.

Difficulties strengthen the mind, as labor does the body.—*Seneca*.

Dignity consists not in possessing honors, but in the consciousness that we deserve them.—*Aristotle*.

Dignity and love do not blend well, nor do they continue long together.—*Ovid*.

The expectations of life depend upon diligence; the mechanic that would perfect his work must first sharpen his tools.—*Confucius*.

Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow. One to-day is worth two tomorrows. Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do to-day.—*Franklin*.

Dirt is not dirt, but only something in the wrong place.—*Lord Palmerston*.

"Ignorance," says Ajax, "is a painless evil." So, I should think, is dirt, considering the merry faces that go along with it.—*George Eliot*.

How disappointment tracks the steps of hope!^{197 417}—*L. E. Landon*.

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.—*Bulwer*.

Discernment has an air of divination; it pleases our vanity more than any other quality of the mind.—*Rochefoucauld*.

After a spirit of discernment, the next rarest things in the world are diamonds and pearls.—*Bruyere*.

Discontents are sometimes the better part of our life. I know not which is the most useful. Joy I may choose for pleasure, but adversities are the best for profit; and sometimes these do so far help me, that I should, without them, want much of the joy I have.—*Feltham*.

Save me from impious discontent at aught thy wisdom has denied or thy goodness has lent.—*Pope*.

The discovery of a new principle is an inexhaustible source of new views.—*Vauvenargues*.

If I have ever made any valuable discoveries, it has been owing more to patient attention, than to any other talent.—*Sir Isaac Newton*.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.—*Bacon*.

Discretion is the salt and fancy the sugar of life; the one preserves the other sweetens it.—*Bovee*.

Fair discussion will ever be found the firmest friend of truth.—*G. Campbell*.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion.—*Whateley*.

Disgrace is not in the punishment, but in the crime.—*Alfieri*.

Whatever disgrace we may have deserved, or incurred, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our character.—*Rochefoucauld*.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantages.—*Bovee*.

He who purposely cheats his friend, would cheat his God.—*Lavater*.

Disobedient children, if preserved from the gallows, are reserved for the rack, to be tortured by their own posterity. One complaining that never father had so undutiful a child as he had, yes, said his son, with less grace than truth, my grandfather had.—*Fuller*.

Wherever there is authority, there is a natural inclination to disobedience.—*Haliburton*.

Dispatch is the soul of business.—*Chesterfield*.

True dispatch is a rich thing, for time is the measure of business, as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand where there is small dispatch.—*Bacon*.

Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age.—*Blair*.

Dissimulation is ever but a faint kind of policy or wisdom, for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell the truth, and to do it; therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers.—*Bacon*.

Dissipation is absolutely a labor when the round of Vanity Fair has once been made; but fashion makes us think lightly of the toil, and we describe the circle as mechanically as a horse in a mill.—*Zimmerman*.

There is a dissipation of thought³⁷¹ and feeling,³⁷² as well as of bodily energies; and the latter is as wasteful and ruinous to the mind and heart, as the former is to the strength and health of the body.—*Anon*.

Domestic happiness—thou only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall.—*Cowper*.

Domestic happiness is the end of almost all our pursuits, and the common reward of all our pains.—*Fielding*.

Nothing so much convinces me of the boundlessness of the human mind as its operations in dreaming.—*Chulow*.

Dreams full oft are found of real events the forms and shadows.—*Joanna Bailey*.

Dress yourself fine where others are fine, and plain where others are plain; but take care always that your clothes are well made and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air.—*Chesterfield*.

If honor be your clothing, the suit will last a life-time; but if clothing be your honor, it will soon be worn threadbare.—*Arnot*.

Drunkenness places man as much below the level of the brutes, as reason elevates him above them.—*Sinclair*.

The Japanese say, "A man takes a drink, then the drink takes a drink, and the next drink takes the man."

E

Earnestness is enthusiasm tempered by reason.³⁹¹—*Pascal*.

Earnestness commands the respect of mankind. A wavering vacillating, dead-and-alive Christian does not get the respect of the church or of the world.—*John Hall*.

Earth with her thousand voices praises God.—*Coleridge*.

I believe the earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions, to which a moving crowd is forever passing.—*Joanna Bailey*.

Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded. And the amount of eccentricity in a society has been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage it contained.—*J. S. Mill*.

Even beauty cannot palliate eccentricity.—*Balzac*.

Echo is the shadow of a sound, a voice without a mouth, and words without a tongue.¹⁶¹—*Horace Smith*.

The babbling gossip of the air.—*Shakespeare*.

Economy is in itself a source of great revenue.—*Seneca*.

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty and of ease.—*Hawkesworth*.

Egotism is the tongue of vanity.—*Chamfort*.

An egotist is a man who talks so much about himself that he gives me no time to talk about myself.²¹⁸—*H. L. Wayland*.

Eloquence is logic on fire.⁴³³—*Lyman Beecher*.

Eloquence is in the assembly, not merely in the speaker.—*Wm. Pitt*.

Emotion³⁹⁴ turning back on itself, and not leading on to thought or action, is the element of madness.—*J. Sterling*.

Emotion which does not lead to and flow out in right action is not only useless, but it weakens character, and becomes an excuse for neglect of effort.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Employment is nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness.—*Galen*.

Employment and ennui are simply incompatible.—*Madam Deluzy*.

Emulation admires and strives to imitate great actions; envy⁴¹² is only moved to malice.—*Balzac*.

Emulation looks out for merits, that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes, that she may have another by defeat.—*Colton*.

The end crowns all, and that old common arbitrator, time, will one day end all.—*Shakespeare*.

All's well that ends well; still the finis is the crown.—*Shakespeare*.

Our enemies come nearer the truth in opinions they form of us than we do in our opinion of ourselves.—*Roche foucauld*.

Have you fifty friends? it is not enough. Have you one enemy? it is too many.—*Italian Proverb*.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two legged animal a man without it.—*Goethe*.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.—*D. G. Mitchell*.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—*Sidney Smith*.

Those who would enjoyment gain must find it in the purpose they pursue.—*Mrs. Hale*.

Ennui is the desire of activity without the fit means of gratifying the desire.—*Bancroft*.

Ennui is one of our greatest enemies; remunerative labor, our most lasting friend.—*Moser*.

Enthusiasm is a virtue rarely to be met with in seasons of calm and unruffled prosperity. It flourishes in adversity, kindles in the hour of danger, and awakens to deeds of renown. The terrors of persecution only serve to quicken the energy of its purposes. It swells in proud integrity, and, great in the purity of its cause, it can scatter defiance in the face of hosts of enemies.—*Chalmers*.

Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm.—*Disraeli*.

Envy⁴¹² has no other quality but that of detracting from virtue.—*Livy*.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.—*Rochester*.

Epitaphs are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death, you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.—*Shakespeare*.

If all would speak as kindly of the living, as in epitaphs they do of the dead, slander and censorious gossip would soon be strangers in the world.—*Anon*.

Equality is the share of every one at their advent upon earth, and equality is also theirs when placed beneath it.—*Enclos*.

In the gates of eternity, the black hand and the white one hold each other with an equal clasp.—*Mrs. Stowe*.

Equity is a roguish thing. For law we have a measure, and know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity.—*Selden*.

Equity is that exact rule of righteousness or justice which is to be observed between man and man. It is beautifully and comprehensively expressed in the golden rule.—*Buck*.

Error⁴⁶⁹ is sometimes so nearly allied to truth⁴⁷⁰ that it blends with it as imperceptibly as the colors of the rainbow fade into each other.—*Chulow*.

Errors to be dangerous must have a great deal of truth mingled with them. It is only from this alliance that they can ever obtain an extensive circulation.—*Sidney Smith*.

Esteem⁴⁰⁹ has more engaging charms than friendship, and even love. It captivates hearts better, and never makes ingrates.—*Roucheffoucauld*.

All true love⁴¹⁰ is founded on esteem.—*Buckingham*.

Evasion is unworthy of us, and is always the intimate of equivocation.—*Balzac*.

Evasions are the common shelter of the hard-hearted, the false, and the impotent, when called upon to assist.—*Lavater*.

Events of all sorts creep or fly, exactly as God pleases.—*Cowper*.

Often do the spirits of great events stride on before the events, and in to-day already walks to-morrow.—*Coleridge*.

Evil is in antagonism with the entire creation.—*Zschokke*.

Much that we call evil is really good in disguise; and we should not

quarrel rashly with adversities not yet understood, nor overlook the mercies often bound up in them.—*Sir T. Browne*.

Exaggeration is a blood relation to falsehood, and nearly as blameable.—*H. Ballou*.

Exaggeration has no strength; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.—*Anon*.

Note.—The above applies to Exaggeration used in a literal way; not as a figure of speech.—See Hyperbola.²⁰⁹.

Example is more forcible than precept. People look at my six days in the week to see what I mean on the seventh.—*Cecil*.

The first great gift we can bestow on others is a good example.—*Morell*.

There is a moral excellence attainable by those who have the will to strive for it; but there is an intellectual and physical superiority which is above the reach of our wishes, and is granted to only a few.—*Crabbe*.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor.—*Sir J. Reynolds*.

Excess generally causes reaction and produces a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the seasons, in individuals, or in government.—*Plato*.

Let pleasure be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.⁶¹⁷—*Evremond*.

Experience is the extract of suffering.—*A. Helps*.

Every man's experience of to-day is that he was a fool yesterday and the day before yesterday. To-morrow he will most likely be of exactly the same opinion.—*Mackay*.

Extreme views are never just; something always turns up which disturbs the calculations founded on their data.—*Tancred*.

Extremes meet in almost everything: it is hard to tell whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the plowman at the bottom, labors the hardest.—*Anon*.

The eye is the pulse of the soul. As physicians judge the heart by the pulse, so we by the eye.—*T. Adams*.

The eyes are the pioneers that first announce the soft tale of love.—*Propertius*.

F

Faces are as legible as books, with this in their favor, that they may be learned in much less time, and are less liable to be misunderstood.—*F. Saunders*.

Your face is¹⁶¹ a book where men may read strange matters.—*Shakespeare*.

Faction is the demon of discord armed with power to do endless mischief, and intent only on destroying whatever opposes its progress. Woe to that state in which it has found an entrance.—*Crabbe*.

Faction is the excess and abuse of party. It begins when the first idea of private interest, preferred to public good, gets footing in the heart. It is always dangerous, yet always contemptible.—*Chenevix*.

Facts are God's arguments.⁴⁴⁹ We should be careful never to misunderstand or pervert them.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Any fact is better established by two or three good testimonies, than by a thousand arguments.⁴⁶⁸—*Emmons*.

Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us toward what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.—*Whewell*.

Failure is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid.—*Kcats*.

Faith must have adequate evidence, else it is a mere superstition.—*A. A. Hodge*.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman.—*Alexander Smith*.

Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth, and no opinions so fatally mislead us, as those that are not wholly wrong; as no watches so effectually deceive the wearer as those that are sometimes right.⁴⁷¹—*Colton*.

Falsehood has an infinity of combinations, but truth has one mode of being.^{479 480}—*Rousseau*.

Fame, to the ambitious, is like salt water to the thirsty, — the more one gets, the more he wants.—*Ebers*.

Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.—*Motherwell*.

"A family without government," says Matthew Henry, "is like a house without a roof, exposed to every wind that blows." He might better have said, like a house in flames, a scene of confusion, and commonly too hot to live in.—*Anon*.

A happy family is but an earlier heaven.—*Bowring*.

Fanaticism is the child of false zeal and superstition, the father of intolerance and persecution.—*Fletcher*.

What is fanaticism to-day is the fashionable creed to-morrow, and trite as the multiplication table a week after.—*Wendell Phillips*.

Fancy rules over two-thirds of the universe, the past and future, while reality is confined to the present.—*Richter*.

Fancy and humor, early and constantly indulged, may expect an old age overrun with follies.—*Watts*.

Fashion seldom interferes with nature without diminishing her grace and efficiency.—*Tuckerman*.

Fashion is a tyrant from which nothing frees us. We must suit our-

selves to its fantastic tastes. But being compelled to live under its foolish laws, the wise man is never the first to follow, nor the last to keep them.—*Pascal*.

Fastidiousness is the envelope of indelicacy.—*Haliburton*.

Fastidiousness is often inconsistent with itself. The coarsest things are done and the cruelest things are said by the most fastidious people.—*Mrs. Kirkland*.

Fate is not the ruler, but the servant of Providence.—*Bulwer*.

A strict belief in fate is the worst kind of slavery; on the other hand, there is comfort in the belief that God will be moved by our prayers.—*Epicurus*.

Faults of the head³⁷⁴ are punished in this world, those of the heart³⁷⁵ in another; but as most of our vices are compound, so also is their punishment.—*Colton*.

To find fault is easy; to do better may be difficult.—*Plutarch*.

Fear⁴¹⁸ is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.—*Sewell*.

Fear is more painful to cowardice than death to true 'courage.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Feelings³⁷² come and go, like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed, and stand fast.—*Richter*.

Feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour a thousand melodies unheard before.—*Rogers*.

Fiction³⁶⁹ is no longer a mere amusement; but transcendent genius, accomodating itself to the character of the age, has seized upon this province of literature, and turned fiction from a toy into a mighty engine.—*Channing*.

Fiction is not falsehood, as some seem to think. It is rather the fanciful and dramatic grouping of real traits around imaginary scenes or characters. It may give false views of men or things, or it may, in the hands of a master, more truthfully portray life than sober history itself.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Fidelity is the sister of justice.—*Horace*.

Fidelity is seven-tenths of business success.—*Parton*.

Firmness, both in suffering and exertion, is a character which I would wish to possess. I have always despised the whining yelp of complaint, and the cowardly feeble resolve.—*Burns*.

When firmness is sufficient, rashness is unnecessary.—*Napoleon*.

Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side; commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—*Fielding*.

Flattery corrupts both the receiver and the giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.—*Burke*.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—*Beecher*.

The flowers are nature's jewels with whose wealth she decks her summer beauty.—*Croly*.

Folly consists in drawing false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.—*Locke*.

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but herein lies the difference — the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise man are known to himself, but hidden from the world.—*Colton*.

Foppery is the egotism of clothes.—*Victor Hugo*.

Fops take a world of pains to prove that bodies can exist without brains; the former so fantastically dress'd that the latter's absence may be safely guessed.—*Churchill*.

Forbearance should be cultivated till your heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindness.—*Spurgeon*.

The kindest and the happiest pair will find occasion to forbear; find something every day they live, to pity, and perhaps forgive.—*Cowper*.

Forgive many things in others; nothing in yourself.—*Ausonius*.

Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has for its first duty to forgive.—*Bulwer*.

Forms are but symbols; we should never rest in them, but make them the stepping stones to the good to which they point.—*Anon*.

Of what use are forms, seeing at times they are empty? Of the same use as barrels, which, at times, are empty too.—*Hare*.

Fortitude I take to be the quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing his duty whatever evils beset, or dangers lie in the way. In itself an essential virtue, it is a guard to every other virtue.—*Locke*.

The human race are sons of sorrow born; and each must have its proportion. Vulgar minds refuse, and crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.—*Mallet*.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow, as lolling in a coach.—*Goldsmith*.

"Fortune knocks at every man's door once in a lifetime," but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon and does not hear her.—*Mark Twain*.

Fraud generally lights a candle for justice to get a look at it; and a rogue's pen indites the warrant for his own arrest.—*Anon*.

All frauds, like the wall daubed with untempered mortar, with which men think to buttress up an edifice, always tends to the decay of what they are devised to support.—*Whately*.

The freedom worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a peoples energy, intellect and virtues. The savage makes his boast of freedom. But what is it worth? He is, indeed, free from what he calls the yoke of civil institutions. But other and worse chains bind him.

The very privation of civil government is in itself a chain; for, by withholding protection from property it virtually shackles the arm of industry, and forbids exertion for the amelioration of his lot. Progress, the growth of intelligence and power, is the end and boon of liberty; and, without this, a people may have the name, but want the substance and spirit of freedom.—*Channing*.

True freedom consists with the observance of law. The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good, in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it.—*J. S. Mill*.

I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear.—*J. Wesley*.

Fretfulness of temper will generally characterize those who are negligent of order.—*Blair*.

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed.—*Cicero*.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery, by doubling our joy, and dividing our grief.—*Addison*.

By sowing frugality we reap¹⁷⁷ liberty, a golden harvest.¹⁷⁷—*Agesilaus*.
Frugality is a fair fortune; and habits of industry a good estate.—*Franklin*.

The future is always a fairy land to the young.—*Sala*.

Every tomorrow has two handles. We can take hold of it with the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.—*Anon*.

G

Gallantry consists in saying the most empty things in an agreeable manner.—*Roche foucauld*.

Gallantry to women—the sure road to their favor—is nothing but the appearance of extreme devotion to all their wants and wishes, a delight in their satisfaction, and a confidence in yourself as being able to contribute toward it.—*Hazlitt*.

Gambling is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief.—*Washington*.

Gambling is the child¹⁷⁷ of avarice, but the parent¹⁷⁷ of prodigality.—*Colton*.

Gayety is not a proof that the heart is at ease, for often in the midst of laughter the heart³⁷² is sad.—*Madame De Genlis*.

Gayety is often the reckless ripple over the depths of despair.¹⁶¹—*E. H. Chapin*.

Generosity is a duty⁶²⁴ ⁶²⁸ as indispensably necessary as those imposed on us by law. It is a rule imposed by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being.—*Goldsmith*.

There is wisdom in generosity, as well as in everything else. A friend to everybody is often a friend to nobody; or else, in his simplicity, he robs his family to help strangers, and so becomes brother to a beggar.—*Spurgeon*.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

Genius is infinite painstaking.—*Longfellow*.

How weak a thing is gentility, if it wants virtue!—*Fuller*.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner or fashion, but in the mind.—*Anon*.

Gentleman is a term that does not apply to any station, but to the mind and feeling in every station.—*Talfourd*.

We sometimes meet an original gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them.—*Emerson*.

Gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants, and from just views of the condition and duty of men. It is native feeling³⁷⁵ heightened and improved by principle.—*Blair*.

Nothing is so strong as gentleness; nothing so gentle as real strength.—*Francis de Sales*.

Give what you have. To some one, it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow*.

He who loves with purity, considers not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver.—*Thomas a Kempis*.

If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.—*Voltaire*.

The demand of the human understanding for causation requires but the one, old and only answer, God.—*Dexter*.

Gold, like¹⁵³ the sun, which melts wax but hardens clay, expands great souls and contracts bad hearts.¹⁸⁴—*Rivarol*.

There is no place so high that¹⁷⁶ an ass laden with gold¹⁷⁶ cannot reach it.—*Rojas*.

Good-breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the daily occurrences of life.—*Lord Chatham*.

Good-breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them.—*Cato*.

Good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small, and the laughter abundant.²⁸⁵—*Washington Irving*.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness is its poison.—*Stanislaus*.

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.—*Emerson*.

Good nature is the beauty of the mind, and like personal beauty, wins almost without anything else—sometimes, indeed, in spite of positive deficiencies.—*Hanway*.

Goodness⁶³⁰ consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward things we are. To be good is the great thing.—*E. H. Chapin*.

A good man is influenced by God himself, and has a kind of divinity within him; so it may be a question whether he goes to heaven, or heaven comes to him.—*Seneca*.

The gospel in all its doctrines and duties appears infinitely superior to any human composition.—*Emmons*.

God writes the gospel not in the Bible alone, but on trees, and flowers, and clouds, and stars.—*Luther*.

Gossip is the henchman¹⁶¹ of rumor and scandal.—*Feuillet*.

Tale bearers are just as bad as tale makers.—*Sheridan*.

God demands of those who manage the affairs of the government that they should be courageously true to the interests of the people, and the Ruler of the universe will require of them a strict account of their stewardship.—*Grover Cleveland*.

Government is only a necessary evil, like other go-carts and crutches. Our need of it shows exactly how far we are still children. All over-much governing kills the self-help and energy of the governed.—*Wendell Phillips*.

That word "Grace" in an ungracious mouth is profane.—*Shakespeare*.

Grace is but glory begun, and glory is but grace perfected.—*Jonathan Edwards*.

Gracefulness has been defined to be the outward expression of the inward harmony of the soul.—*Hazlitt*.

All the actions and attitudes of children are graceful because they are the offspring of the moment, without affectation, and free from all pretense.—*Fuseli*.

Gratitude⁴¹⁶ is not only the memory but the homage of the heart.—rendered to God for his goodness.—*N. P. Willis*.

When I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were rich.—*Pope*.

The grave buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies moldering before him.—*Washington Irving*.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short and pithy sermon to the soul.—*Hawthorne*.

Gravity is but the rind of wisdom, but it is a preservative rind.¹⁷⁷—*Joubert*.

Gravity is¹⁶¹ the ballast of the soul, which keeps the mind steady.—*Fuller*.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength.—*Beecher*.

If any man seeks for greatness, let him, forget greatness and ask for truth, and he will find both.—*Horace Mann*.

Grief³⁹⁴ knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.—*Lamartine*.

Grief should be like joy, majestic, sedate, confirming, cleansing, equable, making free, strong to consume small troubles, to command great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.—*De Vere*.

Guests unbidden are often welcomest when they are gone.—*Shakespeare*.

The first day, a guest; the second, a burden; the third, a pest.—*Laboulaye*.

Guilt is the source of sorrow, the avenging fiend that follows us behind with whips and stings.⁶³²—*Rowe*.

Guilt once harbored in the conscious breast, intimidates the brave, degrades the great.—*Johnson*.

H

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.—*Horace Mann*.

Habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which it moves.—*Horace Bushnell*.

The hair is the richest ornament of women. Of old, virgins used to wear it loose, except when they were in mourning.—*Luther*.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,^{306, 309} and beauty draws us with a single hair.—*Pope*.

Happiness is not the end of life; character⁶²³ is.—*Beecher*.

Happiness can be built only on virtue, and must of necessity have truth for its foundation.—*Coleridge*.

Haste trips its own heels,¹⁷⁷ and fetters and stops itself.—*Seneca*.

The more haste ever the worst speed.¹⁸⁴—*Churchill*.

Hatred is the madness of the heart.—*Byron*.

Hatred does not cease by hatred, but only by love; this is the eternal rule.—*Buddha*.

Health is the greatest of all possessions; a hale cobbler is better than a sick king.—*Bickerstaff*.

Joy, temperance and repose, slam the door on the doctor's nose.¹⁷⁷—*Longfellow*.

When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion.—*Napoleon*.

The heart³⁷² gets weary, but never gets old. A loving heart is the truest wisdom.—*Dickens*.

Heaven must be in me before I can be in heaven.—*Stanford*.

Heaven will be the endless portion of every man who has heaven in his soul.—*Beecher*.

Hell is as ubiquitous as condemning conscience.⁶³²—*F. W. Robertson*.

Hell is truth seen too late—duty neglected in its season.—*Tryon Edwards*.

When a person is down in the world, an ounce¹⁷⁷ of help is better than a pound of preaching.—*Bulwer*.

Help thyself and God will help thee.—*Herbert*.

Heroes in history seem to us poetic because they are there. But if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors, it would sound like poetry.—*G. W. Curtis*.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.—*Richter*.

History is but the development and revelation of Providence.—*Kossuth*.

History is but the unrolled scroll of prophecy.—*Garfield*.

Holiness is the architectural plan on which God buildeth up his living temple.¹⁶¹—*Spurgeon*.

Holiness is the symmetry of the soul.—*Philip Henry*.

The sweetest type of heaven is home.—*J. G. Holland*.

Home is the sphere of harmony and peace, the spot where angels find a resting place, when bearing blessings they descend to earth.—*S. J. Hale*.

Honesty is the best policy.—*Franklin*.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—*Pope*.

Honor is like¹⁵³ the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage. It is¹⁶¹ a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by a single flaw.—*Bossuet*.

Let honor be to us as strong an obligation as necessity is to others.—*Pliny*.

Hope⁴¹⁷ is the only good that is common to all men; those who have nothing else possess hope still.—*Thales*.

Hope is like¹⁵³ the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—*S. Smiles*.

Our humanity were a poor thing but for the divinity that stirs within us.—*Bacon*.

I am a man and whatever concerns humanity is of interest to me.—*Terence*.

Humility is¹⁶¹ the root, mother, nurse, foundation, and bond of all virtue.—*Chrysostom*.

Humility, like¹⁵³ darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.—*Thoreau*.

Hypocrisy is folly. It is much easier, safer, and pleasanter to be the thing which a man aims to appear, than to keep up the appearance of what he is not.—*Cecil*.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.—*Johnson*.

I

Ideality is only the avant-courier of the mind, and where that, in a healthy and normal state goes, I hold it to be a prophecy that realization can follow.—*H. Mann.*

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.—*Hedge.*

⁴⁴³Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon.¹⁷⁷ Thoughts⁴³⁶ are mightier than armies. Principles⁴⁷¹ have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots.—*W. M. Paxton.*

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply a brutality.—*Garfield.*

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity is the idleness of the mind.—*Seume.*

Idleness travels very slowly and poverty soon overtakes her.¹⁷⁷—*Hunter.*

Ignorance is the night of the mind, but a night without moon or star.—*Confucius.*

Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.—*Emerson.*

The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear⁴¹⁸.—*Anon.*

The ills of life are often blessings in disguise, resulting in good to us in the end.—*M. Henry.*

Imagination³⁸⁶ is the eye of the soul.—*Joubert.*

Imagination rules the world.—*Napoleon.*

Imitation belittles.—*Bovee.*

He who imitates evil always goes beyond the example; he who imitates what is good always falls short.—*Guicciardini.*

Immortality is the greatness of our being; the scene for attaining the fulness and perfection of our existence.—*G. Simmons.*

I ask no risen dust to teach me immortality. I am conscious⁴⁸¹ of eternal life.—*Theodore Parker.*

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.—*Cleon.*

Impatience turns an ague into a fever, a fever to the plague, fear into despair, anger into rage, loss into madness, and sorrow into amazement.³⁹⁴ —*Jeremy Taylor.*

He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of men.—*Burke.*

Imperfection is in some sort essential to all that we know of life. Nothing that lives is or can be rigidly perfect.—*Ruskin.*

"Impossible!" That is not good French.—*Napoleon.*

"Impossible!" Never let me hear that foolish word again.—*Mirabeau.*

Inconstancy is but a name to fright poor lovers from a better choice.—*Rutter.*

Clocks will go as they are set; but man, irregular man, is never constant, never certain.—*Otway.*

The incredulous are of all men the most credulous; they believe in the miracles of Vespasian, in order not to believe those of Moses.—*Pascal*.

Incredulity robs us of many pleasures and gives us nothing in return.—*J. R. Lowell*.

Independency may be found in comparative as well as in absolute abundance; I mean where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.—*Shenstone*.

The greatest of all human benefits, that, at least, without which no other benefit can be truly enjoyed, is independence.—*Parke Godwin*.

An index is a necessary implement, without which a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the readers within.—*Fuller*.

I have come to regard a good book as curtailed of half its value, if it has not a pretty full index. It is almost impossible without such a guide, to reproduce on demand the most striking thoughts or facts the book contains, whether for citation or further consideration.—*Horace Binney*.

Indifference is the invincible giant of the world.—*Ouida*.

Indifference never wrote great works, nor thought out striking inventions, nor reared the solemn architecture that awes the soul, nor breathed sublime music, nor painted glorious pictures, nor undertook heroic philanthropies. All these grandeurs are born of enthusiasm, and are done heartily.—*Anon*.

Indiscretion and wickedness, be it known, are first cousins.—*L'Enclos*.

Indiscretion, rashness, falsehood, levity, and malice produce each other.—*Lavater*.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.—*Richter*.

Everything without tells the individual that he is nothing; everything within tells him that he is everything.—*X. Doudan*.

Indolence is the sleep of the mind.—*Vauvenargues*.

Indolence is the dry rot¹⁷⁷ of even a good mind and a good character; the practical uselessness of both. It is the waste of what might be a happy and useful life.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it may possess but cannot enjoy, for it is labor only which gives relish to pleasure. It is the indispensable condition of possessing a sound mind in a sound body, and it is the appointed vehicle of every good to man.—*Blair*.

Industry keeps the body healthy, the mind clear, the heart whole, and the purse full.—*C. Simmons*.

Infamy is where it is received. If thou art a mud wall, it will stick, if marble, it will rebound. If thou storm, it is thine; if thou condemn it, it is his.—*Quarles*.

The most infamous are fond of fame; and those that fear not guilt, yet start at shame.—*Churchill*.

Infancy!—Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—*Wordsworth.*

Joy thou bringest, but mixed with trembling; anxious joys and tender fears; pleasing hopes, and mingled sorrows; smiles of transport dashed with tears.³⁰⁵⁻³¹⁰—*Cottle.*

Infidelity relaxes every band, and nullifies every blessing.—*Pestalozzi.*

Infidelity grows strong under oppressive civil rule; weak under that which is just.—*Christlieb.*

We cannot live only for ourselves. A thousand fibers connect us with our fellow men; and along these fibers, as sympathetic threads, our actions run as causes, and they come back to us as effects.—*Melville.*

Influence never dies; every act, emotion, look and word makes influence tell for good or evil, happiness or woe, through the long future of eternity.—*Anon.*

Ingratitude is the abridgment of all baseness; a fault never found unattended with other viciousness.—*Fuller.*

Filial ingratitude!¹⁹⁶—Is it not¹⁵³ as this mouth should tear this hand for lifting food to it?¹⁹³—*Shakespeare.*

The injuries of life, if rightfully improved, will be to us¹⁵³ as the strokes of the statuary on his marble, forming us to a more beautiful shape and making us fitter to adorn the heavenly temple.—*Cotton Mather.*

He who tries to injure another injures himself more.—*H. D. Gould.*

Ink is¹⁶¹ the colored slave that waits upon thy thought, and sends that thought without a voice, to the ends of the earth.—*Anon.*

A drop of ink may make a million think.—*Byron.*

Innocence is like¹⁵³ polished armor; it adorns and defends.—*South.*

He is armed without who is innocent within, be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass.¹⁷⁷—*Horace.*

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely pass it to another.—*Steele.*

Inquisitiveness or curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, and sometimes to the danger of his choking.—*Fuller.*

Insanity destroys reason, but not wit.—*Emmons.*

Insane people easily detect the nonsense of other people.—*Hallam.*

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.—*Cicero.*

Insincerity in a man's own heart must make all his enjoyments—all that concerns him, unreal; so that his whole life must seem like a merely dramatic representation.—*Hawthorne.*

Inspiration is such a divine superintendence over the books of the Bible as makes them a trustworthy, infallible and safe guide.—*Joseph Cook.*

There is a deity within us who breathes that divine fire by which we are animated.—*Ovid.*

The instinct⁴²⁹ of brutes and insects can be the effect of nothing else than the wisdom and skill of a powerful and ever-living agent.—*Newton*.

A goose flies by a chart which the Royal Geographical Society could not mend.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Instruction is given the wise by reason; ordinary minds, by experience; the stupid, by necessity; and brutes by instinct.—*Cicero*.

Life is but one continual course of instruction.—*R. Hill*.

Oppression is more easily borne than insult.—*Junius*.

Insults are procured by submitting to them. A man meets with no more respect than he exacts.—*Hazlitt*.

Integrity is the first step to true greatness. Men love to praise, but are slow to practice it. To maintain it in high places, costs self-denial; and in all places it is liable to opposition, but its end is glorious, and the universe will yet do it homage.—*C. Simmons*.

A man of integrity will never listen to any plea against conscience.—*Home*.

Intellect lies behind genius, which is intellect constructive. Intellect is the simple power, anterior to all action or construction.—*Emerson*.

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one. It has no conscience. Napoleon is the readiest instance of this. If his heart had borne any proportion to his brain, he had been one of the greatest men in all history.—*J. R. Lowell*.

Intelligence is a luxury, sometimes useless, sometimes fatal. It is a torch or a firebrand, according to the use one makes of it.—*Caballero*.

Intelligence increases mere physical ability one-half. The use of the head abridges the labor of the hands.—*Beecher*.

When interest is at variance with conscience, any pretence that seems to reconcile them satisfies the hollow-hearted.—*Home*.

Interest makes some people blind and others quick sighted.—*Beaumont*.

Intolerance has been the curse of every age and state.—*S. Davies*.

It were better to be of no church than to be bitter for any.—*Penn*.

Invention is the talent of youth, as judgment is of age.—*Swift*.

Invention is a kind of muse, which, being possessed of the other advantages common to her sisters, and being warmed by the fire of Apollo, is raised higher than the rest.—*Dryden*.

Irony²¹⁴ is to the high bred what billingsgate is to the vulgar; and when one gentleman thinks another gentleman an ass, he does not say it point blank: he implies it in the politest terms he can invent.—*Bulwer*.

Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.—*Lamb*.

Irresolution frames a thousand horrors, embodying each.—*J. Martyn*.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.—*Addison*.

Jealousy⁴¹³ is the sister of love, as the devil is the brother of angels.—*Boufflers*.

In jealousy there is more of self-love than of love to another.—*Roche-foucauld*.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.—*Fuller*.

The jest²⁷⁰⁻²⁸¹ loses its point, when he who makes it is the first to laugh.—*Schiller*.

The Jew is the pilgrim of commerce, trading with every nation and blending with none.—*Conybeare*.

"Give me," said Frederick William of Prussia, to his chaplain, "Give me the briefest possible proof of the truth of Christianity." "The Jews, your majesty," was the answer.

Joys are our wings; sorrows our spurs.¹⁹¹—*Richter*.

Joy never feasts so high as when the first course is of misery.—*Suckling*.

Judgment³⁷⁴ is forced upon us by experience.—*Johnson*.

Judge thyself with the judgment⁴⁴⁵ of sincerity, and thou wilt judge others with the judgment of charity.—*J. Mason*.

Justice is the constant desire and effort to render to every man his due.—*Justinian*.

Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and any departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.—*Burke*.

K

Kindness in ourselves¹⁶¹ is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—*Landor*.

The drying up of a single tear, has more of honest fame, than shedding seas²⁰⁹ of gore.—*Byron*.

Kisses are¹⁵³ like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as showing that a mine is near.—*George Villiers*.

Blush, happy maiden, when you feel the lips that press love's glowing seal. But as the slow years darker roll, grown wiser, the experienced soul will own as dearer far than they, the lips which kiss the tears away.^{305, 309}—*Elizabeth Akers*.

A knave thinks himself a fool all the time he is not making a fool of some other person.—*Hazlitt*.

Knaves will thrive where honest plainness knows not how to live.—*Shirley*.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.—*Felton*.

Knowledge once gained casts a light beyond its own immediate boundaries.—*Tyndall*.

L

The guard of virtue is labor, and ease her sleep.—*Tasso*.

Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God.—*Carlyle*.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—*Lamb*.

Next to good, soul-stirring prayer is a good laugh, when it is promoted by what is pure in itself and in its grotesque application.—*Mutchmore*.

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law, is like a flock of sheep running for shelter to a bramble bush.—*Dilwyn*.

Law is the embodiment of the moral sentiment of the people.—*Blackstone*. X

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—*Young*.

That learning is most requisite which unlearns evil.—*Antisthenes*.

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.—*Mrs. Thrall*.

I am never less at leisure than when at leisure, nor less alone than when I am alone.—*Scipio Africanus*.

Lenity is a part of mercy, but she must not speak too loud for fear of waking justice.—*Joubert*.

Lenity will operate with greater force in some instances than rigor. It is, therefore, my first wish to have all my conduct distinguished by it.—*Washington*.

Letters are those winged messengers that can fly from east to west on wings of love.—*Howell*.

To write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.—*Rousseau*.

Liars—past all shame, so past all truth.¹⁹⁰—*Shakespeare*.

Thou canst not better reward a liar than in not believing whatever he speaketh.—*Aristippus*.

Liberality was formerly called honesty, as if to imply that if we are not liberal we are not honest, either toward God or man.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Liberality consists rather in giving seasonably than much.—*Bruyere*.

Liberty is the right to do what the laws allow; and if a citizen could do what they forbid, it would be no longer liberty, because others would have the same powers.—*Montesquieu*.

If liberty with law is fire on the hearth, liberty without law is fire on the floor.¹⁶¹—*Hillard*.

A great library contains the diary of the human race. The great consulting room of a wise man is the library.—*G. Dawson*.

Libraries are¹⁶¹ the wardrobes of literature, whence men, properly informed, may bring forth something for ornament, much for curiosity, and more for use.—*Dyer*.

Life has no significance to me save as the theater in which our powers are developed and disciplined for use, and made fruitful in securing our own independence, and the good of those around us, or as the scene in which we are fitted for the work and worship of the world beyond.—*J. G. Holland.*

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—*Liddon.*

Light is the shadow of God.¹⁹¹—*Plato.*

Light! Nature's resplendent robe; without whose vesting beauty all were wrapped in gloom.—*Thomson.*

Literature has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes; those who have erudition without genius, and those who have volubility without depth; we get second hand sense from the one, and original nonsense from the other.—*Colton.*

Literature is the immortality of speech.—*Schlegel.*

Little things are great to little men.—*Goldsmith.*

Little things console us because little things afflict us.—*Pascal.*

Looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth; a smile recures the wounding of a frown.—*Shakespeare.*

Their eyes but met, and then were turned aside. It was enough. That mystic eloquence, unheard, yet visible, is deeply felt, and tells what else were incommunicable.—*Derozier.*

Logic is the science of the laws of thought as thought, that is, of the necessary conditions to which thought, in itself considered, is subject.⁴³³—*Sir W. Hamilton.*

Syllogism⁴⁷² is of necessary use, even to the lovers of truth, to show them the fallacies⁵⁰⁸ that are often concealed in florid, witty, or involved discourses.—*Locke.*

Love in marriage should be the accomplishment of a beautiful dream, and not, as it too often is, the end.—*Karr.*

A good man will do more for love than he will for money.—*H. D. Gould.*

"Luck" is a very good word if you put a P before it.—*Anon.*

Pitch a lucky man into the Nile, says an Arabian proverb, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth.—*N. P. Willis.*

Luxury is the first, second and third cause of the ruin of republics. It is the vampire which soothes us into a fatal slumber while it sucks the life-blood of our veins.—*Payson.*

Luxury and avarice, those pests which have ever been the ruin of every great state.—*Livy.*

Lying is like trying to hide in a fog. If you move about, you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth. And as soon as the fog blows away you are gone anyhow.—*Anon.*

Lying is a most disgraceful vice; it first despises God, and then fears men.—*Plutarch.*

M

Magnanimity is of all virtues the rarest; there are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.—*Hazlitt*.

A brave man knows no malice; but forgets in peace, the injuries of war, and gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.—*Cowper*.

A maiden in love grows unconsciously more bold.—*Richter*.

A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself.—*Shakespeare*.

Malice⁴⁰⁹ drinks one-half of its own poison.—*Seneca*.

Malice sucks up the greater part of her own venom, and poisons herself.—*Montaigne*.

Man is greater than a world—than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of the soul with the body, than in the creation of a universe.—*Henry Giles*.

Man is the highest product of his own history. The discoverer finds nothing so grand or tall as himself, nothing so valuable to him. The greatest star is at the small end of the telescope, the star that is looking, not looked after nor looked at.—*Theodore Parker*.

Manners are minor morals.—*Paley*.

Manner is everything with some people, and something with everybody.—*Bishop Middleton*.

Marriage is the best state of man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.—*Johnson*.

Marriage is a medicine which acts differently on good men and good women. She does not love him quite enough—cure, marriage. He loves her a little too much—cure, marriage.—*Charles Reade*.

Maxims are the condensed good sense of nations.—*Sir J. Mackintosh*.

All maxims¹⁹⁰ have their antagonist maxims; proverbs should be sold in pairs, a single one being but half a truth.—*W. Matthews*.

The end must justify the means.—*Prior*.

The means heaven yields must be embraced, and not neglected; else, if heaven would, and we will not, heaven's offer we refuse.—*Shakespeare*.

Medicine has been defined to be the art or science of amusing a sick man with frivolous speculations about his disorder, and of tampering ingeniously, till nature either kills or cures him.—*Anon*.

Over the door of a library in Thebes is the inscription, "Medicine for the soul."—*Diodorus Siculus*.

A man of meditation is happy, not for an hour, not for a day, but quite round the circle of all his years.—*Isaac Taylor*.

Meditation is the nurse of thought, and thought the food for meditation.—*C. Simmons*.

Meekness is imperfect if it be not both active and passive, leading us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as to bear patiently the passions and resentments of others.—*Foster*.

Meekness cannot well be counterfeited. It is not insensibility, nor unmanliness, or servility; it does not cringe or whine. It is benevolence imitating Christ in patience, forbearance and quietness. It feels keenly, but not malignantly; it abounds in good will, and bears all things.—*W. S. Plumer.*

Melancholy spreads itself betwixt heaven and earth, like envy between man and man, and is an everlasting mist.—*Byron.*

Melancholy, or low spirits, is that hysterical passion which forces unbidden sighs and tears. It falls upon a contented life, like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain, that it carries no meaning with it.—*Lockhart.*

The memory³⁸⁴ is a treasurer to whom we must give funds, if we would draw the assistance we need.¹⁵²—*Rowe.*

Memory³⁸³ is the cabinet of the imagination,³⁸⁵ the treasury of reason,³⁹⁰ the registry of conscience,⁴⁰⁷ and the council chamber of thought.³⁷⁴⁻¹⁶¹—*Basil.*

Men are the sport of circumstances, when the circumstances seem the sport of men.—*Byron.*

We do not commonly find men of superior sense among those of the highest fortune.—*Juvenal.*

Mercifulness makes us equal to the gods.—*Claudian.*

Mercy among the virtues is like the moon among the stars—not so sparkling and vivid as many, but dispensing a calm radiance that hallows the whole.¹⁵³ It is the bow that rests upon the bosom of the cloud when the storm is past.¹⁶¹ It is the light that hovers above the judgment-seat.—*E. H. Chapin.*

Merit is never so conspicuous as when coupled with obscure origin, just¹⁵³ as the moon never appears so lustrous as when it emerges from a cloud.—*Bovee.*

True merit, like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.—*Halifax.*

Metaphysics is the anatomy of the soul.—*De Boufflers.*

Metaphysicians are whetstones on which to sharpen dull intellects.¹⁶¹—*H. W. Beecher.*

Methods are the masters of masters.—*Talleyrand.*

Method will teach you to win time.—*Goethe.*

Midnight—that hour of night's black arch the keystone.—*Burns.*

Midnight—strange mystic hour— when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted that it may return to better thinking.—*Phaedrus.*

The finite mind does not require to grasp the infinitude of truth, but only to go forward from light to light.—*P. Bayne.*

The life of a pious minister is visible rhetoric.¹⁷⁷—*Hooker*.

The minister is to be a real man, a live man, a true man, a simple man, great in his love, in his life, in his work, in his simplicity, in his gentleness.—*John Hall*.

A miracle I take to be a sensible operation, which being above the comprehension of the spectator, and in his opinion contrary to the established course of nature, is taken by him to be divine.—*Locke*.

A miracle is a work exceeding the power of any created agent, consequently being an effect of the divine omnipotence.—*South*.

Mirth should be¹⁶¹ the embroidery of conversation, not the web; and wit the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.—*Anon*.

Fun gives you a forcible hug and shakes laughter out of you, whether you will or no.—*Garrick*.

The misanthrope is a man who avoids society, only to free himself from the trouble of being useful to it.—*Saurin*.

The opinions of the misanthropical rest upon this very partial basis, that they adopt the bad faith of a few as evidence of the worthlessness of all—*Bovee*.

He that may hinder mischief, yet permits it, is an accessory.—*Freeman*.

O mischief, thou art swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men.—*Shakespeare*.

The prodigal robs his heir; the miser robs himself.¹⁹¹—*Bruyere*.

The miser is as much in want of that which he has, as of that which he has not.—*Publius Syrus*.

Man is only miserable so far as he thinks himself so.—*Sannazaro*.

A misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer.—*Addison*.

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it; for such do always see that in every cloud is an angel's face.—*Jerome*.

The greatest misfortune of all is, not to be able to bear misfortune.—*Bias*.

Mistakes are the lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed; the future is yet in your power.—*Hugh White*.

Any man may make a mistake, but none but a fool will continue in it.—*Cicero*.

A mob is the scum that rises upmost when a nation boils.¹⁶¹—*Dryden*.

The mob is a monster, with the hands of Briareus, but the head of Polyphemus, strong to execute, but blind to perceive.—*Colton*.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.¹⁶¹—*Bishop Hall*.

Moderation is the inseparable companion of wisdom, but with it genius has not even a nodding acquaintance.—*Colton*.

A false modesty as the meanest species of pride.—*Gibbon*.

Modesty is the chastity of merit, the virginity of noble souls.—*E. du Girardin*.

Money is a good servant, but a poor master.¹⁹¹—*D. Bouhours.*

Money is a bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth may be drowned.—*Kozlay.*

If I have done any deed worthy of remembrance, that deed will be my monument. If not, no monument can preserve my memory.—*Agesilaus.*

Monuments are the grappling-irons that bind one generation to another.¹⁹⁰—*Joubert.*

All sects are different, because they come from men; morality is everywhere the same, because it comes from God.⁴⁷—*Voltaire.*

Morality is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle.⁴⁷—*Wardlaw.*

Morn in the white wake of the morning star, came furrowing all the Orient into gold.—*Tennyson.*

Morn, like¹⁵³ a maiden glancing o'er her pearls, stream'd o'er the manna-dew, as though¹⁵³ the ground were sown with star-seed.—*P. J. Bailey.*

Let the motive be in the deed and not in the event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward.—*Krishna.*

Motives are better than actions. Men drift into crime. Of evil, they do more than they contemplate, and of good they contemplate more than they do.—*Bovce.*

Murder itself is past all expiation the greatest crime which nature doth abhor.—*Goff.*

One murder makes a villain; millions, a hero;¹⁹¹ numbers sanctify the crime.—*Porteus.*

Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation, which, like every creation of art, is mightier than the artist.⁴²⁶—*Beethoven.*

Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.—*Mazzini.*

Mutability is the badge of infirmity. It is seldom that a man continues to wish and design the same thing for two days alike.—*Charron.*

All our life goeth like Penelope's web, and what one hour effects, the next destroys.—*Augustine.*

Mystery is but another name for our ignorance; if we were omniscient, all would be perfectly plain.—*Tryon Edwards.*

A mystery is something of which we know that it is, though we do not know how it is.—*Joseph Cook.*

Mythology is not religion. It may rather be regarded as the ancient substitute, the poetical counterpart for dogmatic theology.—*Hare.*

The heathen mythology not only was not true, but it was not even supported as true; it not only deserved no faith, but it demanded none. The very pretension to truth, the very demand of faith, were characteristics of Christianity.—*Whately.*

N

A name is a kind of face whereby one is known.—*Fuller*.

A virtuous name is the precious, only good, for which queens and peasants' wives must contest together.—*Schiller*.

Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God.⁴⁶¹⁻⁴⁶⁵.—*Cowper*.

Nature has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, to show that she is only his image.—*Pascal*.

Necessity is the mother of invention.—*Farquhar*.

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy.—*Joubert*.

Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting.—*Shakespeare*.

Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolves.—*Feltham*.

Neutrality, as a lasting principle, is an evidence of weakness.—*Kossuth*.

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.—*Burke*.

Néws, the manna of a day.—*Greene*.

Evil news rides post, while good news bates.—*Milton*.

Newspapers are the schoolmasters of the common people—a greater treasure to them than uncounted millions of gold.—*Beecher*.

Newspapers are the world's cyclopedia of life; telling us everything from every quarter of the globe. They are a universal whispering gallery for all mankind, only their whispers are sometimes thunders.¹⁶¹—*Edwards*.

Nicknames stick to people, and the most ridiculous are the most adhesive.—*Haliburton*.

A nickname is the heaviest stone the devil can throw at a man.—*Anon*.

The night is made for tenderness so still that the low whisper, scarcely audible, is heard like music, and so deeply pure that the fond thought is chastened as it springs and on the lip is made holy.—*N. P. Willis*.

Night's silent reign had robbed the world of light, to lend, in lieu, a greater benefit, repose and sleep, when every mortal whom care or grief permitted, took their rest.—*Thomas May*.

Nobility should be elective, not hereditary.—*Zimmerman*.

Nobility, without virtue, is like a setting without a gem.¹⁵³—*Jane Porter*.

Nonsense, at times, is singularly refreshing.—*Talleyrand*.

Nonsense and noise will oft prevail, when honor and affection fail.—*Lloyd*.

Novels may teach us as wholesome morals as the pulpit. There are "sermons in stones," in healthy books, and "good in everything."—*Colton*.

Novels are mean imitations of literature, and usually the poorest part of it. They devour much precious time, and what is worse, have a bad effect upon mind and morals. Their fanciful, distorted and exaggerated sketches of life tend to vitiate and corrupt the taste, and to excite expectations that can never be fulfilled.¹⁴¹—*Varle*.

O

Oaths, whether kept or broken, frequently lead to guilt.—*Johnson*.

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin, but greater sin to keep a sinful oath.—*Shakespeare*.

Obedience is not truly performed by the body, if the heart is dissatisfied.—*Saadi*.

Obedience is the mother of success, and is wedded to safety.—*Aeschylus*.

Obligation is thralldom, and thralldom is hateful.—*Hobbes*.

We are under solemn obligations to the children of those who have loved us.—*Poincelot*.

Oblivion is the flower that grows best on graves.—*George Sand*.

The oblivions of time will be the reminiscences of eternity.¹⁹¹—*C. Simmons*.

Obscurity and innocence, twin sisters, escape temptations which would pierce their gossamer armor in contact with the world.—*Chamfort*.

The obscurity of a writer is generally in proportion to his incapacity.—*Quintillian*.

Obstinacy is will asserting itself without being able to justify itself. It is persistence without a reasonable motive. It is the tenacity of self-love substituted for that of reason and conscience.—*Amiel*.

Obstinacy and vehemency in opinion are the surest proofs of stupidity.—*Barton*.

Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment.—*Leigh Hunt*.

Occupation is the scythe of time.¹⁶¹—*Napoleon*.

Who fears to offend, takes the first step to please.—*Cibber*.

Offences ought to be pardoned, for few offend willingly, but only as led by some excitement.—*Hegesippus*.

If ever this free people, if this government itself is ever utterly demoralized, it will come from this incessant human wriggling and struggle for office, which is but a way to live without work.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

Office is like a pyramid; only two kinds of animals reach the summit, reptiles and eagles.—*D'Alembert*.

Old age has been charged with being insensible to pleasure and enjoyments arising from the gratification of the senses—a most blessed and heavenly effect, truly, if it eases us of what in youth was the sorest plague of life.—*Cicero*.

Woe to the man who becomes old without becoming wise; woe to him if this world shuts its door without the future having opened its doors to him.—*Tholuck*.

Opinions are stronger than armies. If they are founded in truth and justice, they will, in the end, prevail against the bayonets of infantry, the fire of artillery, and the charges of cavalry.—*Lord Palmerston*.

What I admire in Columbus is not his having discovered a world, but his having gone to search for it on the faith of an opinion.—*Turgot*.

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.—*Charles*.

Opportunity is rare, and a wise man will never let it go by him.—*Bayard Taylor*.

Opposition inflames the enthusiast, never converts him.—*Schiller*.

It is not the victory that makes the joy of noble hearts, but the combat.—*Montalembert*.

Oppression makes wise men mad; but the distemper is still the madness of the wise, which is better than the sobriety of fools.—*Burke*.

When oppression stains the robe of state, and power's a whip of scorpions in the hands of heartless knaves, to lash th' o'erburthen'd back of honest industry, the loyal blood will turn to bitterest gall, and the o'ercharged heart explode in execration.¹¹⁷—*Shee*.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature.—*Shakespeare*.

An orator or an author is never successful till he has learned to make his words smaller than his ideas.—*Emerson*.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. ¹⁵³As the beams to a house, as the bones to the body, so is order to all things.—*Southey*.

Order means light and peace, inward liberty and free command over one's self.—*Amiel*.

Originality is nothing but judicious imitation. The most original writers borrowed from one another. The instruction we find in books is like fire. We fetch it from our neighbors, kindle it at home, communicate it to others, and it becomes the property of all.¹⁵³—*Voltaire*.

It is better to create than to be learned; creating is the true essence of life.—*Niebuhr*.

Ornaments were invented by modesty.—*Joubert*.

The true ornament of matrons is virtue.—*Justin*.

P

Pain is the outcome of sin.—*Buddha*.

Pain is not without its alleviations. It is seldom both violent and long-continued; and its pauses and intermissions become positive pleasures. It has the power of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease, which few enjoyments exceed.—*Paley*.

A panic is the stampede of our self-possession.—*Rivarol*.

A panic is a sudden desertion of us, and a going over to the enemy of our imagination.—*Bovee*.

Pardon others often; thyself never.—*Publius Syrus*.

Pardon is the virtue of victory.—*Mazzini*.

Parents wonder why the streams are bitter, when they themselves have poisoned the fountain.—*Locke*.

Next to God, thy parents.¹⁹⁰—*Penn*.

Parting and forgetting? What faithful heart can do these?¹⁹³ Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life never leave us. Surely, they cannot be separate from our consciousness; will follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are, of their nature, divine and immortal.—*Thackeray*.

I have no parting sigh to give, so take my parting smile.—*L. E. Landon*.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.—*Pope*.

Party standards are shadows in which patriotism is buried.—*St. Pierre*.

The passions and capacities of our nature are foundations of power, happiness, and glory; but if we turn them into occasions of self-indulgence the structure itself falls, and buries everything in its overwhelming desolation.—*G. B. Cheever*.

The passions act as winds to propel our vessel, our reason is the pilot that steers her; without the winds, she would not move; without the pilot, she would be lost.—*F. Schulz*.

The past is for us, but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the present.—*Emerson*.

It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollections of our former life.—*Martial*.

Patience! why it is the soul of peace; of all the virtues, it is nearest kin to heaven; it makes men look like gods. The best of men that ever wore earth about him was a sufferer—a soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit; the first true gentleman that ever breathed.—*Decker*.

Everything comes if man will only wait.—*Tancred*.

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.—*Colton*.

Brimful of learning see the pedant stride, bristling with horrid Greek and puffed with pride! A thousand authors he in vain has read, and with their maxims stuffed his empty head; and thinks that without Aristotle's rule, reason is blind and common sense a fool.—*Boileau*.

Perfection does not exist; to understand it is the triumph of human intelligence; to expect to possess it is the most dangerous kind of madness.—*Alfred De Musset*.

Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. Neglect nothing; the most trivial action may be performed to God.—*Angelique Arnold*.

Persecution often does in this life what the last great day will do completely, separate the wheat from the tares.—*Milner*.

Persecution is not wrong because it is cruel, but cruel because it is wrong.¹⁸⁴—*Whately*.

Whoever perseveres will be crowned.—*Herder*.

Perseverance is a Roman virtue, that wins each god-like act, and plucks success even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.¹²⁰—*Havard*.

Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home; from this center our sympathies should extend in an ever widening circle.—*Lamb*.

This is true philanthropy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its human hospital in the human heart.—*Harley*.

Physic is of little use to a temperate person, for a man's own observation on what he finds does him good, and what hurts him, is the best physic to preserve health.—*Bacon*.

Whoever has lived twenty years ought to know what is hurtful and what wholesome to him, and know how to order himself without physic.—*Tiberius*.

Pity is akin to love; and every thought of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.⁴⁰⁹—*Southern*.

Nothing but infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.—*John Inglesant*.

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.—*Shakespeare*.

Whatever the place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from.—*Coleridge*.

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as¹⁵³ gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make them pass as their own.—*Sheridan*.

Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin; and then the measure, that it is without excess.—*H. G. J. Adam*.

The sweetest pleasures are those which do not exhaust hope.⁴¹⁷—*De Lavis*.

Were the king at noonday to say, "This day is night," it would behoove us to reply, "Lo! there are the moon and seven stars!"—*Saadi*.

Policy consists in serving God in such a manner as not to offend the devil.—*Fuller*.

Politeness is not always the sign of wisdom, but the want of it always leaves room for the suspicion of folly.—*Landor*.

A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them.—*De Morny*.

In politics, merit is rewarded by the possessor being raised, like a target, to a position to be fired at.—*Bovee*.

Every political question is becoming a social question, and every social question is becoming a religious question.—*R. T. Ely*.

Positive views of truth and duty are those that impress the mind and lead to action; negation dwells mostly in cavil and denial.⁵²⁵—*Whately*.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.—*Sterne*.

Poverty palls the most generous spirits. It crows industry, and casts resolution itself into despair.—*Addison*.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in bearing it.¹¹⁹—*Richter*.

A preacher should have the skill to teach the unlearned simply, roundly, and plainly; for teaching is of more importance than exhorting.—*Luther*.

I don't like those mighty fine preachers who round off their sentences so beautifully that they are sure to roll off the sinner's back.—*Rowland Hill*.

One precedent creates another. They soon accumulate, and constitute law. What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine. Examples are supposed to justify the most dangerous measures; and where they do not suit exactly, the defect is supplied by analogy.—*Junius*.

The lawless science of the law, that codeless myriad of precedent, that wilderness of single instances.¹³⁷—*Tennyson*.

Precepts are the rules by which we ought to square our lives. When they are contracted into sentences, they strike the affections; whereas admonition is only blowing off the coal.—*Seneca*.

Too many follow example rather than precept; but it is safer to learn rather from precept than example. Many a wise teacher does not follow his own teaching; for it is easier to say, do this, than to do it. If, then, I see good doctrine with an evil life, though I pity the last, I will follow the first. Good sayings belong to all; evil actions, only to their authors.—*Warwick*.

A preface, being the entrance to a book, should invite by its beauty. An elegant porch announces the splendor of the interior.—*Disraeli*.

Go, little book; God send thee good passage, and specially let this be thy prayer, unto them all that thee will read or hear, where thou art wrong, after their help to call, thee to correct in any part, or all.—*Chaucer*.

All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.¹⁹⁰—*Pope*.

Prejudice, which sees what it pleases, cannot see what is plain.—*Aubrey De Vere*.

Each present joy or sorrow seems the chief.—*Shakespeare*.

The future is purchased by the present.—*Johnson*.

The press is the foe of rhetoric, but the friend of reason.¹⁹¹—*Colton*.
The reformation was cradled in the printing press, and established by no other instrument.—*Agnes Strickland*.

Pretences go a great way with men that take fair words and magisterial looks for current payment.—*L'Estrange*.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are not to be fixed but by those that are real.—*De Moy*.

Prevention is the best bridle.—*Pelham*.

Preventives of evil are far better than remedies; cheaper and easier of application, and surer of result.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Pride often defeats its own end, by bringing the man who seeks esteem and reverence into contempt.—*Bolingbroke*.

When pride and presumption walk before, shame and loss follow very closely.—*Louis the Eleventh*.

Principle is a passion for truth and right.—*Hazlitt*.

He who merely knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them.—*Confucius*.

Procrastination is the thief of time; year after year it steals, till all are fled, and to the mercies of a moment leaves the vast concerns of an eternal state. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool; knows it at forty, and reforms his plan; at fifty, chides his infamous delay, pushes his prudent purpose to resolve; in all the magnanimity of thought, resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.—*Young*.

By the streets of "by and by," one arrives at the house of "never."—*Cervantes*.

Prodigality and dissipation at last bring a man to the want of the necessities of life.—*Volney*.

The injury of prodigality leads to this, that he that will not economize, will have to agonize.—*Confucius*.

It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme rudely appealed to on each trifling theme. Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise. To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.—*Cowper*.

Profanity is a brutal vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman.—*E. H. Chapin*.

Progress is the activity of to-day, and the assurance of tomorrow.—*Emerson*.

Progress is the law of life; man is not man as yet.—*Robert Browning*.

An acre of performance is worth a whole world of promise.—*Howell*.

We promise according to our hopes, but perform according to our selfishness and our fears.—*Rochevoucauld*.

Promptness is the soul of business.—*Chesterfield*.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision and promptness.—*Colton*.

Prosperity is the touch-stone of virtue; for it is less difficult to bear misfortunes, than to remain uncorrupted by pleasure.—*Tacitus*.

Prosperity too often has the same effect upon its possessor that a calm at sea has upon the Dutch mariner, who frequently, it is said, in these circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk, and goes to sleep.—*Bishop Norne*.

Proverbs are the cream of a nation's thought.—*Anon*.

Short sentences drawn from long experience.¹⁹¹—*Cervantes*.

Providence is a greater mystery than revelation. The state of the world is more humiliating to our reason than the doctrines of the gospel.—*Cecil*.

By going a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend, on the corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning this street instead of the other, we may let slip some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution in the dark enigma, but the one word, "Providence."—*Longfellow*.

Franklin left behind him more maxims than any of his countrymen, and prudence is the pivot on which they turn.—*A. Rhodes*.

The prudence of the best heads is often defeated by the tenderness of the best hearts.—*Fielding*.

The public is wiser than the wisest critic.—*Bancroft*.

Public opinion, or public sentiment, is able to sustain, or to pull down any law of the commonwealth.—*C. Simmons*.

Q

Quackery has no such friend as credulity.—*C. Simmons*.

We affect to laugh at the folly of those who put faith in nostrums, but are willing to try ourselves whether there is any truth in them.—*Hazlitt*.

Quarrels would never last long, if the fault was only on one side.—*Rochefoucauld*.

The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected, is the most inveterate.—*Tacitus*.

Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over our country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every book-worm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome, he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration, that does his heart good, hasten to give it.—*Coleridge*.

Quotation, sir, is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it; classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.—*Johnson*.

R

In rage, deaf as the sea; hasty as fire.—*Shakespeare*.

Rage⁴⁰⁹ is essentially vulgar, and never more vulgar than when it proceeds from mortified pride, disappointed ambition, or thwarted wilfulness.—*H. Coleridge*.

We cannot learn raillery; that must be a gift of nature; and I esteem him happy who does not wish to acquire it. The character of sarcasm is dangerous; although this quality makes those laugh whom it does not wound, it, nevertheless, never procures esteem.—*Oxenstiern*.

Raillery and wit are never made to answer our inquiries after truth, and to determine a question of rational controversy, though they may be sometimes serviceable to expose to contempt those inconsistent follies which have been first abundantly refuted by argument: they serve indeed only to cover nonsense with shame, when reason has proved it to be mere nonsense.—*Watts*.

The rain is playing its soft, pleasant tune fitfully on the skylight, and the shade of the fast-flying clouds passes with delicate change across my book.—*N. P. Willis*.

How singular, and yet how simple, the philosophy of rain!¹⁹⁶ Who but the Omniscent could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?—*Ure*.

The rainbow, that arc of light, born of the shower and colored by the sun, which spans the heavens.—*J. C. Prince*.

Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it.²⁶⁰ Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof: it compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it.^{268, 244}—*Ecclesiasticus*.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.—*Ruffini*.

I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better.—*Wycherly*.

Rashness and haste make all things insecure.—*Denham*.

Rashness is the characteristic of ardent youth, and prudence that of mellowed age.—*Cicero*.

Read, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding.—*Congreve*.

Always have a book at hand, in the parlor, on the table, for the family; a book of condensed thought and striking anecdote, of sound maxims and truthful apothegms. It will impress on your own mind a thousand valuable suggestions, and teach your children a thousand lessons of truth and duty. Such a book is¹⁶¹ a casket of jewels for your household.—*Tryon Edwards*.

Reasons¹⁶¹ are the pillars of the fabric of discourse, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light.—*Fuller*.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.^{391, 439}—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Rebellion against tyrants is obedience to God.—*Franklin*.

Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time, and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.—*Carlyle*.

Recompense injury with justice, and unkindness with kindness.—*Confucius*.

Forever from the hand that takes one blessing from us, others fall; and soon or late our Father makes his perfect recompense to all.—*Whittier*.

Recreation is not the highest kind of enjoyment, but in its time and place is quite as proper as prayer.—*S. I. Prime*.

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve. As, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge.¹⁷¹—*Bishop Hall*.

Rectitude is the short cut to integrity.¹⁹⁰—*Hjalmer D. Gould*.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.—*Maria Edgeworth*.

Refinement creates beauty everywhere. It is the grossness of the spectator that discovers anything like grossness in the object.—*Haslitt*.

There is no reason why the brown hand of labor should not hold Thomson as well as the sickle. Ornamental reading shelters and even strengthens the growth of what is merely useful. A cornfield never returns a poorer crop because a few wild flowers bloom in the hedge. The refinement of the poor is the triumph of Christian civilization.—*Willmott*.

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance; but reverie is the same flower, when rank and running to seed.—*Tupper*.

There is one art of which every man should be a master—the art of reflection. If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all?—*Coleridge*.

Reform, like charity must begin at home.—*Carlyle*.

Public reformers had need first practice on their own hearts that which they propose to try on others.—*Charles I*.

Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion. The one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason, in attempting to account for the great phenomena of nature, had he not a Supreme Being to refer to; and well has it been said, that if there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one.—*Washington*.

If your whole life is guided by religion, the hearts of others may be touched by this mute language, and may open to the reception of that spirit which dwells in you.—*Schleiermacher*.

Remorse⁶³² is beholding heaven and feeling hell¹⁹¹—*Moore*.

Remorse is the echo of lost virtue.¹⁶¹, ¹⁹⁰—*Bulwer*.

Repartee—the impromptu reply, is the touchstone of wit.—*Moliere*.

Repartee is perfect when it effects its purpose with a double edge. Repartee is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest yet quickest exercise of genius at a moment when the passions are roused—*Colton*.

Repentance without amendment is like continually pumping without mending the leak.—*Dilwyn*.

Deathbed repentance is burning the candle of life in the service of the devil, and then blowing the snuff in the face of heaven.¹⁶¹—*Lorenzo Dow*.

Repose without stagnation is the state most favorable to happiness. "The great felicity of life," says Seneca, "is to be without perturbations.—*Bovee*.

There is no mortal truly wise and restless at once; wisdom is the repose of minds.—*Lavater*.

Reprove thy friend privately; commend him publicly.¹⁹¹—*Solon*.

Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium; if it be improperly administered, it will do harm instead of good.—*Horace Mann*.

Republics come to an end by luxurious habits; monarchies by poverty.—*Montesquieu*.

It is the weakness and danger of republics, that the vices as well as the virtues of the people are represented in their legislation.—*Mrs. Mary H. Hunt*.

Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and angels know of us.—*Paine*.

A reputation once broken, may possibly be repaired; but the world will always keep its eyes on the spot¹⁷⁶ where the crack was.—*Anon*.

Reserve is the truest expression of respect toward those who are its objects.—*De Quincey*.

Reserve may be pride fortified in ice; dignity is worth reposing on truth.¹⁶¹—*W. R. Alger*.

Resignation is the courage of Christian sorrow.—*Vinet*.

Resignation is putting God between ourselves and our troubles.—*Mad. Swetchine*.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—*Holland*.
Responsibility educates.—*Wendell Phillips*.

Rest is the sweet sauce of labor.—*Plutarch*.

Rest is valuable only so far as it is a contrast.—*David Swing*.

God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of every week, or month, or year, but remember, he pays in the end.—*Anne of Austria*.

Retribution is one of the grand principles of the divine administration of human affairs; a requital is imperceptible only to the unobservant. There is everywhere the working of the everlasting law of requital: Man always gets as he gives.—*J. Foster.*

To revenge is no valor, but to bear.—*Shakespeare.*

Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance, of justice. Injuries are revenged; crimes are avenged.—*Joubert.*

Reverence is an ennobling sentiment. He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit so much as to look down.—*Washington Allston.*

The majesty of God revere; fear him and you have nothing else to fear.—*Fordyce.*

Reverie is when ideas float in our mind without reflection or regard of the understanding.—*Locke.*

Reverie, which is thought in its nebulous state, borders closely upon the land of sleep, by which it is bounded as by a natural frontier.—*Victor Hugo.*

Revolution is the larva of civilization.¹⁹⁰—*Victor Hugo.*

Nothing has ever remained of any revolution but what was ripe in the conscience of the masses.—*Ledru Rollin.*

We see how much a man has, and therefore we envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.—*Seed.*

Riches do not delight us so much with their possession, as torment us with their loss.—*Gregory.*

Ridicule is a weak weapon when levelled at strong minds, but common men are cowards and dread an empty laugh.—*Tupper.*

Ridicule, which chiefly arises from pride, is a selfish passion, is but at best a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.—*Home.*

Right is might, and ever was, and ever shall be so.—*Hare.*

I would rather be right than be president.—*Henry Clay.*

Rogues are always found out in some way.—*Fontaine.*

A rogue is a roundabout fool.—*Coleridge.*

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love.—*Disraeli.*

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but knew the hearts there.—*Van Ense.*

Ruins—the legendary tablets of the past.—*Walter Scott.*

Black-letter record of the ages.—*Diderot.*

Rumor was the messenger of defamation, and so swift that none could be first to tell an evil tale.—*Pollok.*

Curse the tongue whose slanderous rumor, like the adder's drop, distills her venom, withering friendship's faith, turning love's favor.—*Hillhouse.*

S

Sarcasm is the language of the devil; for which reason I have long since as good as renounced it.—*Carlyle*.

Sarcasm poisons reproof.—*Wigglesworth*.

Satire! thou shining supplement of public laws!—*Young*.

A satirist of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whose censures are conducted by candor and truth, merits the applause of every friend to virtue.—*Crousaz*.

Believe that story false that ought not to be true.—*Sheridan*.

Scandal is the sport of its authors, the dread of fools, and the contempt of the wise.—*W. B. Chulow*.

Scepticism has never founded empires, established principles or changed the world's heart. The great doers in history have always been men of faith.—*E. H. Chapin*.

Sceptics are generally ready to believe anything, provided it is only sufficiently improbable; it is at matters of fact that such people stumble.—*Von Knebel*.

What are the sciences but maps of universal laws; and universal laws but the channels of universal power; and universal power but the outgoings of a supreme universal mind?—*E. Thomson*.

The person who thinks there can be any real conflict between science and religion must be either very young in science or very ignorant in religion.—*Prof. Henry*.

The sea has been called deceitful and treacherous, but there lies in this trait only the character of a great natural power, which renews its strength, and, without reference to joy or sorrow, follows eternal laws which are imposed by a higher power.—*W. Humboldt*.

Praise the sea, but keep on the land.—*Herbert*.

Secrecy is the chastity of friendship.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Never confide your secrets to paper. It is like throwing a stone in the air, you do not know where it may fall.—*Calderon*.

Self-conceit is a weighty quality, and will sometimes bring down the scale when there is nothing else in it. It magnifies a fault beyond proportion, and swells every omission into an outrage.¹⁴⁴—*Jeremy Collier*.

Oftentimes nothing profits more than self-esteem,⁴⁰⁹ grounded on what is just and right.—*Milton*.

Self-control is, indeed, the noblest rule on earth; the object of a loftier ambition than the possession of crowns or sceptres.—*Caird*.

Self-control is promoted by humility. Pride is a fruitful source of uneasiness. It keeps the mind in disquiet. Humility is the antidote to this evil.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

Self-denial is an excellent guide of virtue.—*Towson*.

One never knows himself till he has denied himself. The altar of sacrifice is the touchstone of character.—*O. P. Gifford*.

Selfishness is a vice utterly at variance with the happiness of him who harbors it, and as such, condemned by self-love.—*Sir J. Mackintosh*.
That household god, a man's own self.—*Flavel*.

In all time, self-love has blinded the wisest.—*Villefre*.
Self-love, as it happens to be well or ill conducted, constitutes virtue and vice.—*Rochevoucauld*.

A man's praises have very musical and charming accents in the mouth of another, but sound very flat and untamable in his own.—*Xenophon*.

Self-praise occasionally succeeds with ignorant and credulous persons; very seldom with those who have much knowledge of the world.—*G. W. Hervey*.

Self-reliance wins. They can conquer who believe they can.—*Virgil*.
Time and I against any two.—*Phillip II*.

Self-respect—that cornerstone of all virtue.—*Sir John Herschel*.
Every man stamps his own value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. Man is made great or little by his own will.—*Schiller*.

Self-righteousness is the devil's masterpiece to make us think well of ourselves.—*T. Adam*.

Regret not that which is past, and trust not to thine own righteousness.—*St. Anthony*.

Lawless are they that make their wills their law.—*Shakespeare*.

Self-will is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.²⁰⁹—*Cecil*.

Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power, and the other water-power; that is all.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Sensibility is neither good nor evil, in itself, but in its application. Ill-directed or uncontrolled, it is a snare, and the source of every temptation.—*H. More*.

Sensitiveness is closely allied to egotism.—*Bovee*.

Quick sensitiveness is inseparable from a ready understanding.—*Addison*.

Sensuality is the grave of the soul.—*Channing*.

He that lives in the kingdom of sense, shall die in the kingdom of sorrow.—*Baxter*.

Sentiment is intellectual emotion;⁴⁰⁰ emotion precipitated, as it were, in pretty crystals by the fancy.—*J. R. Lowell*.

Sentiment has a sort of divine alchemy, rendering grief itself the source of tenderest thoughts and far-reaching desires, which the sufferer cherishes as sacred treasures.—*Talfourd*.

Shame may restrain what the law does not prohibit.—*Seneca*.

It is the guilt, not the scaffold, which constitutes the shame.—*Corneille*.

Upright simplicity is the deepest wisdom, and perverse craft the merest shallowness.—*Barrow*.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.—*Hazlitt*.

Sincerity and truth are the basis of all virtue.—*Confucius*.

Sincerity is the face of the soul, as dissimulation is the mask.—*S. Dubay*.

Slander meets no regard from noble minds; only the base believe what the base only utter.—*Bellers*.

Plato, hearing that some asserted that he was a very bad man, said, "I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them."—*Guardian*.

"Sleep is so like death," says Sir Thomas Browne, "that I dare not trust myself to it without prayer." They both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be made safe and happy only by virtue.—*Sir W. Temple*.

Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfill all offices of death, except to kill.—*Donne*.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.—*Franklin*.

Sloth is torpidity of the mental faculties; the sluggard is a living insensible.—*Zimmerman*.

Smiles from reason flow, to brute denied, and are of love the food.—*Milton*.

A smile is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, and friend, that it is at home and waiting.—*H. W. Beecher*.

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.—*Lavater*.

The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others.—*Hazlitt*.

A snob is one who is always pretending to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable than others.—*Thackeray*.

Snobs in high places assume great airs, and are pretentious in all they do; and the higher their elevation, the more conspicuous is the incongruity of their position.—*S. Smiles*.

There are four varieties in society; the lovers, the ambitious, ob-servers, and fools. The fools are the happiest.—*Taine*.

Society is now one polished horde, formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored.—*Byron*.

Solitude is the audience chamber of God.—*L. E. Landon*.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat! choice of the prudent! envy of the great! by thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade, we court fair wisdom.—*Young*.

It was his nature to blossom into song, as it is a tree's to leaf itself in April.—*Alexander Smith*

A song will outlive all sermons in the memory.—*H. Giles.*

Sophistry ⁵²¹ is like a window curtain—it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.—*Anon.*

Sophistry, like poison, is at once detected and nauseated, when presented to us in a concentrated form; but a fallacy⁵⁰³ which, when stated barely in a few sentences, would not deceive a child, may deceive half the world, if diluted in a quarto volume.—*Whately.*

Sorrows are often like clouds, which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past, become as if they were the garments of God, thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Sorrow ³⁹⁴ is not an accident occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow, and profound meaning which is concealed in pain, has yet to learn what life is. The cross, manifested as the necessity of the highest life, alone interprets it.—*F. W. Robertson.*

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the soul? It is immaterial.²⁷³—*Hood.*

The soul, of origin divine, God's glorious image, freed from clay, in heaven's eternal sphere shall shine, a star of day! The sun is but a spark of fire, a transient meteor in the sky; the soul, immortal as its sire, shall never die.—*Montgomery.*

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.²⁴²—*Pope.*

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.—*Gifford.*

Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.—*Heber.*

Stately spring! whose robe-folds are valleys, whose breast-bouquet is gardens, and whose blush is vernal evening.¹⁶¹—*Richter.*

Silent, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of angels.—*Longfellow.*

The stars are mansions built by nature's hand, and haply, there the spirits of the blest dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal rest.—*Wadsworth.*

In a free country, there is much clamor with little suffering: in a despotic state, there is little complaint, but much suffering.¹⁸⁴—*Carnot.*

That state is best ordered where the wicked have no command, and the good have.—*Pittacus.*

True statemanship is the art of changing a nation from what it is into what it ought to be.—*W. R. Alger.*

Honest statesmanship is the wise employment of individual mean-
nesses for the public good.—*Lincoln.*

A story should, to please, at least seem true, be apropos, well told, concise, and new; and whensoever it deviates from these rules, the wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.—*Stillington.*

Stories now, to suit the public taste, must be half epigram,¹⁹⁰ half pleasant vice.—*J. R. Lowell.*

Strength is born in the deep silence of long-suffering hearts; not amidst joy.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Strength alone knows conflict; weakness is below even defeat, and is born vanquished.—*Mad. Swetchine.*

Studies teach not their own use; that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.³⁸⁰—*Bacon.*

They are not the best students who are most dependent upon books. What can be got out of them is at best only material; a man must build his house for himself.—*G. Macdonald.*

Style⁴ is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of a window, if heavy, it will obscure the light. The object is to have as little sash as will hold the light, that we may not think of the former, but have the latter.—*Emmons.*

Obscurity in writing is commonly a proof of darkness in the mind; the greatest learning is to be seen in the greatest plainness.—*Wilkins.*

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.—*Anon.*

To do or not to do; to have or not to have, I leave to thee; thy only will be done in me; all my requests are lost in one, "Father, thy will be done."—*C. Wesley.*

Subtlety may deceive you; cunning never will.—*Cromwell.*

This is the fruit of craft, that he that shoots up high, looks for the shaft, and finds it in his own forehead.—*Middleton.*

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil deeds of men.—*Demosthenes.*

Success in life is a matter not so much of talent or opportunity, as of concentration and perseverance.—*C. W. Wendte.*

Suffering is the surest means of making us truthful to ourselves.—*Sismondi.*

The light of the world would go out, and despair would darken every home, if it were not for some who have learned to suffer and be strong.—*D. March.*

Suicide is a crime the most revolting to the feelings: nor does any reason suggest itself to our understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate poltroonery. For what claim can that man have to courage who trembles at the frowns of fortunes? True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life in whatever shape they may challenge him to combat.—*Napoleon.*

He is not valiant that dares to die; but he that boldly bears calamity.—*Massinger.*

Superstition is not, as has been defined, an excess of religious feeling, but a misdirection of it; an exhaustion of it on vanities of man's devising.—*Whately.*

Superstition is a senseless fear of God; religion the intelligent and pious worship of the deity.—*Cicero.*

Suspicion is far more apt to be wrong than right; oftener unjust than just. It is no friend to virtue, and always an enemy to happiness.—*H. Ballou.*

Undue suspicion is more abject baseness even than the guilt suspected.—*H. Ballou.*

Tact comes as much from goodness of heart as from fineness of taste.—*Endymion.*

A tact which surpassed the tact of her sex as much as the tact of her sex surpasses the tact of ours.—*Macaulay.*

Talent for talent's sake is a bauble and a show. Talent working with joy in the cause of universal truth lifts the possessor to new power as a benefactor.—*Emerson.*

Talents to strike the eye of posterity should be concentrated. Rays, powerless while they are scattered, burn in a point.—*Willmott.*

Talkers are no good doers.—*Shakespeare.*

The more ideas a man has, the fewer words he takes to express them. Wise men never talk to make time; they talk to save it.—*Uncle Esek.*

Taste is, so to speak, the microscope of the judgment.—*Rousseau.*

Taste depends upon those finer emotions which make the organization of the soul.—*Sir J. Reynolds.*

Teachers should be held in the highest honor. They are the allies of legislators.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

I am indebted to my father for living, but to my teacher for living well.—*Alexander of Macedon.*

Tears are sometimes the happiest smiles of love.—*Stendhal.*

Weep for love, but not for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers.—*Duncan.*

Temper, if ungoverned, governs the whole man.—*Shaftesbury.*

Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are more bitter than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim.—*Charles Buxton.*

Temperance is to the body what religion is to the soul, the foundation of health and strength and peace.—*Tryon Edwards.*

Temperance is corporal piety; it is the preservation of divine order in the body.—*Theodore Parker.*

Temptations are a file which rub off much of the rust of our self-confidence.—*Fenelon.*

As¹⁵³ the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so¹⁵³ we gain the strength of the temptations we resist.—*Emerson.*

Tenderness, without a capacity for relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.—*Goldsmith.*

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.—*South*.

Titles of honor add not to his worth, who is himself an honor to his title.—*John Ford*.

It is not titles that reflect honor on men, but men on their titles.—*Machiavelli*.

Toleration is a good thing in its place, but you cannot tolerate what will not tolerate you, and is trying to cut your throat.—*Froude*.

We anticipate a time when the love of truth shall have come up to our love of liberty, and men shall be cordially tolerant, and earnest believers both at once.—*Phillips Brooks*.

Travel is the frivolous part of serious lives, and serious part of frivolous ones.—*Mad. Swetchine*.

The world is a great book, of which they who never stir from home read only a page.—*Augustine*.

Treason and murder are ever kept together, as two yoke-devils, sworn to either's purpose.—*Shakespeare*.

A traitor is good fruit to hang from the boughs of the tree of liberty.—*H. W. Beecher*.

Trials are medicines which our gracious and wise physician prescribes because we need them; and he proportions the frequency and weight of them to what the case requires. Let us trust in his skill, and thank him for his prescription.—*John Newton*.

Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties.—*E. Thomson*.

Trifles make the sum of human things, and half our misery from our foibles springs.—*H. Moore*.

If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter, it would have changed the history of the world.—*Pascal*.

Troubles are usually the brooms and shovels that smooth the road to a good man's fortune, and many a man curses the rain that falls upon his head, and knows not that it brings abundance to drive away hunger.—*Basil*.

Troubles are the next best things to enjoyment; there is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or sorrows.—*Longfellow*.

Trust God where you cannot trace him. Do not try to penetrate the cloud he brings over you. The mystery is God's; the promise is yours.—*Macduff*.

That man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.—*Cavour*.

Tyranny and anarchy are never far asunder.—*J. Bentham*.

Hateful is the power, and pitiable is the life, of those who wish to be feared rather than to be loved.—*Cornelius Nepos*.

U

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness, that is, suffering in the bosom of others.—*Bentham*.

Hard unkindness mocks the tear it forced to flow.—*Gray*.

Union does everything when it is perfect.—*Senacour*.

What science calls the unity and uniformity of nature, truth calls the fidelity of God.—*Martineau*.

The useful and the beautiful are never separated.—*Periander*.

Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness.—*B. C. Brodie*.

V

Valor would cease to be virtue, if there were no injustice.—*Agesilaus*.

The mean of true valor lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness.—*Cervantes*.

Vanity keeps persons in favor with themselves who are out of favor with all others.—*Shakespeare*.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—*Pope*.

Variety alone gives joy; the sweetest meats the soonest cloy.—*Prior*.

Order in variety we see; though all things differ, all agree.—*Pope*.

Vengeance has no foresight.—*Napoleon*.

Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.—*Alfieri*.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.—*Colton*.

The willing contemplation of vice is vice.—*Arabian Proverb*.

Victory may be honorable to the arms, but shameful to the counsels of the nation.—*Bolingbroke*.

In victory, the hero seeks the glory, not the prey.—*Sir P. Sidney*.

Virtue I love, without austerity; pleasure, without effeminacy; and life without fearing its end.—*St. Evremond*.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.—*Goldsmith*.

Thy voice is celestial melody.—*Longfellow*.

The sweetest of all sounds is that of the voice of the woman we love.—*Bryere*.

The vows that woman makes to her fond lover are only fit to be written on air, or on the swiftly passing stream.—*Catullus*.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.—*Shakespeare*.

W

Wisdom teaches us to do, as well as talk, and to make our words and actions all of a color.—*Seneca*.

The first point of wisdom is to discern that which is false; the second to know that which is true.—*Lactantius*.

Y

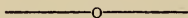
Youth is a continual intoxication; it is the fever of reason.—*Roche-foucauld*.

Youth, enthusiasm, and tenderness are like the days of spring. Instead of complaining, oh, my heart, try to enjoy them.—*Ruckert*.

Z

Zeal without knowledge is like fire without a grate to contain it; like a sword without a hilt to wield it by; like a high-bred horse without a bridle to guide him. It speaks without thinking, acts without planning, seeks to accomplish a good end without the adoption of becoming means.—*Bate*.

Zeal is very blind, or badly regulated, when it encroaches upon the rights of others.—*Quesnel*.



BEST THOUGHTS ABOUT INDEXES.

An index is a necessary implement, without which a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the readers with.—*Fuller*.

A book without an index is much like a compass-box without a needle, perplexing instead of directing to the point we would reach.—*Anon*.

I certainly think the best book in the world would owe the most to a good index; and the worst book, if it had in it but a single good thought, might be kept alive by it.—*Horace Binney*.

Of many large volumes, the index is the best portion and the most useful.—A glance through the casement gives whatever knowledge of the interior is needful.—*Wilmott*.

Get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed.—*Swift*.

I have come to regard a good book as curtailed of half its value if it has not a pretty full index. It is almost impossible without such a guide to reproduce on demand the most striking thoughts or facts the book contains, whether for citation or further consideration.—*Binney*.

Those authors who are voluminous would do well, if they would be remembered as long as possible, not to omit a duty which authors in general, and especially modern authors neglect, that of appending to their works a good index.—*Henry Rogers*.

Topical Index.

NOTE.—In looking up any topic, the reader should scan the whole page referred to by the index, because one topic is often alluded to several times on the same page, but the index gives the number only once. More than three thousand topics are indexed, which, with the number of pages assigned to each topic and the number of times which that topic occurs on the page, makes a total of about one hundred thousand gems of thought thus made available in this one volume.

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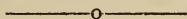
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Symposium

OF THE
LEADING PRINCIPLES
OF
RHETORIC, MENTAL PHILOSOPHY, MORAL PHILOSOPHY,
LOGIC, PHILOLOGY, ANTHROPOLOGY, AND OTHER
BRANCHES THAT PERTAIN TO THE
EXPRESSION OF THOUGHT,
ANNOTATED AND ARRANGED FOR USE WITH
Best Thoughts of Best Thinkers.



N. B.—The best thoughts of the best thinkers, as set forth in this volume, have been classified mostly by the topical method; as “Best Thoughts on Charity,” “Best Thoughts on Silence,” etc., and grouped here and there throughout the work. Other groups are entitled “Best Thoughts Amplified,” in which each short epigram is followed by a longer paragraph quoted from some other author who enlarges on the same idea. Our title page, however, calls for “Best Thoughts Exemplified,” and it is through the Symposium that we make good our promise in that regard.

The Symposium consists of the best thoughts of the best thinkers on the basic principles of rhetoric, logic, and other literary sciences, and these best thoughts expressed as definitions and arranged in logical order constitute the Symposium itself an aggregation of “Best Thoughts Classified,” or co-ordinated.

Now when any sentence in the text is marked by a small figure referring to the Symposium, the sentence so marked is at once indicated as an exemplification of the thought expressed in that part of the Symposium. Thus, the text, while it contains Best Thoughts Classified, and Best Thoughts Amplified, is itself the means through which the Best Thoughts of the Symposium are Exemplified.

¹RHETORIC

Is the Science that Treats of Discourse.

²INVENTION — ³What to say — (The Thought).

⁴STYLE — ⁵How to say it — (The Expression).

⁶SUBJECT MATTER — ⁷Objects, ⁸Transactions, ⁹Description, ¹⁰Narrative, ¹¹Abstract Subjects, ¹²Imaginary Subjects, ¹³Mixed, ¹⁴Unclassified.

¹⁵MANNER OF EXPRESSION — ¹⁶Punctuation, ¹⁷Capitalization, ¹⁸Vocabulary, etc.

¹⁹Diction — ²⁰Right use of Words.

²¹Purity — According to the ²²idiom of the language. Must not be ²³Foreign, ²⁴Obsolete, ²⁵Newly Coined, ²⁶Unauthorized.

²⁷Violation of Purity is called ²⁸Barbarism

²⁹Propriety — ³⁰Suitable to the subject.

³¹Precision — ³²Selection of word that means no more and no less than intended.

With reference to any given writer, we may ask, ³³Are his words on the whole, long or short? ³⁴Simple or ³⁵abstruse? Used with ³⁶precision or ³⁷carelessly? With ³⁸ease or ³⁹laboriously? ⁴⁰Vocabulary copious or ⁴¹restricted? ⁴²Is he always grammatical?

⁴³A SENTENCE is an assemblage of words making complete sense.

⁴⁴PERIODIC Sentence does not give complete meaning until the close.

⁴⁵LOOSE sentence might be brought to a close before the end, and still give complete meaning. ⁴⁶Loose sentences are not always faulty.

⁴⁷A BALANCED sentence contains two clauses similar in form and usually, ⁴⁸contrasted in meaning.

⁴⁹SHORT sentences give ⁵⁰force, ⁵¹sprightliness, ⁵²animation.

Any one style of sentence becomes ⁵³monotonous, if long continued. Better study ⁵⁴variety. ⁵⁵Practice reconstruction by dividing long sentences into short ones, and connecting short sentences into long ones.

In constructing sentences, study

⁵⁶CLEARNESS, especially by ⁵⁷Proper position of the Adverb and ⁵⁸Adverbial Clauses: ⁵⁹Proper use of Pronouns; The ⁶⁰Avoidance of Squinting Construction; of ⁶¹Ambiguity (Double Meaning), and ⁶²Obscurity. Obtain

⁶³EMPHASIS — by proper disposition of ⁶⁴Subject and ⁶⁵Predicate Maintain

⁶⁶UNITY — by ⁶⁷logical connection of ideas; by ⁶⁸changing subject as little as possible; by ⁶⁹not crowding unconnected things together; by ⁷⁰not hanging one dependent clause upon another dependent clause; by ⁷¹not adding supplementary clauses after the sentence is expected to close; and by ⁷²avoiding parentheses, ⁷³except when greatly needed. Gain

⁷⁴STRENGTH — ⁷⁵by omitting redundant words and clauses; ⁷⁶by sparing use of "very" etc., ⁷⁷by careful selection of connectives; as ⁷⁸prepositions, ⁷⁹conjunctions, ⁸⁰relative pronouns, (the hinges on which a sentence turns.); ⁸¹by concluding with a ⁸²strong word or ⁸³important idea; ⁸⁴by similar construction, ⁸⁵if contrast is involved; and ⁸⁶by an occasional climax, ⁸⁷if several clauses are used that will permit of such arrangement. Secure

⁸⁸HARMONY — ⁸⁹by the prevalence of ⁹⁰pleasant sounds and ⁹¹euphonious words; by ⁹²adjusting the accents at convenient intervals; by ⁹³adapting the sound to the sense; and by ⁹⁴care in the cadence at the close.

Of any given author, we may ask, ⁹⁵Are his sentences usually long or ⁹⁶short? ⁹⁷Simple, ⁹⁸complex or ⁹⁹compound? ¹⁰⁰Involved and ¹⁰¹intricate, or ¹⁰²is the connection of clauses obvious, notwithstanding? ¹⁰³Does he use too many words? (¹⁰⁴tautology, ¹⁰⁵verbosity, ¹⁰⁶redundancy.) ¹⁰⁷Is he forcible or ¹⁰⁸weak? ¹⁰⁹Condensed or ¹¹⁰diffuse? ¹¹¹Perspicuous or ¹¹²obscure? ¹¹³Technical or ¹¹⁴conversational? ¹¹⁵Literal or ¹¹⁶figurative? ¹¹⁷If energetic, is it due to ¹¹⁸strength of ¹¹⁹feeling, or ¹²⁰peculiar choice of words? ¹²¹Is he controversial? or ¹²²didactic? or ¹²³persuasive? or ¹²⁴arbitrary? or ¹²⁵superficial? or ¹²⁶profound? or ¹²⁷monotonous? ¹²⁸If argumentative, is his reasoning ¹²⁹valid or ¹³⁰invalid? ¹³¹Can you point out any fallacy? ¹³²Has he read widely? ¹³³Does he quote aptly? ¹³⁴Does he stick to his subject? ¹³⁵Does he digress? ¹³⁶Does he seem to have a firm grasp of the thought he tries to present? ¹³⁷Is he analytical? ¹³⁸Does his intellect predominate over his sensibilities, or ¹³⁹is his heart in his work, also? ¹⁴⁰Is he Cynical? ¹⁴¹Pessimistic? ¹⁴²Altruistic? ¹⁴³Liberal? ¹⁴⁴Radical? ¹⁴⁵Conservative? ¹⁴⁶Hopeful? ¹⁴⁷Genial? ¹⁴⁸Affected? ¹⁴⁹Sincere? ¹⁵⁰After reading him, do you feel that you know him? ¹⁵¹Does further acquaintance seem desirable?



¹⁵²FIGURE — is a deviation from the ordinary sense of the words used.

¹⁵³SIMILE — is *formal comparison*, using "like" or its equivalent.

¹⁵⁴Simile should not be based on resemblance that is ¹⁵⁵too near or ¹⁵⁶too remote (*far-fetched*). ¹⁵⁷Simile should not be drawn from strange or uncommon objects. ¹⁵⁸Nor from low and trivial objects, when the desire is to elevate; ¹⁵⁹nor from great and sublime sources, when the desire is to degrade. ¹⁶⁰Simile is inappropriate to very strong passion.

¹⁶¹METAPHOR — is abridged simile — informal, without ¹⁶²"like,"

¹⁶³"as," or ¹⁶⁴"so as." ¹⁶⁵Subject to same rules as simile.

Also, ¹⁶⁶should not be part literal and part metaphorical, ¹⁶⁷nor have likeness drawn from many sources in same connection, (¹⁶⁸mixed metaphor); ¹⁶⁹nor be multiplied to excess; ¹⁷⁰nor be carried too far, except where the intent is to produce an allegory.

¹⁷¹ALLEGORY — ¹⁷²is an extended description of one thing under the image of another. ¹⁷³A long continued metaphor.

¹⁷⁴Parables and ¹⁷⁵fables are akin to allegory.

¹⁷⁶METONYMY — ¹⁷⁷is a change of name, by putting one thing for another nearly related — ¹⁷⁸as cause for effect, or the reverse; ¹⁷⁹container for the thing contained; ¹⁸⁰sign for thing signified.

¹⁸¹SYNECHDOCHE — ¹⁸²puts a part for the whole, ¹⁸³or the reverse.

¹⁸⁴ANTITHESIS — contrast or opposition. ¹⁸⁵Should have similar verbal expression — ¹⁸⁶nouns contrasted with nouns, ¹⁸⁷adjectives with adjectives, etc. ¹⁸⁸Should be used sparingly, or it gives a ¹⁸⁹labored effect.

¹⁹⁰EPIGRAM — is any sentence remarkable for brevity and point. ¹⁹¹Usually contains contrariety.

¹⁹²INTERROGATION — ¹⁹³asks a question purely for effect, no answer being expected. ¹⁹⁴A negative interrogation affirms. ¹⁹⁵A positive interrogation denies.

¹⁹⁶EXCLAMATION — expressed so as to excite emotion. ¹⁹⁷Occasions to justify exclamation are rare.

¹⁹⁸APOSTROPHE — ¹⁹⁹Addressing the absent as though present; ²⁰⁰the dead as though living, ²⁰¹the inanimate as though animate. ²⁰²Usually of a passionate character.

²⁰³PERSONIFICATION — attributes life to inanimate objects. ²⁰⁴Is often used with apostrophe, ²⁰⁵but is not necessarily the same. ²⁰⁶In personification, objects may be *spoken of* as persons; ²⁰⁷in apostrophe they are *spoken to*. ²⁰⁸Gender of personal pronouns often effects personification.

²⁰⁹HYPERBOLE — is ²¹⁰done for effect, extreme exaggeration. ²¹¹and is not intended to be believed. ²¹²Is used in passion as well as ²¹³in burlesque.

²¹⁴IRONY — is ridiculing under pretense of praising. ²¹⁵Used much in scolding, ²¹⁶in sarcasm, ²¹⁷in burlesque, ²¹⁸denunciation, ²¹⁹lampoon, ²²⁰invective. ²²¹Sarcasm, when in verse, becomes

²²²SATIRE.

²²³Besides the above, there are many figures of minor importance, such as ²²⁴Alliteration, a series of words beginning with the same letter or sound; ²²⁵Paranomasia, words of similar sound but different meaning; ²²⁶Meiosis, or Litotes, representing an affirmative by its contrary negative; ²²⁷Pleonasm, the use of more words than necessary, (²²⁸as in legal documents, etc.), ²²⁹but not a fault like tautology, redundancy, and superfluous words generally; ²³⁰Ellipsis, omission of a word or words to be understood in grammatical construction; ²³¹Asyndeton, the omission of connectives; ²³²Polysyndeton, the multiplying of connectives; ²³³Aposiopesis, breaking off suddenly without finishing the sentence; ²³⁴Epizeuxis, repeating the same word for effect; ²³⁵Epanadiplosis, using the same word to begin and end the sentence; ²³⁶Epanalepsis, repeating the same word or clause after intervening matter; ²³⁷Epanaphora, repeating the same phrase at the beginning of successive clauses; ²³⁸Epanastrophe, making the end of one clause the beginning of the next; ²³⁹Epanodos, repeating the parts of a clause in inverse order; ²⁴⁰Epanorthosis, recalling what has been said in order to substitute something stronger; ²⁴¹Prosopopoeia, which is nearly the same as personification; and ²⁴²Onomatopoeia, the use of words that sound like the things they represent, as buzz, whiz, crack, screech, roar, hiss, crash, cuckoo, pewee, etc.

In addition to these general properties Style has also ²⁴³Special properties; thus,

²⁴⁴SUBLIMITY — ²⁴⁵suitable to a description of sublime objects.
²⁴⁶As a state of mind, ²⁴⁷sublimity is incapable of definition.
²⁴⁸We may express or arouse it, however, by referring to such conditions as beget that feeling. ²⁴⁹The contemplation of vastness begets sublimity. ²⁵⁰So, also, power, ²⁵¹awfulness, ²⁵²obscurity, ²⁵³great loudness, and most of all, ²⁵⁴moral greatness. ²⁵⁵To be sublime in writing, there must be a ²⁵⁶sublime subject, a ²⁵⁷vivid conception of the strong points, and ²⁵⁸generality of expression, (²⁵⁹that the main thought may not be detracted from by unnecessary words.)

²⁶⁰BEAUTY — is of many kinds; as ²⁶¹beauty of color, ²⁶²figure, ²⁶³motion, ²⁶⁴complexity, ²⁶⁵countenance, ²⁶⁶moral beauty. Beauty in writing requires ²⁶⁷Beauty of Subject, and ²⁶⁸Beauty of Expression. (²⁶⁹Not necessarily concise, as in sublimity.)

²⁷⁰WIT — expresses such relations between ideas as will excite ²⁷¹surprise, but nothing more. ²⁷²Is brief.

²⁷³PUN — expresses unexpected relations between words, ²⁷⁴not ideas. ²⁷⁵Is an inferior kind of wit; ²⁷⁶often made tiresome; ²⁷⁷but sometimes very effective. ²⁷⁸Wit and puns have great dangers and ²⁷⁹great advantages. ²⁸⁰Care is required not to lose more than is gained.

²⁸¹HUMOR — is not only funny, but kind; ²⁸²milder than wit; ²⁸³and may be long-continued. ²⁸⁴Wit attacks enemies; ²⁸⁵humor may be indulged at the expense of friends.

²⁸⁶SLANG PHRASE — unauthorized language; ²⁸⁷colloquial expression. ²⁸⁸Lingo. (Of gypsy origin.)

²⁸⁹VERSIFICATION — is the ²⁹⁰mechanism of Poetry. ²⁹¹Object, to please. ²⁹²Pleases by regularity of vocal impulse.

²⁹³RHYTHM — is the harmonious relation of syllables with reference to accent.

²⁹⁴RHYME — is the chiming of one syllable with another.

²⁹⁵VERSE — is a *line* of poetry.

²⁹⁶STANZA — is a number of lines suited together.

²⁹⁷Couplet, two successive lines that rhyme.

²⁹⁸Triplet, three successive lines that rhyme.

²⁹⁹Quatrain, is a stanza of four lines.

³⁰⁰FOOT — is synonymous with ³⁰¹*Meter*, — the measuring unit of the line.

³⁰²Monometer, a line of one foot.

³⁰³Dimcter, line of two feet.

³⁰⁴Trimeter, line of three feet.

³⁰⁵Tetrameter, line of four feet.

³⁰⁶Pentameter, line of five feet.

³⁰⁷Hexameter, line of six feet.

³⁰⁸The kind of foot depends upon the number of syllables and the position of the accent.

³⁰⁹*Iambus* — foot of two syllables accented on the second.

³¹⁰*Trochee* — foot of two syllables accented on the first.

³¹¹*Anapaest* — foot of three syllables accented on last.

³¹²*Dactyl* — foot of three syllables accented on first.

³¹³*Spondee* — foot of two syllables accented on both. ³¹⁴Whole lines cannot be made up of spondees.

These four kinds of feet give rise to four kinds of verse; viz.: ³¹⁵Iambic, ³¹⁶Trochaic, ³¹⁷Anapaestic, ³¹⁸Dactylic. Six kinds of meter, as above, to each kind of verse, produce ³¹⁹twenty-four kinds of verse in English poetry. All kinds are illustrated in the text.

³²⁰*Blank Verse* — has rhythm but not rhyme.

³²¹*Mixed Verse* — when two kinds of meter are found in the same line. ³²²Difficult, but sometimes acceptably accomplished.

³²³Some particular forms of stanzas have become celebrated historically.

³²⁴*Rhythm-Royal* — is a peculiar seven line stanza.

³²⁵*Spenserian Stanza* — contains nine lines peculiarly related.

³²⁶*Sonnet* — is a stanza of fourteen lines peculiarly related.

Other kinds are known as ³²⁷Short Meter, ³²⁸Long Meter, ³²⁹Common Meter, ³³⁰Hallelujah Meter, ³³¹Particular Meter, etc.

³³²*POETRY* — is the versified expression of such thought and feeling as is the product of an ³³³elevated imagination.

³³⁴*Epic* — a heroic poem.

³³⁵*Dramatic Poetry* — includes ³³⁶*Tragedy* and ³³⁷*Comedy*.

³³⁸*Lyric Poetry* — is poetry intended to be set to music. It includes ³³⁹*Odes* and ³⁴⁰*Sonnets*. Odes are ³⁴¹*Sacred* (³⁴²psalms and ³⁴³hymns), ³⁴⁴*Moral*, ³⁴⁵*Amatory*, (Love songs,) ³⁴⁶*Heroic*, ³⁴⁷*Comic*, ³⁴⁸*Bacchanalian*.

³⁴⁹*Elegy* — ³⁵⁰*Epitaph* — ³⁵¹Poetry for a tomb.

³⁵²*Pastoral* — rustic poetry, (³⁵³*Eclogues*, ³⁵⁴*Idyls*.)

³⁵⁵*Didactic* — written for the purpose of instruction.

³⁵⁶*Satire* — ridicules the follies of men.

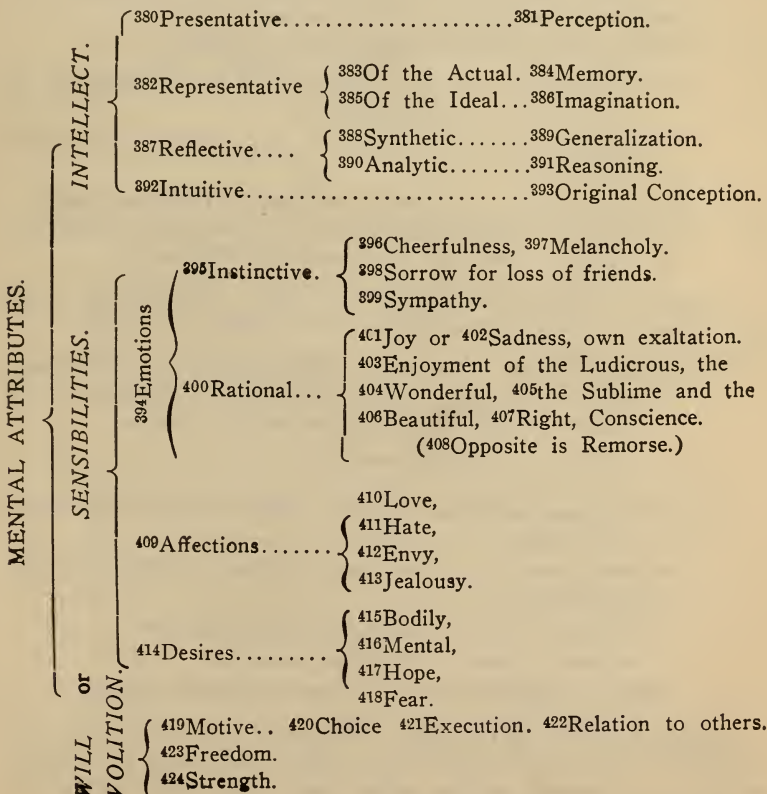
³⁵⁷*Lampoon* — attacks individuals.

³⁵⁸*PROSE COMPOSITION* — includes ³⁵⁹Letters, ³⁶⁰Diaries, ³⁶¹News, ³⁶²Editorials, ³⁶³Reviews, ³⁶⁴Essays, ³⁶⁵Treatises, ³⁶⁶Travels, ³⁶⁷History, ³⁶⁸Fiction, ³⁶⁹Discourse.

370MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

All the powers of the mind are reducible to three classes, 371*Thinking*, 372*Feeling* and 373*Willing*. Hence the three grand divisions of mental attributes, — the 374*Intellect*, the 375*Sensibilities*, and the 376 *Will*. They are sub-divided as below, and the part played by each and all will be frequently exemplified by references from the text. By these numerous examples, the reader will obtain a much clearer understanding of all varieties of mental activity, than could be obtained through any formal definition of these terms. Therefore the definitions are omitted here, but the classification expresses the 377co-ordinate and 378subordinate relations of these powers. More detail and subdivision could have been introduced, but the authors prefer the more 379forcible presentation of generalities.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE LEADING PRINCIPLES OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.



Involved in all these phases of mental action are two special subjects; viz.,

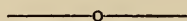
⁴²⁵*Aesthetics* — ⁴²⁶the science of the beautiful.

⁴²⁷*Ethics* — the science of the Right, ⁴²⁸Conscience.

⁴²⁹*Instinct* — is an innate law of action working by ⁴³⁰impulse.

⁴³¹*Consciousness* — a knowledge of what passes in the mind.

⁴³²*Ego*.



LOGIC.

⁴³³LOGIC — treats of the formal laws of thought.

⁴³⁴INTUITION — is immediate perception or apprehension. ⁴³⁵Intuitions are the elements of thought.

⁴³⁶THOUGHT — is the recognition of one thing in or under another.

There are three processes of thought — ⁴³⁷conceiving, ⁴³⁸judging, ⁴³⁹reasoning. The products of these processes are

⁴⁴⁰*Concepts*, ⁴⁴¹*Judgments*, ⁴⁴²*Arguments*.

⁴⁴³A *Concept* — ⁴⁴⁴is the simplest act of the mind.

⁴⁴⁵A *Judgment* — ⁴⁴⁶is the recognition of the ⁴⁴⁷congruence or ⁴⁴⁸confliction of two concepts.

⁴⁴⁹*Argument* — is the derivation of one judgment from other judgments.

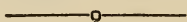
A Concept (idea) expressed in language is a ⁴⁵⁰*term* (word).

A Judgment expressed in language is a ⁴⁵¹*proposition* (sentence).

An Argument expressed in language is a ⁴⁵²*Syllogism*.

Concepts, in order to become available, must be embodied in verbal signs (words.) These verbal signs constitute *language*. Therefore,

⁴⁵³LANGUAGE is the ⁴⁵⁴product, the ⁴⁵⁵instrument, and the ⁴⁵⁶embodiment of *Thought*. ⁴⁵⁷*Expression* — the communication of thought. ⁴⁵⁸*Impression* — the reception of thought.



⁴⁵⁹SCIENCE — is knowledge classified. There are two kinds, Direct and Reflex.

⁴⁶⁰DIRECT SCIENCE — is the science of objects, of which there are two kinds—

⁴⁶¹*Physical Science* — ⁴⁶²external phenomena, and

⁴⁶³*Mental Science* — ⁴⁶⁴internal phenomena.

⁴⁶⁵REFLEX SCIENCE — is the Science of Sciences — *Logic*.

Reflex Science is of two kinds, ⁴⁶⁶Subjective (formal, abstract, pure logic), the relation of thought to its object—the logic of Aristotle. ⁴⁶⁷Objective (material, concrete, applied logic), the relation of the object to the thought—the logic of Bacon.

⁴⁶⁸A Judgment is *true* when the relation expressed between the subject and the predicate corresponds to the reality. ⁴⁶⁹A Judgment is *false* when the relation expressed between the subject and the predicate does not correspond to the reality.

⁴⁷⁰In other words, the *criterion* of TRUTH is *Congruity*. The logical basis for this criterion is the self-evident fact that ⁴⁷¹ALL TRUTHS HARMONIZE.

⁴⁷²A *Syllogism* — contains three propositions: a ⁴⁷³Major Premise, a ⁴⁷⁴Minor Premise, and a ⁴⁷⁵Conclusion. ⁴⁷⁶The conclusion is *necessitated* by the premises.

There are four laws of the Syllogism, viz.:

1. ⁴⁷⁷The truth of the premises involves the truth of the conclusion.
2. ⁴⁷⁸The truth of the conclusion does not involve the truth of the premises.
3. ⁴⁷⁹The falsity of the premises does not involve the falsity of the conclusion.
4. ⁴⁸⁰The falsity of the conclusion involves the falsity of one of the premises.

DEFINITION.

⁴⁸¹The object of definition is to give precision to thought.

Definition defined.

⁴⁸²A *DEFINITION* — is such a description of an object as will distinguish it from all other objects.

⁴⁸³A *Nominal Definition* — is a definition of a term.

⁴⁸⁴A *Real Definition* — is a definition of a thing.

⁴⁸⁵A *Genetic Definition* — is a definition exhibiting the mode of producing the thing.

⁴⁸⁶LAWS OF DEFINITION.

First. ⁴⁸⁷The subject and predicate must be coextensive.

⁴⁸⁸Hence, the simple converse of a definition is true.

Second. ⁴⁸⁹There are no exceptions to a definition.

⁴⁹⁰An exception would invalidate the definition.

Third. ⁴⁹¹A Definition must be precise.

⁴⁹²Omit nothing essential. Contain nothing unessential.

Fourth. ⁴⁹³A Definition must be clear.

⁴⁹⁴Else it fails to accomplish its purpose.

Fifth. ⁴⁹⁵A Definition must not involve the circle.

⁴⁹⁶Predicate must not contain the word being defined.

Sixth. ⁴⁹⁷A Definition must not involve negative or divisive attributes.

Seventh. ⁴⁹⁸A Definition must not involve a problematical judgment.

499 LAWS OF OPPOSITION.

- First. ⁵⁰⁰The truth of a Universal implies the truth of its particular.
 Second. ⁵⁰¹The falsity of a universal does not imply the falsity of its particular.
 Third. ⁵⁰²The falsity of a particular implies the falsity of its universal.
 Fourth. ⁵⁰³The truth of a particular does not imply the truth of its universal.
 Fifth. ⁵⁰⁴Contraries cannot be both true, but may be both false.
 Sixth. ⁵⁰⁵Subcontraries cannot be both false, but may be both true.
 Seventh. ⁵⁰⁶Contradictories cannot be both true nor both false.
⁵⁰⁷Of any two contradictories, one is true and the other false.

⁵⁰⁶A FALLACY — is an invalid intellectual process. ⁵⁰⁹There are three classes of fallacies: Assumptions, Sophisms, Aberrancies.

⁵¹⁰AN ASSUMPTION — is that which is taken as true without evidence. ⁵¹¹May be true or false. ⁵¹²Argument containing it is invalid, not because the assumption is known to be false, but because not known to be true. ⁵¹³To assume an assumption false because of its lack of evidence would be as invalid as to assume it true. There are many classes of assumption, mainly: ⁵¹⁴Non-observation, ⁵¹⁵Prejudice, ⁵¹⁶Superstition, ⁵¹⁷Hasty Generalization, ⁵¹⁸Appearances, ⁵¹⁹Preconceived Opinions, ⁵²⁰Judging by Ourselves, etc.

⁵²¹A SOPHISM — is an invalid argument. There are two kinds, ⁵²²Formal Fallacies and ⁵²³Petitio Principii (begging the question.) Formal fallacies are of several kinds, among them: ⁵²⁴Illicit Process, ⁵²⁵Negative Premises, ⁵²⁶Undistributed Middle, ⁵²⁷and others too technical to be considered here. Same remark is true of the various kinds of Aberrancies.

⁵²⁸ABERRANCY — is a wandering from the conclusion warranted to one not warranted.

 PHILOLOGY.

⁵²⁹PHILOLOGY — treats of the origin, history, and construction of Language, ⁵³⁰and the relation of languages to each other.

⁵³¹*Monosyllabic* — said of languages in their earlier stage, when all the words consist of but one syllable each.

⁵³²*Agglutinative* — ⁵³³*Polysynthetic* — ⁵³⁴*Holophrastic* — said of languages that have developed far enough to form long words by joining short ones; or, said of languages that, in order to form a word representing a complex idea, join all the words representing the simple ideas involved. Sample: ⁵³⁵“Amatlacuilolitquitcatlaxtla huilli,” meaning “postage.” ⁵³⁶Literally, “The-payment-received-for-carrying-a-paper-on-which-something-is-written.” (Mexican Indian dialect.)

⁵³⁷*Inflected* — said of languages that show the grammatical relations of words by ⁵³⁸prefixes, ⁵³⁹suffixes and ⁵⁴⁰infixes.

The inflected languages are much more highly developed, and yet, most of the above named ⁵⁴¹affixes (or inflections) are abbreviations or modifications of other whole words, formerly joined on as in agglutinative languages. Our own compound words are a relic of that stage of the growth of English, and as English is less inflected than most modern languages (the grammatical relations being shown by ⁵⁴²particles and ⁵⁴³connectives), the secondary or agglutinative stage still persists. Many of the ⁵⁴⁴Puritanic names in New England are good examples.

The following scheme shows the parentage of the English language:

The INDO-EUROPEAN or ARYAN family of languages comprises:

⁵⁴⁵*Sanscrit* — the ancient original language of India. Ceased to be spoken at least 300 B. C.

⁵⁴⁶*Indic* — such dialects as ⁵⁴⁷Pali and ⁵⁴⁸Prakrit (both dead), and ⁵⁴⁹Hindi, ⁵⁵⁰Hindostani, ⁵⁵¹Bengali, ⁵⁵²Mahratti, etc.

⁵⁵³*Iraic* — or Persian, including ⁵⁵⁴Pehlovi and ⁵⁵⁵Parsi.

⁵⁵⁶*Celtic* — divided into two branches—

⁵⁵⁷*Cymric* — including ⁵⁵⁸Welsh, ⁵⁵⁹Cornish, and ⁵⁶⁰Armorican.

⁵⁶¹*Gaelic* — including ⁵⁶²Erse (Irish), ⁵⁶³Scotch, and ⁵⁶⁴Manx.

⁵⁶⁵*Italic* — ⁵⁶⁶ancient Latin; from which are ⁵⁶⁷Italian, ⁵⁶⁸Spanish, ⁵⁶⁹Portuguese, ⁵⁷⁰French, ⁵⁷¹Wallachian, and ⁵⁷²Romarese (Swiss).

⁵⁷³*Hellenic* — ⁵⁷⁴ancient Greek, ⁵⁷⁵Modern Greek, ⁵⁷⁶Albanian.

⁵⁷⁷*Teutonic* — ⁵⁷⁸ancient Gothic. Modern Teutonic is divided into two groups—

⁵⁷⁹*Scandinavian* — ⁵⁸⁰Danish, ⁵⁸¹Swedish, ⁵⁸²Norwegian, ⁵⁸³Icelandic.

⁵⁸⁴*Germanic* — ⁵⁸⁵High German, ⁵⁸⁶Low German, from which—

⁵⁸⁷Hollandish, or Dutch, and

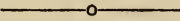
⁵⁸⁸Anglo- ⁵⁸⁹Saxon, combined into

⁵⁹⁰ENGLISH.

⁵⁹¹*Slavonic* — includes ⁵⁹²Russian, ⁵⁹³Bulgarian, ⁵⁹⁴Illyrian, ⁵⁹⁵Polish, ⁵⁹⁶Bohemian, ⁵⁹⁷Lusatian, ⁵⁹⁸Lettish, ⁵⁹⁹Lithuanian, and ⁶⁰⁰Old Prussian.

This entire group of languages is called by some authors ⁶⁰¹Indo-European, for geographical reasons. By others it is called ⁶⁰²Japhetic, from Noah's youngest son, and by others it is called ⁶⁰³Aryan, from an ancient country in Central Asia, called Arya, supposed to be the starting point of migration.

A full classification of Philology embraces about ⁶⁰⁴fourteen hundred languages that are or have been spoken in the Eastern Hemisphere, and something over ⁶⁰⁵twelve hundred Indian dialects in the Americas. The latter are extremely holophrastic, as seen in our Indian Geographical names; e. g., ⁶⁰⁶Alabama, Here-still-I-stand. ⁶⁰⁷Manitoba, (Manitou Ba), Spirit-of-the-lake. An extreme example is the Aztec word for "postage" cited above.



ANTHROPOLOGY.

⁶⁰⁸ANTHROPOLOGY—the science of man, embraces

⁶⁰⁹SOMATOLOGY—the (the ⁶¹⁰Biology of man) which treats of man as an animal.

⁶¹¹PSYCHOLOGY—the science of the soul. (Mental and Moral Philosophy.)

⁶¹²ETHNOLOGY—which treats of man as engaged in the arts of life, and embraces

⁶¹³The Art of Society,

⁶¹⁴The Art of Religion,

⁶¹⁵The Art of *Language and Literature*.

Two special branches of Anthropology have been widely developed; viz.,

⁶¹⁶*Theological Anthropology*—as distinguished from Physiological, and

⁶¹⁷*Criminal Anthropology*—which discovers the conditions that that induce crime.

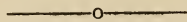
Theological Anthropology has been developed under three phases,—

⁶¹⁸*Augustinianism*—asserts that man is morally dead.

⁶¹⁹*Semi-Pelagianism*—asserts that man is morally sick.

⁶²⁰*Pelagianism*—asserts that man is morally well.

The Augustinian view supports Protestantism. So, Calvinism is revived Augustinianism, and Arminianism is revived Semi-Pelagianism. The controversy is waged entirely upon grounds of logic.



MORAL PHILOSOPHY, OR ETHICS.

⁶²¹ETHICS—is the science of human duty. Duty, as viewed by the light of ⁶²²environment, is the essence of Ethics; and

⁶²³CHARACTER—being inseparably connected with the discharge of duty, is therefore dependent upon Moral Philosophy for its abstract qualities.

⁶²⁴DUTY—presents three phases:—

⁶²⁵Duty to ourselves,

⁶²⁶Duty to others, and

⁶²⁷Duty to God.

⁶²⁸Duty — is composed of three elements:—

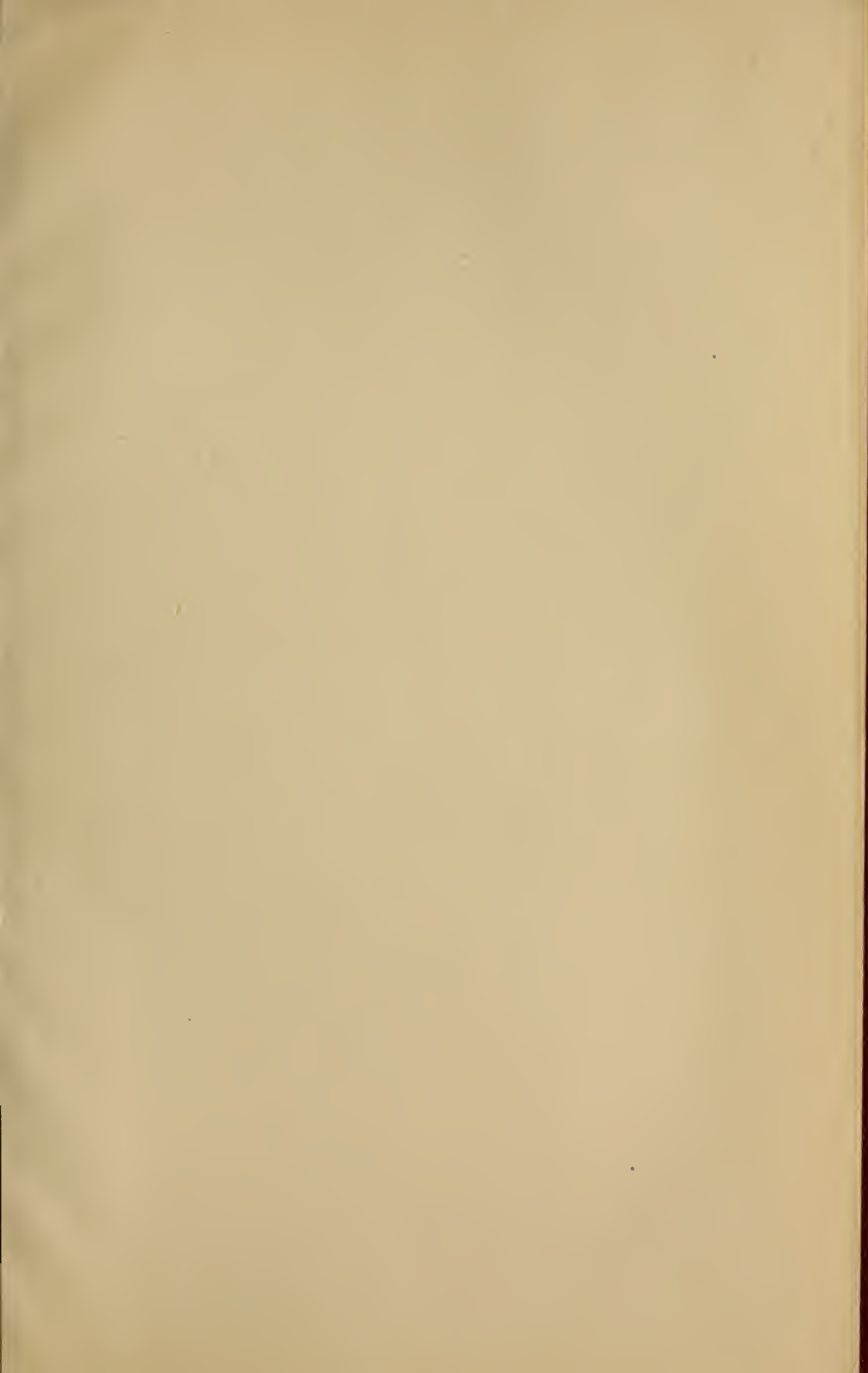
⁶²⁹Love — the source of Duty,

⁶³⁰Good — the result of Duty, and

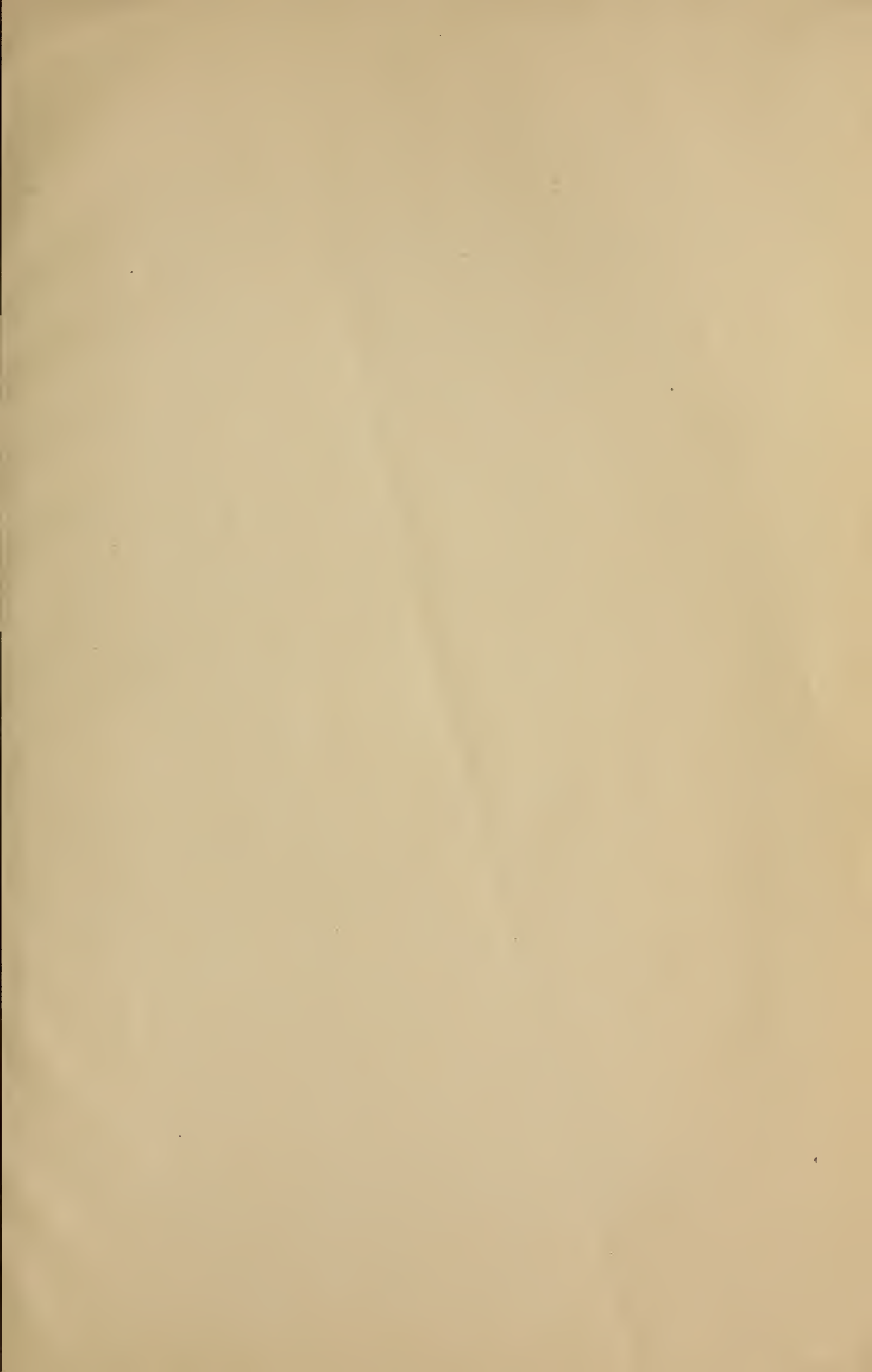
⁶³¹Right — the method of procedure.

We can discharge no duty without feeling inherently all three of these qualities. In other words, all action has a direction as well as a source and an end. All perfect moral action proceeds from Love as its source, to Good as its end, and this procedure has the attribute of Righteousness, or rectitude.

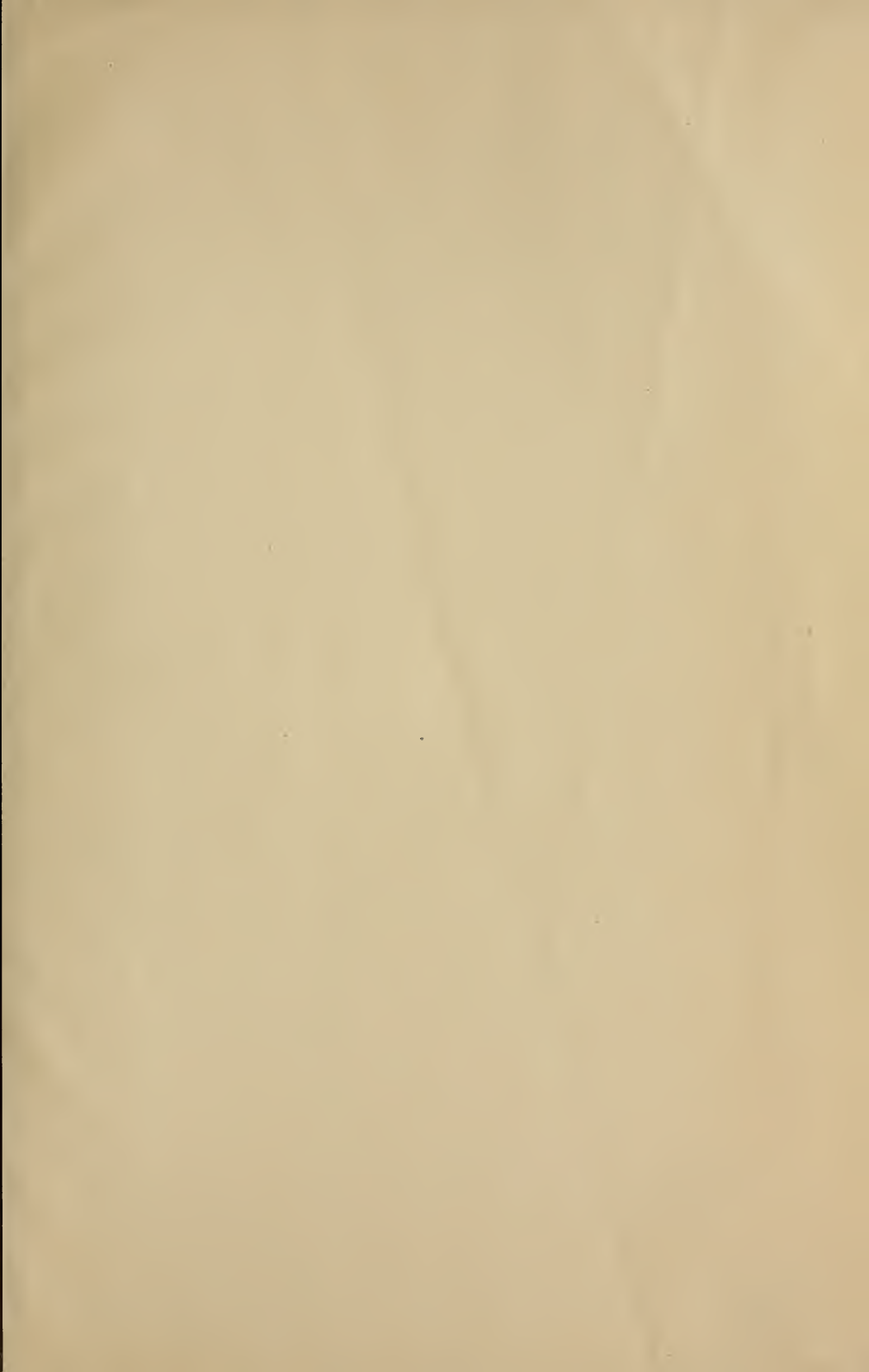
These three elements of duty are so intimately related that the existence of one practically necessitates the others. They are the three forms in which duty is seen when viewed subjectively, objectively, or abstractly. When we contemplate an act, our conscience notes the presence or absence of these three qualities, and approves or disapproves accordingly. The approval of conscience is a conjoint act of both the Intellect and Sensibilities. The pain resulting from a disapproval of conscience is the most depressing emotion, and is called ⁶³²Remorse. The pleasure resulting from the approval of conscience, though not so intense as some other forms of pleasure, is the highest form of joy or happiness.



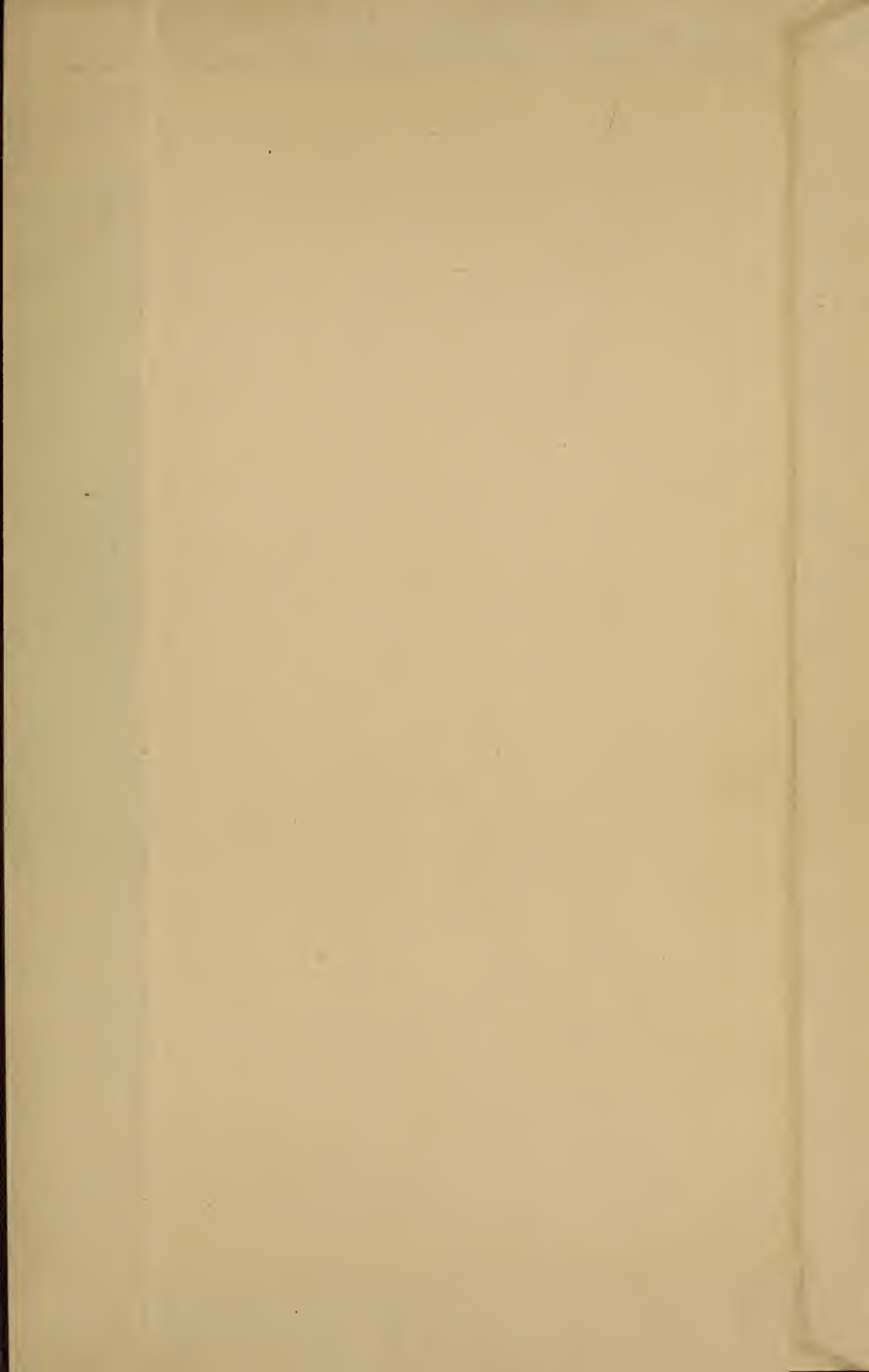












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